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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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THE INDULGENCE ISSUE

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Some cops are born. Others are made.

FROM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

J.J. ABRAMS

& J.H. WYMAN

ALMOST HUMAN

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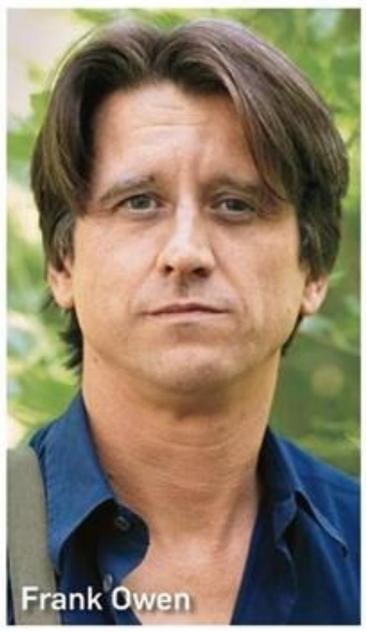
PLAYBILL

Every issue of PLAYBOY is about indulgence, but with this one we want to take it to the next level. Inside you'll find mountains of caviar, rivers of champagne, the fastest production car in the world, tips on how to buy yourself an entire wagyu cow so you can eat like a shogun and, of course, the usual celebration of beautiful women and great journalism. Let's begin with *The Battle for Picasso's Mind*, **John Meroney**'s wild true story of how Cold War CIA operative Tom Braden launched a plot to combat the Soviets—using modern art. They don't make spies like Braden anymore. He left the CIA and became a star on CNN and a best-selling author. **Frank Owen** knows a thing or two about indulgence. The writer has been reporting from the forefront of drug culture since the 1980s. In *Chasing Molly*, Owen reveals surprising truths about today's drug du jour. Maverick U.S. senator **Bernie Sanders** sits for this month's *Playboy Interview.* The Vermont independent shoots from the hip on the collapse of the middle class, what's wrong with Washington and much more. "If you want to talk about nation building," Sanders says, "I know a great nation that needs to be rebuilt. It's called the United States of America." Take a good look at model **Lauren Young.** Recognize her? Young's painted lips, photographed by Tony Kelly, grace the cover of this issue. How hot is that? Author **Laura Gottesdiener**'s "American Dreams Foreclosed" leads our *Forum* section. Since 2007, Gottesdiener points out, 10 million Americans have been forced from their homes by foreclosure. That's more than the entire population of Michigan. Who's at fault? Not who you think. Switching back to the art world, we're pleased to publish *Wes Is More*, five pages of mind-bending work from renegade Los Angeles artist **Wes Lang.** "I find myself drawing the Playboy Rabbit Head in my work all the time," he says. Now he's drawn the Rabbit Head where it most belongs—in the pages of this magazine. Next we turn to our *Men* column, where **Joel Stein** dishes on the American diet. "Stop Picking On Vegetarians" boldly confronts "the feminization of vegetarianism." Who says you have to have blood dripping down your chin to eat like a man? **Sean McCusker** is definitely not a vegetarian. The owner of the New Orleans eatery Sylvain serves serious indulgence in *Decadence for Dinner.* McCusker rounded up three of Los Angeles's finest chefs and had them do some cooking for us. The one stipulation? Caviar had to go in every dish. Feast on this story and its recipes. Finally, we invited **Idris Elba** to a boxing gym so he could swing away in our *20Q*. The star of *The Wire*, *Luther* and *Mandela* admits he's tried everything. "I played one of the biggest drug dealers in the world on TV," he says, "so you think I'd know what I was talking about." Sounds indulgent, all right. Ready for more? Go ahead—turn the page.

John Meroney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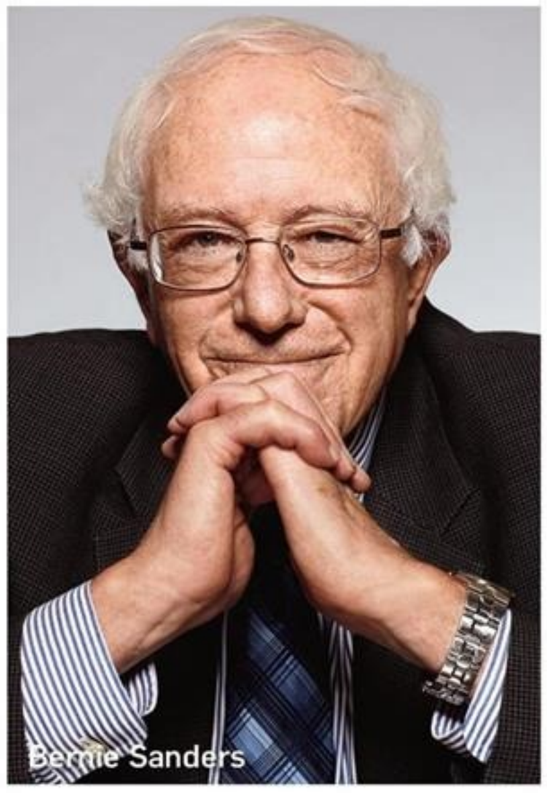
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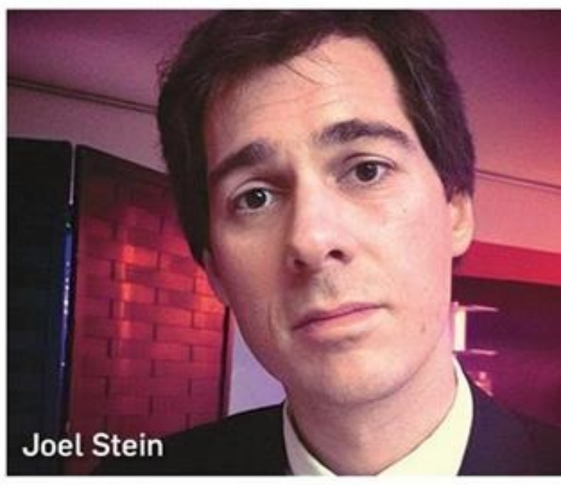
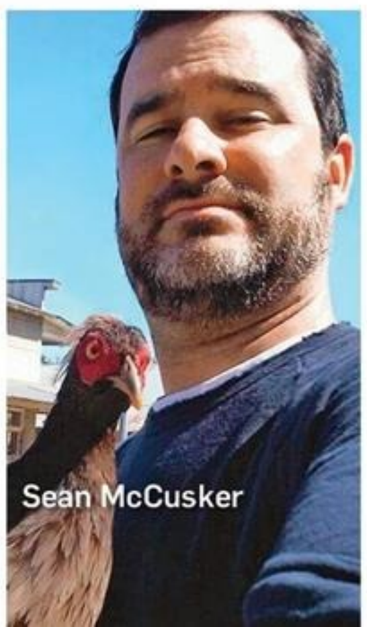

Joel Stein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COVER STORY

A pair of staggering scarlet lips, parted just so—is there anything sexier in the world? Not to our Rabbit, who clearly understands the meaning of "smoking hot."

PHOTO AND COVER PHOTO BY TONY KELLY

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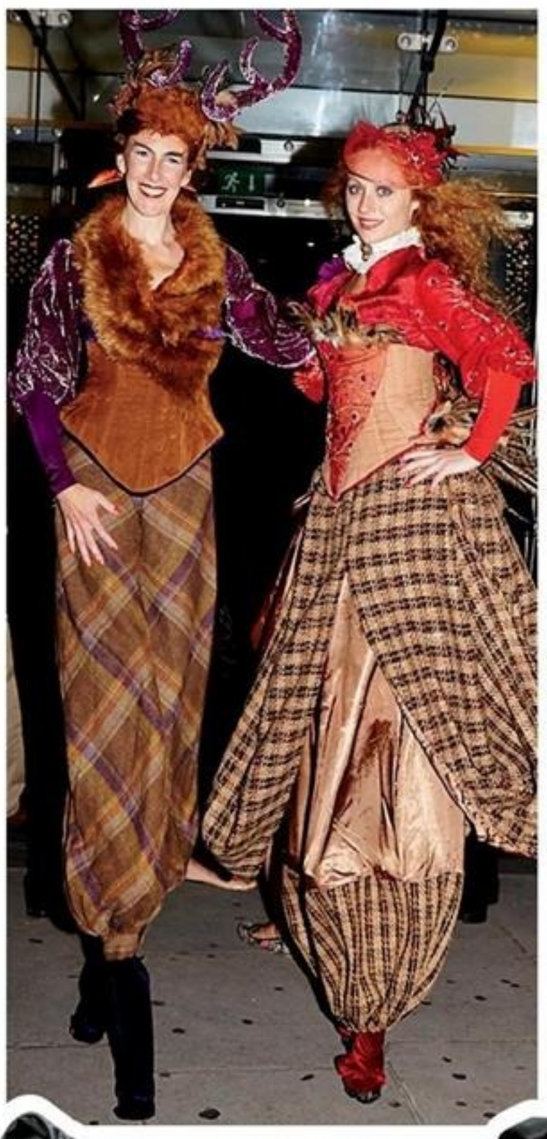
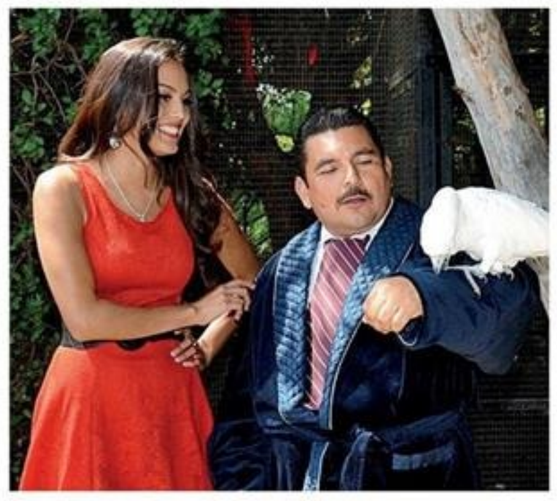
COOPER IN WONDERLAND

Follow Cooper Hefner down the rabbit hole at the Playboy Club London's Midsummer Night's Dream Party. While attending the affair—modeled after the Mad Hatter's tea party—Hefner spread the gospel: "Playboy has provided a lifestyle that goes beyond sex. People remain fascinated with the brand and continue to engage with it on a global level."



GRAND CONCOURS

Playboy and Jaguar once again kicked off the California automotive exposition Concours d'Elegance in August with a garden-party fete in Pebble Beach. Many of the enthusiasts in attendance were understandably delighted to see Playmates Alana Campos, Raquel Pomplun and Brande Roderick posing alongside a prowl of shapely Jaguars.



JUST HIS TYPE

For a *Jimmy Kimmel Live* segment, Guillermo Rodriguez was supposed to award a lucky fan a dream day complete with the loan of a Jaguar F-Type and a date at the Playboy Mansion with PMOY 2013 Raquel Pomplun. But Rodriguez couldn't help himself and ended up wooing the girl himself.

THE STARS CAME OUT

Stars, jocks and girls in lingerie turned out for the All-Star Celebrity Kickoff Party at the Playboy Mansion. The pre–ESPY Award celebration, thrown by record label Bear Trap Entertainment, drew athletes including John Wall, Hank Baskett and Von Miller; actors Bai Ling and Jamie Foxx; rapper Snoop Lion and, of course, a bevy of beautiful Bunnies. The highlight reel included DJ Don Cannon's tribute to recently retired Super Bowl champion Ray Lewis and a silent auction of sports memorabilia that benefited the Artists and Athletes Alliance, a nonprofit organization that connects the entertainment and political communities.

OF MICE AND HEF

Crystal Hefner traded Bunny ears for Mickey Mouse ears when Hef took her to Disneyland on a double date with Keith and Caya Hefner. "It was a magical time," Crystal said, "spending the day with my favorite person at my favorite place on earth."

RISQUÉ BUSINESS

Remember Joel Goodson (played by Tom Cruise) taking his father's Porsche for a joy-ride in *Risky Business*? The carmaker dropped off a Cayman for a Mansion screening of the classic 1983 flick. In attendance were actor Adrian Grenier and Playmates Michelle McLaughlin and Kara Monaco. Cooper did not peel off afterward in a purloined Porsche.

DEAR PLAYBOY

MODERN CLASSIC

In your "Playmate Flashback" featuring Miss September 1978 Rosanne Katon (*Playmate News,* September), you overlook one of her best, and campiest, roles: as April Garland in the 1977 TV movie *The Night They Took Miss Beautiful.* It's about kidnappers who snatch beauty pageant contestants as well as the pageant host, played by Phil Silvers. Rosanne makes it worth watching.

Wes Pierce
Orlando, Florida

ROADIE RAGE

I work as a stagehand at a stadium. Recently the Kenny Chesney tour came to town, along with Eric Church as one of the opening acts. I lent my copy of the June issue to a friend who works on Church's crew because I thought your profile of Church (*The Badass*) and the music industry in general was brilliant. Not surprisingly, my magazine left town with the tour.

Gerry Bakal
Elmwood Park, New Jersey

MISSED OPPORTUNITY

Darn it! I was behind on my reading, so I missed *Pot and Circumstance* (April) until after I arrived home from tramping around New York City. Had I read it beforehand, I would have visited Eddie Huang's Baohaus Restaurant. *Aargh!* But it's good to know for next time.

Carla Buscaglia
Honolulu, Hawaii

SEAN HANNITY

I cannot believe PLAYBOY, a bastion of reason when it comes to politics and morality, would expose its readers to Fox News host Sean Hannity (*Playboy Interview,* July/August).

Rob Duncan
Huntsville, Alabama

I always thought Hannity was just playing a hateful, prejudiced jerk on his show. After reading your interview, I realize he's not playing.

Mike Smith
Oak Lawn, Illinois

Hannity misses the point about global warming. The issue isn't celebrities and their supposed hypocrisy. It's whether carbon dioxide is a pollutant. A car that uses 10 gallons of gasoline a week emits approximately 10,000 pounds of CO_2 per year. It should be clear we have a problem.

Paul Farmanian
Glendale, California

Our interview provoked many online comments, such as this at Playboy.com: "The obsession with race, gender, sexual preference and the politicization of everything in life is all from the left—in this case, the interviewer. Lefties misunderstand conservatives and conservatism, which is far more libertarian than they realize." At Crooksandliars.com, blogger Blue Texan writes, "Hannity is about as mainstream a right-winger as there is: Climate change is a 'crock of shit' cooked up by socialists, taxes are at all-time highs, Obama's bankrupting the country, the deficit is exploding, Republicans are the party that reduces deficits, the U.S. is turning into Cyprus and Greenpeace is preventing us from drilling for oil. All articles of faith in today's GOP—and all objectively false."

A Date With Destiny

Congrats to Josh Ryan for his photos of Miss September Bryiana Noelle (*Stairway to Heaven*). There is something special about her that I haven't seen since Anna Nicole Smith in 1992.

R. Brandt
Geneva, Switzerland

Bryiana Noelle and Miss April Jaslyn Ome are living proof that July 21, 1991 was a spectacular day in the state of California. PLAYBOY needs to find the doctors who brought these ladies into the world and buy them a beer.

Sergio Benitez
Waterford, Michigan

NEGATIVE VIBRATIONS

The only difference between self-help guru Tony Robbins and a televangelist is the tax bracket of their marks (*Playboy Interview,* September). Each preys on the insecurities of the masses to sell fleeting doses of feel-good. Robbins claims people's deepest problem is their fear that they're "not enough." He may be right, but his incessant name-dropping and overt pride in his obscenely opulent lifestyle expose him as a person lacking in self-awareness. Either that, or he's a con artist. No amount of fire walking can cure either affliction.

Robbins: "I'm the guy who creates breakthroughs."

William E. Brown
Burbank, California

QUITTING TIME

After gagging through Joel Stein's sad-sack *Men* column ("Quit While You're Ahead [or Behind]," September), I started to work myself into a tizzy. How can Stein extol the virtues of quitting to PLAYBOY's readership, his fellow men and the public at large? Cheering on petulant youths and thinking they're headed for politics is sadly true yet undeniably cynical. Anyone who has ever joined a gym knows how easy it is to slip into apathy. The quitting principle, like entropy, must be held at bay. At the other extreme, a few pages later Tony Robbins projects sunshine and rainbows out of his ass. Is this delicious juxtaposition a stroke of genius or a happy accident? On a related note, Miss September Bryiana Noelle has a body that won't quit.

James Merkle
Hudson, Massachusetts

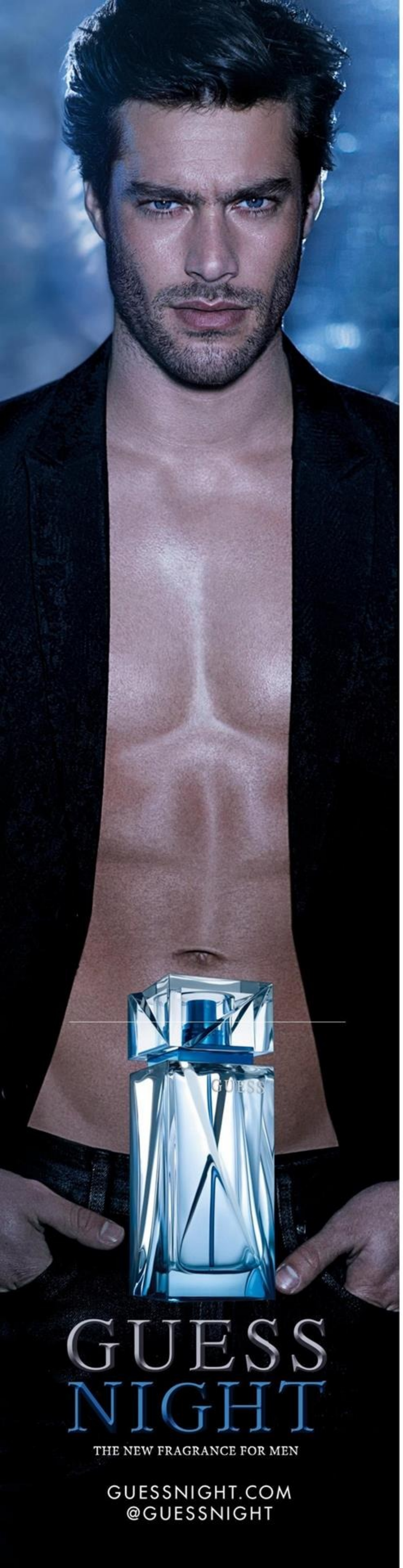
COVER STORIES

The May issue has what may be your most beautiful cover ever, and the pictorial of Tamara Ecclestone (*The Diamond Heiress*) sparkles. The June cover and the *Nude Woman Reclining* pictorial are also amazing. The July/August issue? Incredible. The photos of Playmate Val Keil (*A Star Is Born*) are gorgeous, especially in black and white, and the shots of French model Liza in the rain (*La Beauté*) are spellbinding. PLAYBOY, like fine wine, keeps getting better.

Jade Wooten
Columbia, South Carolina

Over the years I have seen thousands of photos of curvaceous asses, backsides and rears in your magazine. But your June cover girl, 2013 Playmate of the Year Raquel Pomplun, has the best butt ever displayed on your pages. Well played, PLAYBOY. Or should I say, well PLAYBOYed?

David Horr
Fort Gratiot, Michigan



ON THE SCENE

Your report about servicemen and women who have been deported after serving our country is excellent (*Deported Warriors,* July/August). It especially hits home because I am Hispanic and on active duty in the military. The day after reading it, I was having a drink with a friend on the patio of a restaurant near the Mexican border in Tijuana. I looked over and spotted the SOS mural that deported veterans Ruben Robles and Fabián Rebolledo had painted on the wall.

Eduardo Maldonado
San Diego, California

AT THE MANSION

Each month, as I flip through the new issue of PLAYBOY, I appreciate the many beautiful women. But the photos in *Hangin' With Hef* of your editor-in-chief bring the biggest smiles to my face. Keep living the life, Hef. You deserve all the happiness in the world for everything you have done.

Matthew Pilla
Apex, North Carolina

I was sorry to read about the death of Hef's longtime executive assistant, Mary O'Connor (*The World of Playboy,* May). She seemed to be a lovely person. When she appeared on *The Girls Next Door* you could tell the girls and Hef felt privileged to know her.

Paul McAlroy
Sheffield, U.K.

FAN LETTERS

I'm a book collector, and your report on Brewster Kahle's efforts to archive a copy of every book ever published (*Brewster's Ark,* July/August) captured my attention so much that I considered talking about PLAYBOY at work. Also, it was great to learn about the resurgence of the career of my favorite comic from the 1980s, Andrew Dice Clay (*The Diceman Recometh*). PLAYBOY offers so much more than the vapid amusement for frat boys the other publications crowding the newsstands provide.

Laura Vona
Randolph, Massachusetts

Keep up the good work over there! I'm loving every issue.

Matthew Comer
Austin, Texas

When I was growing up, I was always told PLAYBOY was "dirty" and degrading to women. Last summer I saw the July/August 2012 issue on sale and thought it was time to make up my own mind. I have not missed an issue since. Your advice and the articles have improved my relationship with my wife and made me appreciate women all the more.

Shane Sivertson
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Thank you for the excellent photography in the July/August issue. This is the type of quality I have come to expect.

Chris Brock
Dallas, Texas

You should let readers vote for the best issue of the year. So far July/August is my front-runner.

John Manfredi
North Haven, Connecticut

PLAYBOY has done it again! *Splendor in the Grass* (September) is breathtaking.

Andrew Bejarano
Las Cruces, New Mexico

HARD-HITTING NUMBERS

I suspect most SEC fans take issue with Bruce Feldman's preseason ranking of Clemson (5) over South Carolina (13) in *Pigskin Preview* (September). Predictably, Feldman chose Alabama at number one. Beyond that I can only assume he used a trained chicken. I am obliged to note that

Clemson visits South Carolina on November 30.

South Carolina coach Steve Spurrier has owned Clemson coach Dabo Swinney for his entire career.

James Tucker
Anderson, South Carolina

We shall see.

KEEP IT REAL

I participated in a survey your marketing department conducted and noticed that some of the questions focused on such monthly staples as the fiction and *Party Jokes,* as though their importance were being deliberated. Certain aspects of the magazine should not be messed with—the fiction, jokes, *Advisor, Forum,* cartoons (P.C. Vey is a genius) and the *Playboy Interview.* Don't think I'm some old fogey who resists information-era change. I'm in my early 30s, but I have a deep appreciation for Hef's artistic vision.

Brian Stephens
Pooler, Georgia

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BECOMING ATTRACTION

CARLY CRAIG

• *"I USE COMEDY,* not sexuality, to dominate," says Carly Craig of HBO's *Hello Ladies.* A Second City alumna, Carly has mastered being the beautiful yet bawdy object of affection on TV (*Burning Love*) and in film (*Role Models, Hall Pass*). Her greatest asset, however, lies below the surface. "People see a pretty girl and don't expect her to be funny. But I can be witty—and raunchy," she says. "It sets me apart."

Photography by
MICHAEL EDWARDS/ MEINMYPLACE.COM

GAME CHANGER

CAN A NEW PRODIGY SAVE CHESS, OR IS IT ALREADY TOO LATE?

• Magnus Carlsen is angry, and his thick, furrowed brow could drive fear into steely men. With his thuggish face staring out from an ad for G-Star Raw denim, he looks more like a boxer than a Norwegian chess grand master. In 2010 he became the youngest top-rated player ever. At 22 he is an unlikely poster child for the game; come his 23rd birthday this November 30, he could be its king.

This month in Chennai, India, Carlsen will battle 43-year-old world champion Viswanathan Anand for the crown. And if this plotline seems strange, with Norwegians and Indians clashing for titles in a game Eastern Europeans have long dominated, welcome to chess in 2013. As a rising global middle class delivers new talent and technology breaks down learning barriers, chess stands at an uncomfortable crossroads.

Carlsen is already far from the image of a traditional chess master, with a training regimen that includes hitting punching bags as much as books. "Being fit makes it easier to handle tension and unexpected turns," he notes.

He also welcomes the rise of technology, which allows anyone with internet access to study millions of games and find willing opponents 24 hours a day. It's how the young genius first ascended. "Anyone can easily access all the games ever played, and you can use computers for training," Carlsen says.

But the ancient game is struggling to keep up with technology's perils. Smartphones allow players to evaluate strategies midgame; at a tournament in Ireland last April, grand master Gabriel Mirza dragged his 16-year-old opponent from a bathroom stall, accusing him of doing just that. It prompted the World Chess Federation to establish its first Anti-Cheating Committee; its members include Russian grand master Konstantin Landa, who called cheating a "virus" and an "epidemic." The committee's goal is to stop cheating before it stains chess as much as steroids have hurt baseball.

The transformation of chess is only going to accelerate. Governments and schools from India to Missouri are introducing programs that will tutor the next generation of Carlsens. Magnus himself was just 19 when he broke Vladimir Kramnik's record as the world's youngest number one; he could now become the first Western world champion since 1972, when Bobby Fischer defeated Boris Spassky. The future of chess is arriving, whether the game has a strategy or not.
—Noah Davis

VISWANATHAN ANAND
India / 43 / reigning chess world champion

MAGNUS CARLSEN
Norway / 22 / highest-ranked player in the world

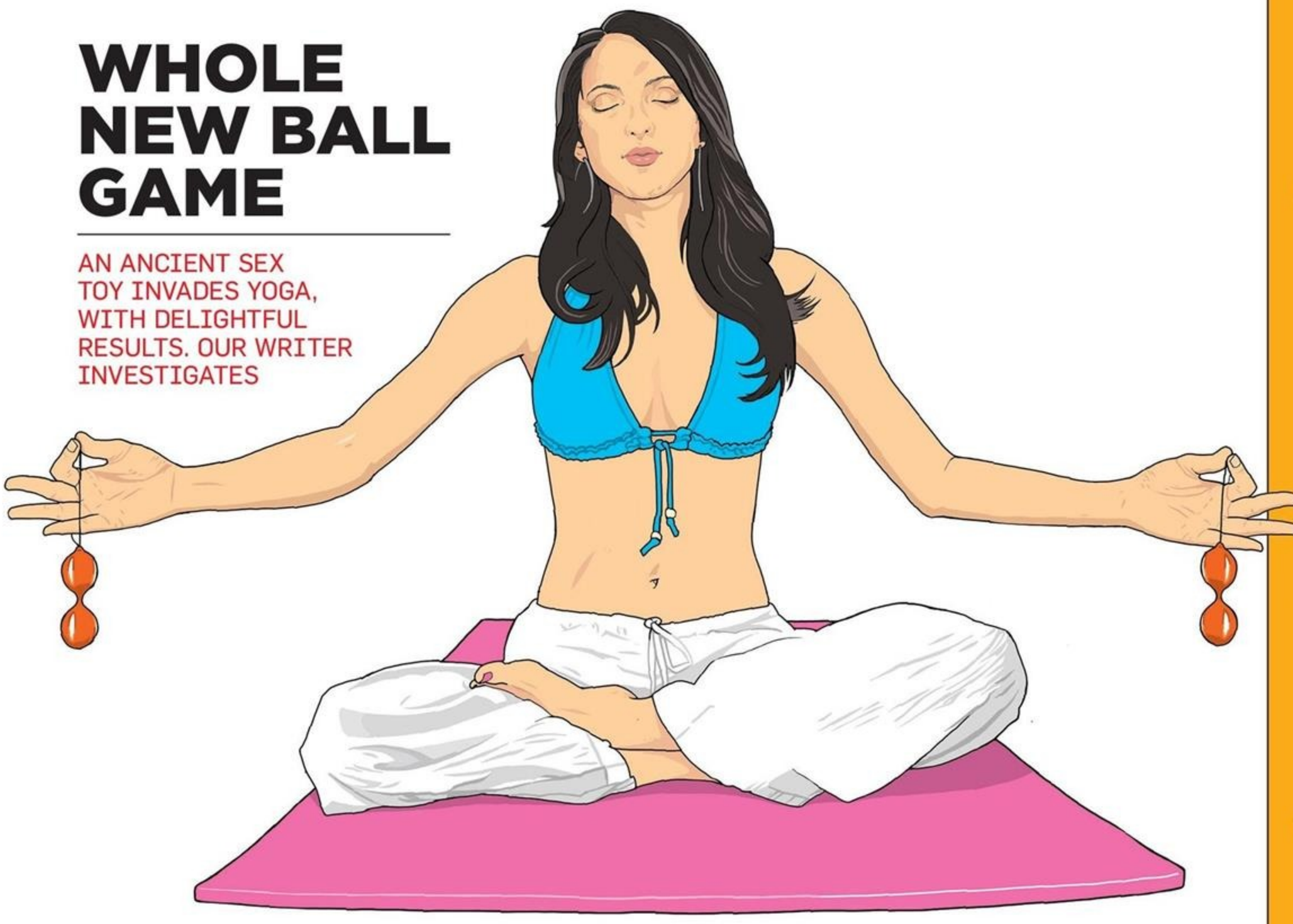
KONSTANTIN LANDA
Russia / 41 / Anti-Cheating Committee member

GABRIEL MIRZA
Ireland / 47 / exposed tournament cheating

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH SHIN; PROP STYLING BY KIM WONG

WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

AN ANCIENT SEX TOY INVADES YOGA, WITH DELIGHTFUL RESULTS. OUR WRITER INVESTIGATES



I work at the Pleasure Chest in New York City. It's a great job because I get paid to talk about sex all day. The *Sex and the City* episode in which Charlotte buys a vibrator was filmed there. I tell my mom I work at a cultural landmark.

Thanks to *50 Shades of Grey,* waves of people come in to inquire about Kegel balls, those spherical weights women insert into their vaginas. "It's like a party in your pants," my co-worker says straightforwardly, as if she were comparing the nuances of khakis at J. Crew. "I'm wearing mine right now."

Apparently we should all be wearing them. According to research, they're a godsend: They strengthen your pelvic-floor muscles, keep everything tight down there and give you stronger orgasms.

Kegel balls—or, traditionally, ben-wa balls—have for centuries also been popular among practitioners of tantra, yoga and meditation. Since practicing yoga already helps strengthen the pelvic floor, introducing weights gives your yoga workout a boost. For modern yoga enthusiasts looking to push their limits, practicing with Kegel balls is the next logical step and a seemingly sensible combination of two ancient Eastern inventions. So in the spirit of dangerous curiosity, I decide to test my nether strength where few (or many well-practiced) women have before: vinyasa yoga class.

"

RISING INTO AN L-SHAPED HANDSTAND, I PULSE MY MUSCLES, TRYING TO ROCK THE BALLS BACK AND FORTH. SUDDENLY I FEEL SOMETHING.

"

The stakes are high in vinyasa yoga: You have to focus, maintain flow and keep whatever's inside you safely inside as you try not to orgasm, cough or collapse, all while projecting the illusion of serenity and control. You also have to know how to do vinyasa yoga. I pick my favorite color of Fun Factory Smartballs—the safest option, with a manageable weight and a silicone cord—and assure my co-workers I'll be fine.

"Have you done yoga before?" my instructor asks as I burst into the dim studio. "Of course," I say. I'm late because I forgot my most important accessories and had to run home and shove them in. I join the class in a sloppy *chaturanga,* then push up into downward dog position and breathe. I think I feel the balls shift, but I'm not sure. My pre-cautionary supertight thong is already giving me a wedgie.

As the minutes ooze by it becomes clear I have the flex-ibility of iron patio furniture. Sweat rolls off my forehead and onto the mat. But all the while, nary a rumble. Pussy of steel, I think triumphantly. Rising into an L-shaped handstand, I pulse my muscles, trying to rock the balls back and forth.

Suddenly I feel something push up against my clit, and I lose my balance. I freeze on the floor, nervously eyeing the edge of my spandex leggings. Nothing pops free. I realize my precautionary supertight thong has twined the Smartballs' cord directly against my on button.

I park myself safely in *virasana* and clench, counting the seconds until *namaste.—Mila Jaroniec*

ILLUSTRATION BY JONATHAN ALLARDYCE; VECTOR ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS

A TOAST TO THE FUTURE

1

Booze Machine

→ Researchers at MIT developed Makr Shakr, a trio of robotic arms that serves up cocktails. Patrons put in an order via an app that can also monitor alcohol consumption. Go easy, champ.

2

Beer Me

→ A new Amstel machine in Bulgaria awards a free beer to anyone who stands in front of it for three minutes. A machine in rugby-loving Argentina awards beers to anyone who tackles it.

3

Added Cheer

→ Link your cell phone to the chip in a Buddy Cup and instantly add someone to your Facebook friends by clinking glasses. Developed by Budweiser, the cup is currently making friends in Brazil.

Danny Brown

HIP-HOP'S WILDEST MIND ON LIFE, DEATH AND KATHY GRIFFIN

• "In the end I'm just a dirty old man," Danny Brown sneers on his new album, *Old*. But beneath the frizzled hair and missing teeth, there's more to Brown than that. The Detroit rapper delivers riffs about kinky sex and downing Adderall against a backdrop of Motor City life. His talent for laying his squeaky voice over off-kilter beats has led him outside the boundaries of mainstream hip-hop, a world where releasing an album on a cell phone is considered bold experimentation. Brown's hip-hop is loaded and over the edge.—*Tyler Trykowski*

Q: *Old is your first release since 2011. How do you concentrate on one album for two years?*

A: It's patience. That comes with experience. I'm 32. Younger rappers make five mixtapes in three years, but a lot of them rap for the wrong reasons. Rappers are born. You can't tell yourself you wanna be a rapper. When I die, this is all I'll have. My money, girls—it'll all be gone. I need to do the best I can. It's my time capsule.

Q: *How have things changed since you released Hot Soup in 2008?*

A: My back was against the wall when I made *Hot Soup*. I was living in my grandma's attic with my mom, my sister and her kids, waiting for everyone to go to bed so I could write. If I didn't get that album out, I wasn't gonna eat, you know? *Old* is the first project I've had time to make.

Q: *You're known for your fashion sense. What are you into stylewise right now?*

A: Fly shit that's comfortable. I got this Givenchy sweatshirt; the hoodie has the bottom half cut off. It was $1,000. It's dirty, but I'll put it on. Stains, burn marks, whatever, I get my money out of it.

Q: *After you mentioned on YouTube how sexy you think she is, Kathy Griffin had you on her talk show. Is your verdict still the same?*

A: She's in shape for her age, man. That's hot to me. Women are like wine, better with time. I'll give it a test-drive.

6° DEGREES OF FERMENTATION

More celebs than ever are in the business of making booze. Our somewhat scientific breakdown of how they're all connected

1

Ghostface Killah

• The Wu-Tang rapper has a chili beer named after him, released in 2011. Makes a cameo in 2010's *When in Rome.*

2

Danny DeVito

• Also has a role in *When in Rome.* Peddles Danny DeVito's premium limoncello.

2A

Sean Combs

• Appears on an episode of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* with DeVito. Serves as brand ambassador for Cîroc vodka.

3

Danny DeVito stars in *The Rainmaker,* directed by winemaker Francis Ford Coppola.

4

• Coppola produced *The Good Shepherd,* which stars Angelina Jolie.

5

Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt

• Launched Miraval Provence rosé in 2013.

5A

• Pitt and Banderas nearly smooch in *Interview With the Vampire.*

5B

• Jolie and Banderas make sweet simulated love in *Original Sin.*

6

Antonio Banderas

• Hawks Anta Banderas wine. Purrs as Puss in Boots in *Shrek the Third* with Justin Timberlake.

6A

• George Clooney has a cameo in *Spy Kids* with Banderas. Co-founded Casamigos Tequila with club king Rande Gerber.

6B

• Clooney appears with Pitt in the *Ocean's* trilogy, *Burn After Reading* and *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind.*

7

Justin Timberlake

• Slings 901 Tequila. Barks with Bruce Willis in *Alpha Dog.*

8

Bruce Willis

• Part owner of Sobieski vodka. Faces the zombie apocalypse in *Planet Terror* with Fergie.

8A

• Willis and Pitt have a nice chat in *Twelve Monkeys.*

9

Fergie

• Makes Ferguson Crest wine. Baby daddy Josh Duhamel stars in *When in Rome.*

1

POLYNESIA PERFECTED

POWER DOWN IN THE FANTASY ISLANDS WHERE GAUGUIN GAWKED AND BRANDO KEPT COOL

• French Polynesia, a set of spectacular islands in the South Pacific, is considered a mystical paradise—unattainable except for the intrepid, unaffordable except for the honeymooning. But it's not entirely out of reach. Air Tahiti Nui can get you from Los Angeles to the main island *(1)* in eight hours. From there, boats and puddle jumpers take you to 118 islands encircled by coral gardens, pristine lagoons, swooning palm trees and boat coolers filled with beer.

Round up a group of friends and head to Ninamu *(2)*, an all-inclusive six-bungalow resort on the remote Tikehau atoll. Some 200 miles from Tahiti, it operates entirely off the grid. It's luxuriously rustic, epitomizing the minimalist Polynesian attitude that comes from having maximum natural resources. Case in point: A nearby island farm provides all the vegetables, meat, honey and vanilla. Some activities (deep-sea fishing, scuba diving) are loosely organized; others (paddleboarding, kite surfing) can happen on a whim from the secluded beach *(3)*.

3

Vibe and terrain change from one island to the next, so it's worth island hopping. Until the Brando—a luxury eco-resort on Marlon's private island—opens later this year, Bora Bora will suffice. Sofitel Bora Bora is on a small private island with over-water bungalows and views of Mount Otemanu.

2

Lagoon Service Bora Bora runs a small fleet of outriggers whose captains double as ukulele players. They know where the stingrays are and encourage you to jump overboard for a better view of everything lurking in the lemon-shark-patrolled waters. Once you come down from the adrenaline rush, shuttle to Bora Bora Yacht Club, a tiki bar decorated with flags from past cruisers. A round of Hinano beers *(4)* is in order, and so is a cheeseburger in paradise.

—Jeralyn Gerba

4

INKED IN

→ *Tattoo* is a Tahitian word, and the ancient practice—using a boar-tusk comb to puncture the skin and insert pigment—is alive and well in French Polynesia. Tahitian-born James Samuela of Moorea Tattoo is the guy to go to for the real deal.

NEVER SLEEP

You Sexy Beach

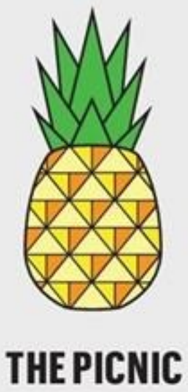
Three essential activities for beach bums on island time

THE OUTRIGGER

> Canoe racing is the local sport of choice, and competitions run year round. Spectators follow in party boats, place bets and barbecue.

THE PASS

> The coral island atolls have flume-like openings where the lagoon meets the ocean. The strong current makes for great drift snorkeling.



THE PICNIC

> Dinghies are rigged as dining tables in the water so you can wade while drinking beer and eating pineapple and *poisson cru*—a tropical take on ceviche.

VECTOR ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS

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THE HOT CHICK

A RENEGADE SOUTHERN CHEF GIVES CHICKEN AND WAFFLES A SPICY REBOOT

• Chef Edward Lee cooks for the 21st century Southern gentleman. At Lee's restaurant 610 Magnolia in Louisville, Kentucky, crab cakes are spiked with green-tomato kimchi and okra gets the Japanese tempura treatment. This mash-up mentality is perhaps best expressed in an already mashed-up dish of epic deliciousness: fried chicken and waffles. Lee first poaches the poultry in a Filipino vinegar and soy adobo broth to boost the flavor of the bird. For more smart Southern food, check out Lee's cookbook, *Smoke & Pickles.*

ADOBO FRIED CHICKEN

BROTH

- 2½ cups white vinegar
- 1½ cups water
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 1½ tsp. whole black peppercorns
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. red pepper flakes
- 3 garlic cloves, chopped
- 4 bay leaves

CHICKEN

- 2 lbs. chicken thighs, drumsticks, wings
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- ½ tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 8 cups peanut oil, for frying

DIRECTIONS

→ **To make adobo broth:** Combine ingredients in large pot, bring to a simmer over medium heat, then turn heat to low. Poach chicken pieces for 15 minutes, turning halfway through. **To fry chicken:** Pour buttermilk into one bowl; mix flour, salt, paprika and pepper in another. Dip poached chicken pieces in buttermilk, dredge in flour mixture and transfer to a plate. Heat oil to 365 degrees in a deep cast-iron skillet. Fry chicken in batches until internal temperature reaches 165 degrees, about eight to 10 minutes. Salt chicken while hot. Serve with dipping sauce and your favorite homemade waffles.

GET SAUCY

• *To make the spicy dipping sauce, mix one quarter cup water with three tablespoons fresh lemon juice, two tablespoons maple syrup, two tablespoons fish sauce, one tablespoon soy sauce and two thinly sliced habanero or Thai bird peppers.*

FRY DADDY

How to make supercrispy chicken

→ Edward Lee's top tip for frying is the "quarter rule": To keep the oil a constant 350 degrees, never cover more than one quarter of the pan with the food you're frying. Check the temperature with a deep-fry thermometer.

EDWARD LEE

Photography by **GRANT CORNETT**

RECIPE ADAPTED FROM *SMOKE & PICKLES* BY EDWARD LEE (ARTISAN BOOKS). COPYRIGHT ©2013. ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

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PORT AUTHORITY

OPULENT AND ELEGANT PORTS ARE THE ESSENCE OF AUTUMN DRINKING

• Let the wine snobs debate which wine pairs best with a meal (Thanksgiving or otherwise); bring dinner to a close with a perfectly balanced bottle of port. The fortified wine from Portugal's Douro Valley is the thinking man's after-dinner drink: complex enough to inspire talk of its pleasures, sweet yet strong enough to wrap up the meal with a kick. Whether it's a fresh ruby, a nutty tawny, a bold vintage or an exotic white port, be sure to serve it slightly chilled to let the flavors bloom as you sip.—*Heather John*

1.
Ruby
→ The freshest-tasting and youngest of ports, with bright fruit flavors. Sip straight or use in cocktails in place of aperitifs such as Campari and sweet vermouth.

2.
White
→ Port made from white grapes (as opposed to red) is another category entirely and makes for an ideal aperitif. Try Ramos Pinto Branco Reserva.

3.
Vintage
→ Incredibly complex vintage ports are made from a single vintage and aged in oak for two years before aging in the bottle for 10 to 40 years.

4.
Tawny
→ Tawny ports are aged in oak for at least seven years and oxidize in the cask; they show nutty, caramel characteristics. Dow's is outstanding.

THE SIPPING NEWS

• **Fonseca Bin 27 ($20):** An intense and velvety ruby port with black-cherry fruit notes. **Kopke Colheita 1983 ($88):** An elegant tawny with notes of burnt caramel, dried apricots and spice. **Graham's Six Grapes Reserve ($20):** This rich ruby port drinks like a vintage with ripe fruit and chocolate flavors. **Niepoort Vintage 2009 ($75):** A powerhouse vintage port reminiscent of juicy blackberries. It will only gain complexity with age. **Taylor Fladgate Late Bottled Vintage 2007 ($25):** Matured in wood for up to six years, this mellow and smooth wine is ready to drink earlier than a regular vintage port.

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

FOLLOW

THE BUNNY

WHO'S BEEN

PUSHING

(AND REMOVING)

BUTTONS

SINCE 1953

facebook.com/playboy

twitter.com/playboy

playboy.tumblr.com

instagram.com/playboy

HARD CASE

DITCH THAT MURSE. THE HARD-SIDED BRIEFCASE IS BACK IN ACTION

• Just because other guys tote their files and laptops in saggy man purses doesn't mean you have to. The old-school yet updated attaché case is alive and well—and ready to protect your gear with its hardshell exterior and combination lock. Bonus: No shoulder strap means no wrinkled suit.

1

Black Out

→ The lightweight polycarbonate on this stealthy case is scratch- and impact-resistant.

Rimowa Limbo attaché, $630

2

Bold Gold

→ This 1980s icon is still going strong. A silver version of this case had a cameo in *Quantum of Solace* with Daniel Craig.

Zero Halliburton classic framed attaché, $385

3

Gun Show

→ Gunmetal aluminum and a special laptop compartment make a case for this attaché.

Samsonite Delegate attaché, $90

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

PROP STYLING BY KIM WONG

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THE POWER HOODIE

THE SWEATSHIRT GOES UPSCALE; THAT IS, IF YOU WEAR IT RIGHT

• The hoodie is the ultimate in form and function: It's crazy comfortable, it covers your head when you want it to, and the zipper is the sartorial equivalent of a thermostat (up for warm, down for cool). And now it's a status symbol worn by tech moguls, directors and members of the creative class who have graduated from dressing to impress. Here are our favorite top-of-the-line hoodies.

HIPPER ZIPPERS

1

Blue Velvet

→ The fabric in this navy blue cotton sweatshirt has been overdyed to produce a subtle iridescent effect. Black diagonal pockets add flair.

Stone Island hooded sweatshirt, $375

2

Cashmere Friday

→ The contrasting zipper, lining and elbow patches give this hoodie a rakish appeal. The cashmere blend makes it soft as hell.

Gents cashmere-blend hoodie, $248

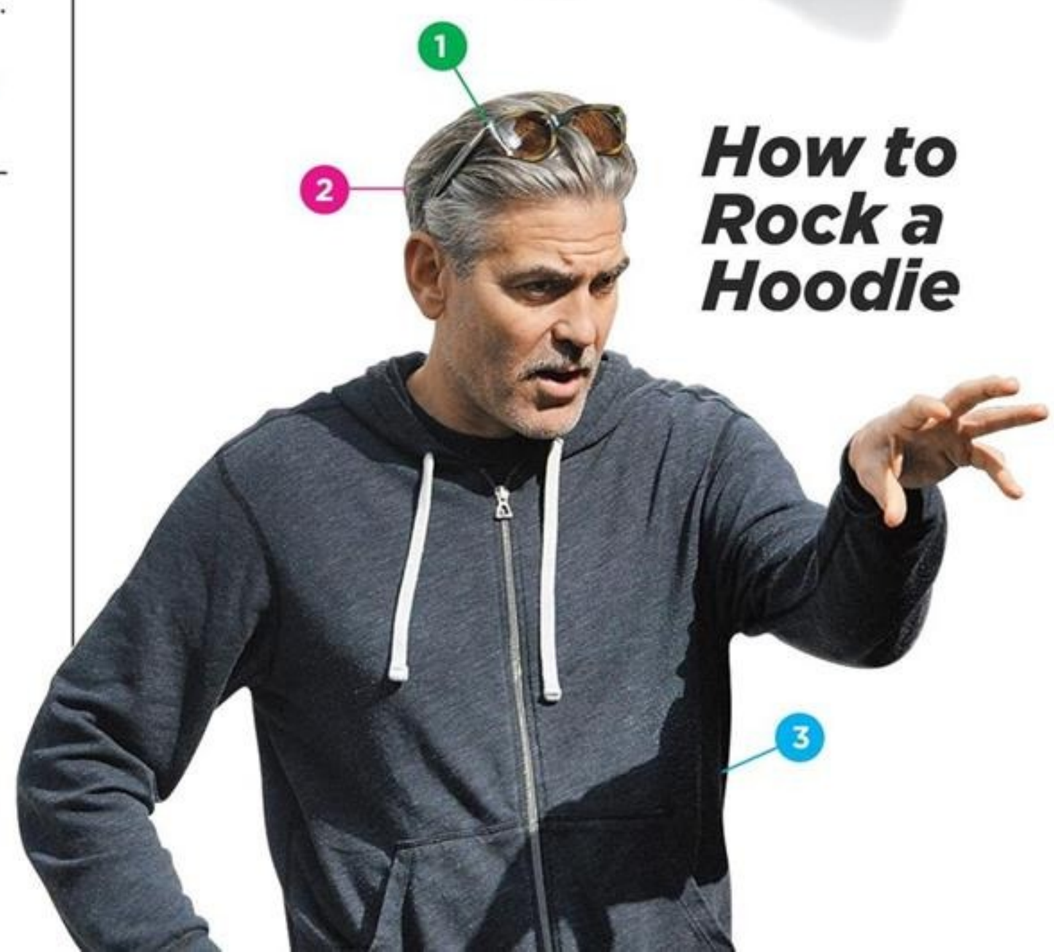
3

Leather Seeker

→ British dandy culture meets American swagger in this handsome hoodie that features a leather zipper pull and purple lining.

Ted Baker London Boltz hoodie, $275

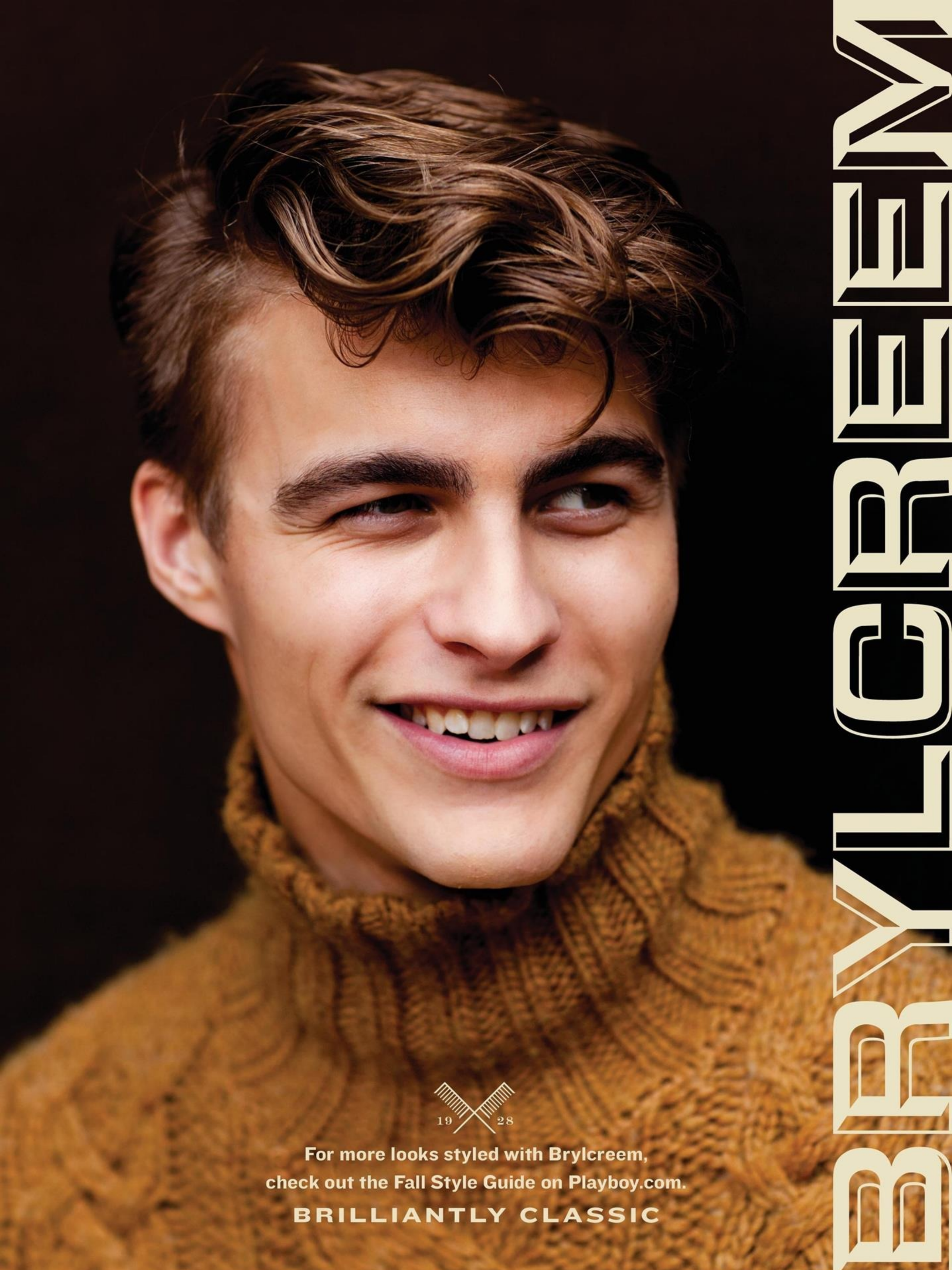
Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**



How to Rock a Hoodie

• Why does George Clooney look so cool in this picture? Well, beyond being George Clooney, he actually has a very studied ensemble going. (1) Tortoiseshell sunglasses ensure you won't look like a coach. (2) A well-groomed head of hair keeps you out of pajama territory. (3) A trim-fitting hoodie in a classic color like gray always works.

PROP STYLIST: KIM WONG. CLOONEY PHOTO: ALEXANDER KOERNER/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET

By Stephen Rebello

• In Martin Scorsese's latest dive into the murky, deceptively seductive underworld of the morally bankrupt, Leonardo DiCaprio plays real-life con artist and $50-million-a-year stockbroker Jordan Belfort. In the 1990s, Belfort partied like a rock star and ripped off investors to the tune of $200 million before crashing, burning and getting indicted; he served only 22 months of a four-year prison term. Terence Winter's screenplay, adapted from Belfort's memoir, is a thieves' den of juicy roles for co-stars Matthew McConaughey, Jean Dujardin, Kyle Chandler and Jonah Hill. Hill has called his skeevy character "probably the best role I'll play in any movie, ever. Leonardo DiCaprio and I are partners in a crooked Wall Street firm and best friends. I basically play the worst person on the planet." Winter has said, "If you think the mid-1990s were corrupt, hold that up to what's going on now or what's been going on since then."

TEASE FRAME

Jena Sims

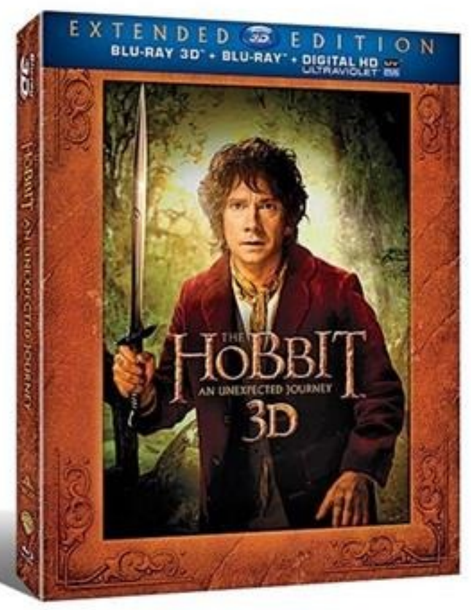
→ Beauty queen Jena Sims's first fleshy role was in the 3-D Roger Corman–produced *Attack of the 50 Foot Cheerleader* (pictured). See her next opposite Robert De Niro and other acting heavyweights in the Sin City comedy *Last Vegas*.

DVD OF THE MONTH

THE HOBBIT: AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

EXTENDED EDITION

By Bryan Reesman



• While we anticipate Smaug's fiery swath of destruction this Christmas—nothing screams holiday cheer like dragon's breath—the new cut of the first of three planned *Hobbit* movies adds 13 minutes of elongated scenes and nearly nine hours of bonus features. Peter Jackson's return to Middle-earth is not as earthshaking as his *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, but the J.R.R. Tolkien adapter extraordinaire still offers quirky charm, dazzling imagery, Dwarven comic relief and familiar faces including Gandalf (Ian McKellen), Elrond (Hugo Weaving) and Galadriel (Cate Blanchett), as well as a soulful new Bilbo Baggins (Martin Freeman). The extended edition is available on Blu-ray 3-D and in exclusive Amazon sets packaged with collectible statues. **Best extra:** *The Appendices,* an exhaustive look inside the creation of the film. ¥¥¥

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE

MR. JACKASS RETURNS AS A SENIOR PRANKSTER IN JACKASS PRESENTS: BAD GRANDPA

Q: Your character, Irving, goes on a road trip with his grandson in *Bad Grandpa.* What have you learned about 80-somethings?

A: Eighty-six-year-olds can get away with murder. One day three people helped me bury what they thought was a dead body. Another two guys helped me put the "deceased" in a car trunk so we could take it on a road trip.

Q: What bit got the most head-slapping reaction?

A: We sent Irving to an all-male strip club where he could catch the women in the audience, in his words, "while they're soggy" and "hotter than whorehouse gravy." He's helpfully passing out that wisdom to all the young lions out there.

Q: Should actors who want to be noticed share the screen with kids?

A: I was hoping Jackson Nicoll, who plays my eight-year-old grandson, would upstage me, and he did. He had so much fun screwing with people, but he's sweet and vulnerable in the scripted scenes. He's fearless.—*S.R.*

MUST-WATCH TV

ALMOST HUMAN

By Josef Adalian

• The compelling new drama from executive producer J.J. Abrams imagines a world about 30 years hence in which flesh-and-blood cops patrol the streets alongside android partners. The focus is on one particularly troubled officer (Karl Urban, pictured) who finds himself working next to a "synthetic" (Michael Ealy) with a programming glitch: It's too human—it's even capable of emotions. We've seen this dynamic before, from *Get Smart* to *Star Trek: The Next Generation.* But in a world where our phones talk back to us, the whole idea of robocops no longer feels like fantasy. ¥¥¥

WEB SHOW WRAP-UP

→ You don't need cable to catch some of this fall's most interesting shows. This month Hulu debuts *The Wrong Mans,* a smartly executed comedic thriller about two British office drones who get wrapped up in a kidnapping plot gone wrong. While not on the same level as this summer's *The World's End,* it's cut from the same semi-absurdist cloth. The guffaws are fewer but more grounded in Netflix's *Derek,* starring Ricky Gervais as a sweet but slow-witted nursing-home employee working alongside a predictably quirky staff. You'll cringe more than laugh during the first episode, but stick with it: There's something strangely beautiful about *Derek.*

MUSIC

2 CHAINZ

By Rob Tannenbaum

Q: On your new album, *B.O.A.T.S. II: Me Time,* you have a song called "Netflix," with the lyrics "Let's make a sex tape and put it on Netflix." If you made a sex tape, who would you want as your partner?

A: Damn, I hate to say this, but I think Iggy Azalea's dope. A lot of names popped into my head; that's the scary part. Maybe if you say some names, I can just tell you yea or nay.

Q: What about Nicki Minaj?

A: Yeah, I'd do that. [*laughs*] I want to put out a sex tape in the next five to 10 years and reap all the benefits in case I spend my hard-earned rap money doing boneheaded activities.

Q: You have a lot of songs about sex and weed. If you had to give up one for a year, which would it be?

A: Probably weed.

Q: Why?

A: Because I'm a man. [*laughs*] How about that answer?

GAME OF THE MONTH

BATMAN: ARKHAM ORIGINS

By Jason Buhrmester

• Lost in all of Batman's face punching is the fact that he's a damn good detective. *Batman: Arkham Origins* (360, PC, PS3, Wii-U) beefs up the Dark Knight's crime-scene skills with a redesigned detective mode players will need to gather and analyze clues. Don't worry; the critically acclaimed series hasn't gone all *CSI.* The focus is still on dishing out justice as the Bat destroys enemy crews in wild brawls—which benefit from some of the best combat controls in gaming—or takes them down one by one with Batarangs, smoke bombs and new gadgets such as the remote claw. Gotham is under attack by Penguin, Black Mask, Bane, Joker and other legendary villains, so stick to the shadows and move quietly. ¥¥¥¥

ADVERTISEMENT

Welcome to the Original Boys Club

Being a man that demands respect is an art form that requires discipline and attention to detail. Lessons learned from the 1940s serve a man well to this day—always have an alibi, mind your own business, and keep your mouth shut. This is key to surviving the epic battle between the police department and a dangerous mobster, which inflames the city in TNT's eagerly anticipated television event from acclaimed filmmaker Frank Darabont, *Mob City*.

MOB CITY **NEW SERIES WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 4, 10/9c**

TV MA LV

ADVERTISEMENT

Put A Lid On It

If you want to look like Bugsy Siegel (played by Ed Burns), get a fedora. When wearing it, be sure to cock it slightly to the side; otherwise, you risk looking like a fed.

Rough Him Up – No Scuffs

A well-polished man requires a well-polished shoe. The proper tools are essential to getting unsightly marks, like blood, off a nice pair of wingtips. A quality tin of wax-based polish, welt brush, polishing cloth and horsehair buffing brush are musts.

The Ultimate Getaway

Cars know no morality. Sometimes their owners don't either. An ideal status symbol for gangsters, cars are also the ticket for when a crime is complete and the two choices are getting away, or going away.

If Looks Could Kill

On any night at the Clover Club there are plenty of people to look at, but the one who commands attention is the man wearing a crisp suit, single-breasted preferred, with a beautiful woman on his arm.

TNT

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FRANK DARABONT

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THIRST AID

• According to a yearlong study at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, the five alcoholic beverages most likely to land you in the emergency room are:

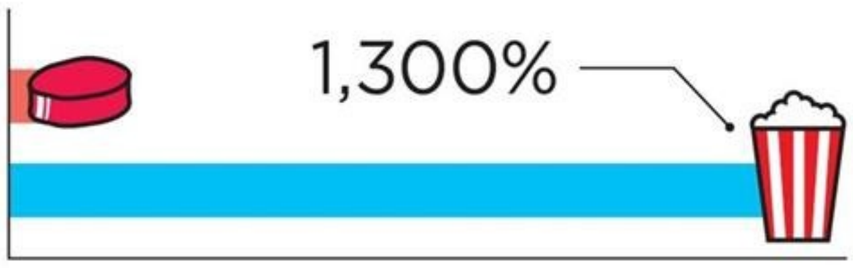
1. *Budweiser*
2. *Steel Reserve*
3. *Colt 45*
4. *Bud Ice*
5. *Bud Light*

1,200 POUNDS

• Weight of the Mothership, the stage-prop UFO used by otherworldly funk group Parliament Funkadelic. The ship was acquired by the Smithsonian's National Museum of African American History and Culture.

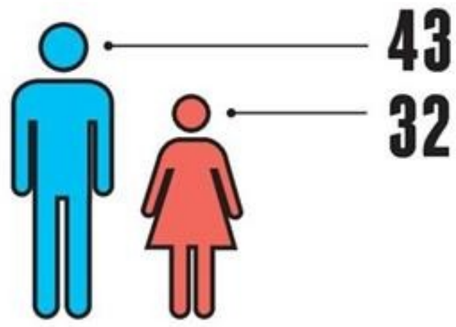
Kernel of Truth

• Movie theater popcorn is more expensive per ounce than filet mignon. Estimated markup:



iPaws 101

• The School for the Dogs in New York offers classes that teach man's best friend to use an iPad. Starting price: $50 for a one-hour clinic.



Kidding Around

• A survey found that women finally "grow up" when they turn 32; men grow up at 43.

Stiff Raise

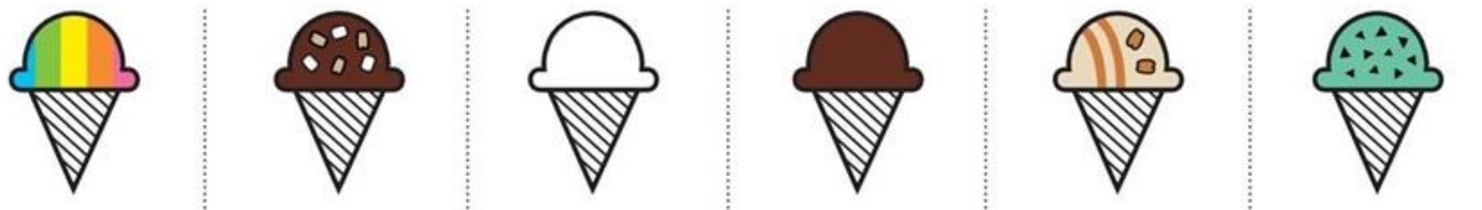
• Employees who have sex four or more times a week earn 5% more than those who don't.

45 MIL

• Price of the Claude Monet painting *L'Enfant a la Tasse* in the recently launched Amazon Art section, which features 40,000 works by Andy Warhol, Norman Rockwell, Salvador Dalí, Damien Hirst and others.

Sweet Science

• According to a study by Dr. Alan Hirsch, founder of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation, your favorite ice cream flavor can betray a lot about your personality:



- *Rainbow sherbet* — pessimistic
- *Rocky road* — good listener
- *Vanilla* — impulsive idealist
- *Chocolate* — dramatic and flirtatious
- *Pralines and cream* — loving and supportive
- *Mint chocolate chip* — argumentative

One-Way Ticket

• More than 165,000 people applied to found a colony on Mars, for a mission that would leave Earth in 2022 and never return.

1,000–10,000 TONS

• Amount of meteoric material that falls to Earth each day.

STATE OF THE UNITS

• According to Condomania, a supplier of multisized condoms, the U.S. cities with the largest goods are:

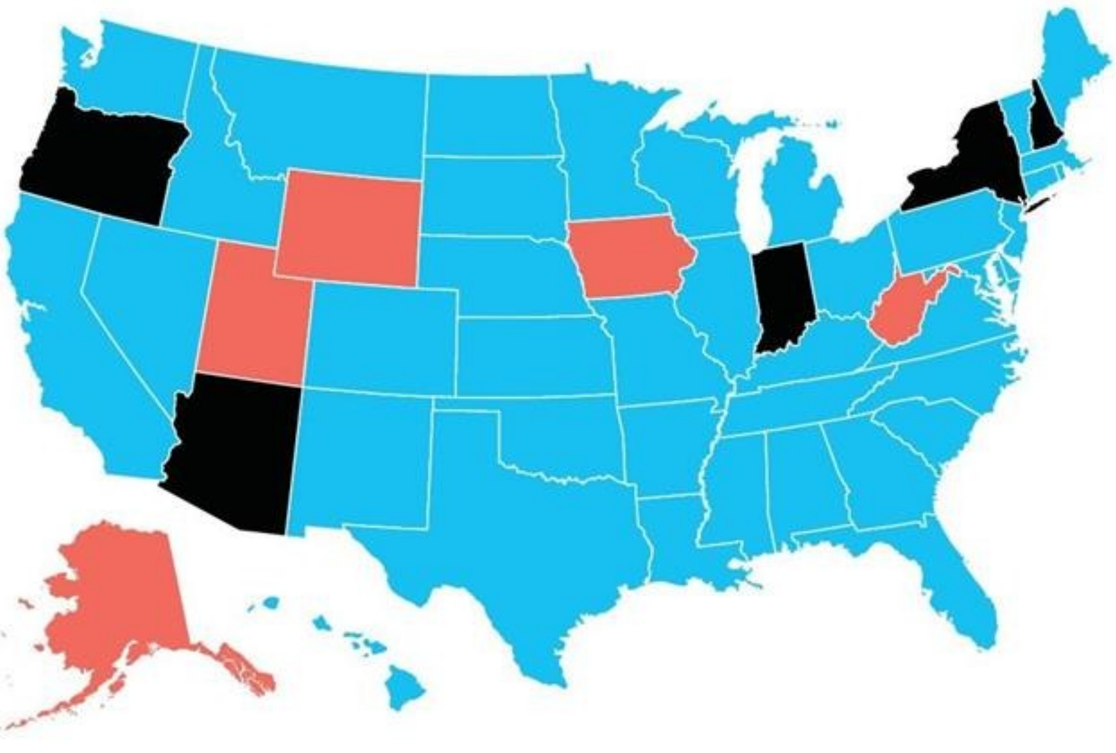
1. NEW ORLEANS
2. WASHINGTON, D.C.
3. SAN DIEGO
4. NEW YORK
5. PHOENIX

Largest states:

1. New Hampshire
2. Oregon
3. New York
4. Indiana
5. Arizona

Smallest states:

1. Wyoming
2. Utah
3. Iowa
4. Alaska
5. West Virginia



WHITE LIGHTNING

A RENEGADE AIMS TO UNLEASH THE WORLD'S FASTEST PRODUCTION CAR

• We can imagine the conversation now: "Yes, officer, we were doing 276 miles an hour." It could happen. SSC, a start-up founded in Washington state in 1999 by engineer Jerod Shelby (no relation to Carroll Shelby), is in the final testing phase of a new car named after a reptile—the Tuatara. The goal: unseat the Bugatti Veyron (268 mph) as the world's fastest production car. "We're estimating 276 mph with a 9,200 rpm redline," says chief administrative officer Alan Leverett. "We think it's going to be fast." We believe it.

JEROD SHELBY
SSC North America

→ The man behind the 258 mph SSC Ultimate Aero and now the new Tuatara.

SSC held the Guinness record from 2007 to 2010 with its previous model, the Ultimate Aero, which hit 258 mph. The Tuatara—set to launch next summer—is powered by a mid-mounted 1,350 hp V8, with a seven-speed transmission and triple-disc carbon clutch. Got the $1.3 million? Get in line. The company will make about 48 cars a year, and the first eight have already sold.

Stats

- Engine: 423.6-cubic-inch V8
- Horsepower: 1,350
- Zero to 60 mph: 2.5 seconds
- Dry weight: 2,750 lbs.
- Top speed: 276 mph (est.)
- Tag: $1.3 million

THE 200 MPH CLUB

→ Because every man should be able to triple the interstate speed limit. Buckle up for safety!

1

FORD MUSTANG SHELBY GT500
200 mph
$54,800

2

BENTLEY FLYING SPUR
200 mph
$200,500

THE SECRETS OF A CAR SALESMAN

AN ANONYMOUS 18-YEAR VETERAN ON WHAT THE GUY ON THE SHOWROOM FLOOR DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW

• In the car business, everyone is lying—including the customers. Whether you're buying new, buying used or leasing, you have to know what you're doing or you'll probably get screwed. **On buying a new car:** It's easy to get a good price on a new car. First, narrow down what you want, then go through the internet pricing process. Get quotes from three dealerships. A dealer will tell you anything to get you into the store, so verify the lowest price in writing. Just because a salesman tells you over the phone a car is in stock doesn't mean it really is, so head to the lot. Now, why buy a new car? Some folks just like that new-car feeling. The problem is, when you buy a new car, you're overpaying. **On buying a used car:** Once you know what you want, wait until used cars are on the market and save a lot of money. Say you want a Jeep Overland. You'd spend about $45,000 on it new, but you can get the same car with only 5,000 miles on it for thousands of dollars less. Those miles have no effect on the car; it's still getting broken in. The best place to buy a used car is usually a dealership, not a used-car lot. Make sure to see the Carfax report so you know what you're getting into. You don't want a car that, say, got stuck in a flood. **On leasing:** For someone who wants a new car every three years, leasing makes total sense—if you lease the right car. Leasing, you're unlikely to hold on to the car long enough for the warranty to run out. However, never lease a car with a residual value of less than 58 percent. What does that mean? A car with a 58 percent residual value will be worth 58 percent of its original price after three years. If the residual value is less, you can probably save money by buying rather than leasing (you can still trade it in after three years). The dealer has to disclose this number, so look for it in the contract. **On money:** A lot of people end up in cars they can't afford. It's a mistake that can really bite you. You have to realize that when you own a car, you're paying not only for the car but also for the insurance, maintenance, repairs, fuel, cleaning and possibly storage. So that $600 monthly payment is closer to $1,000. Choose your car wisely. Then enjoy the hell out of it.

Never lease a car with a residual value of less than 58 percent. The dealer has to disclose this number, so look for it in the contract.

INTERVIEW

DARIO FRANCHITTI

Take a spin with the three-time Indy 500 winner

Q: Growing up in Scotland, you started winning motor races at an age when most kids are still watching cartoons. What's your all-time hairiest moment on the track?

A: The most afraid I've ever been in a car was in 2007 in Michigan, when I got up in the air at the superspeedway. The car was about 30 feet off the ground and spinning around. We were doing about 215 miles an hour. Afterward, I thought I was lucky to get away with it. That was definitely a moment when I thought, This might be it.

Q: Can you take us on a tour of your garage?

A: Cars are my weakness. I tend to collect cars that thrilled me as a child, with particular emphasis on Porsche and Ferrari. The coolest piece of machinery in there now would be a toss-up between the Ferrari F40, the Porsche Carrera GT and my 1999 Reynard IndyCar, which produces about 1,000 horsepower. That said, my everyday drive is an Acura in the U.S. and a Mercedes in Scotland.

Q: What's the best car movie ever made?

A: At the top of my list would have to be *Le Mans, Grand Prix, The Cannonball Run, Smokey and the Bandit* and of course the animated IndyCar movie *Turbo.*

Q: The Indy 500 is one of the hardest races on earth to win. What's it like to see that checkered flag waving?

A: I've been fortunate enough to win that great race three times. It's the beginning of a whirlwind tour that takes a long time to settle in, when you realize what you've accomplished. That feeling you get when you see your teammates, friends and family in Victory Lane is indescribable.

3 **MCLAREN P1**
217 mph
$1.15 million

4 **LAMBORGHINI AVENTADOR**
217 mph
$441,600

5 **LAFERRARI**
217 mph
$1.7 million

6 **BUGATTI VEYRON GRAND SPORT VITESSE**
255 mph
$2.5 million

GOING DOWN

STEP AWAY FROM THE SKI LODGE AND ONTO THE SLOPES

• We could make the case that skiing, not golf, is the ultimate gentlemen's pastime, even if the gentlemen never leave the lodge. Luckily, it's easier than ever to hit the slopes thanks to new beginner-friendly technology. To get started, pick out a ski that stands just taller than your chin and has a "waist" (the middle of the ski) in the 70- to 76-millimeter range. This mix of stability and turn radius will keep you upright on a variety of conditions until you're ready to sit down for another hot toddy.—*Wil O'Neal*

1

Pole Position

→ Rossignol Jib Pro ($70 rossignol .com) uses lightweight aluminum construction and strong grips to keep you in control on the slopes and in the half-pipe.

2

Powder Tool

→ A telescopic carbon shaft and interchangeable 85-millimeter basket make Rossignol's Freeride pole ($120, rossignol .com) the tool for any condition.

3

Get Free

→ Völkl's One freeride skis ($649, volkl.com) feature a full-rocker design that converts energy into action. Charge hard on these skis for the full experience.

4

Big Country

→ Rossignol's Super 7s ($850, rossignol.com) come long and wide for the backcountry, while the centered sidecut makes them great all-mountain skis.

PROP STYLING BY KIM WONG

GET GEARED UP

Head Case

→ Trees and speed don't mix, so wear a helmet. The Edit is Giro's lightest and includes a GoPro camera mount.

$180, giro.com

Boot Up

→ A custom boot fitter uses heat to ensure the Salomon X Pro 120 fits your foot like a glove.

$600, salomon.com

Goggle It

→ The Apex 339 by Liquid Image includes a built-in HD camera to record your runs. Edit out the bails later.

$400, liquidimageco.com

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

50 years of

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS

Since 1962, Playboy has published the greatest interviews in history. Now you can buy 50 of the most (in)famous exclusively at Amazon.com– 99 cents each. Read them today on your Kindle App, Kindle Fire and Kindle Touch.

HIGHER FIDELITY

CAST OUT YOUR EARBUDS AND INDULGE IN SPEAKERS CAPABLE OF SHAKING HEAVEN AND EARTH

• Earbuds can't do justice to the intricacies of *Kid A*. It's a question of scale: When you listen with headphones, tiny vibrations are set loose on your tiny eardrums. Crank up a real amp attached to a pair of well-tuned open-air two-channel speakers and the music vibrates the whole room and you in it. We'd go so far as to call it a massage for the soul. Here are four speakers that deliver impeccable sound. Listen up.—*Scott Alexander*

1 Shelf Life

→ A solid high-end stereo setup delivers a large soundstage and killer dynamics. HSU Research's horn-loaded HB-1 MK2 ($400 a pair, hsuresearch.com) packs all that into a bookshelf-size speaker that rocks in a two-channel setup or as the start of a surround system.

2 Bulletproof Sound

→ Bowers & Wilkins's CM10 ($4,000 a pair, bowers-wilkins.com) is armed with a re-engineered tweeter for high frequencies, along with one mid-range driver and three bass drivers made of Kevlar for low-end sounds at air-strike levels.

3 Knockout Punch

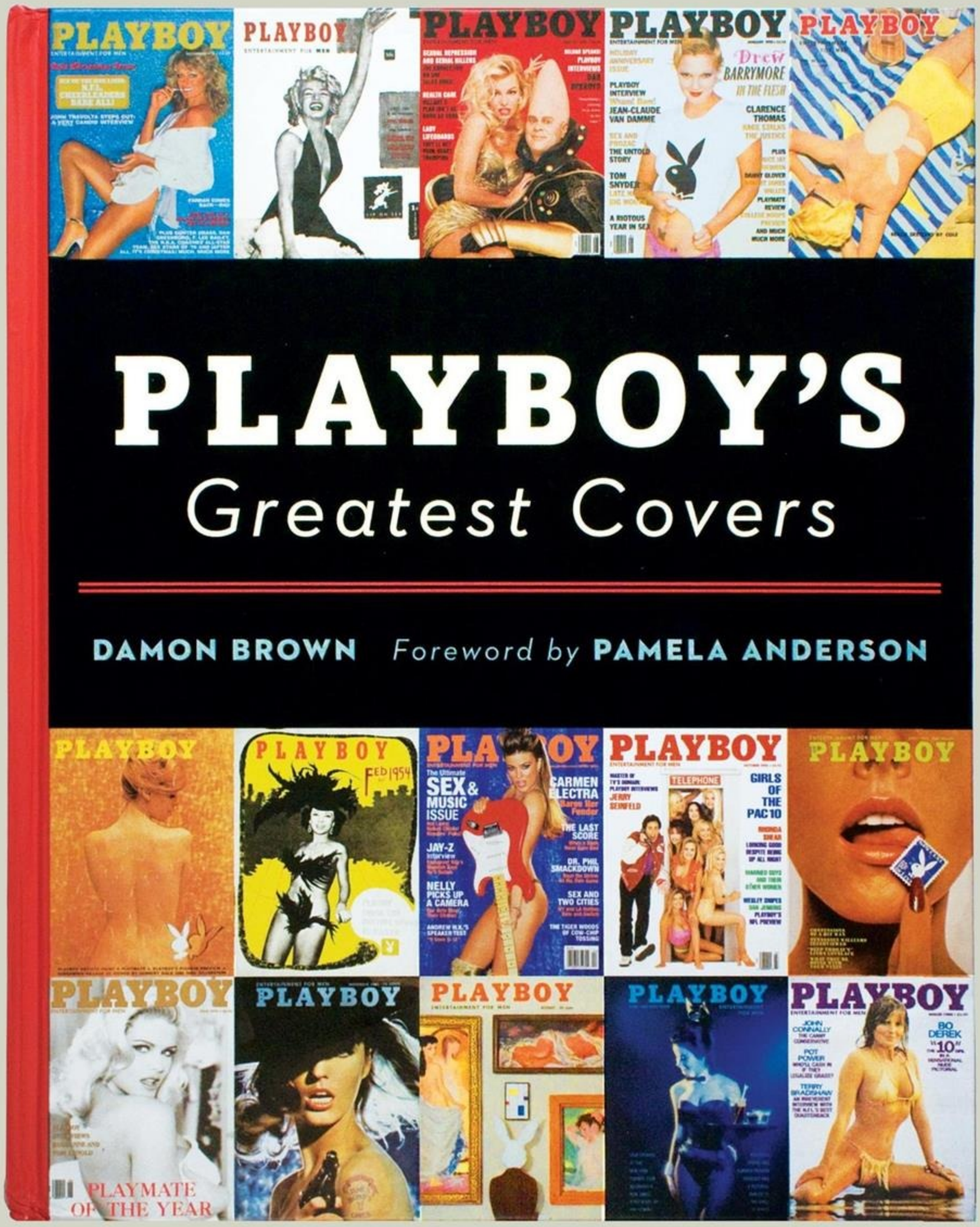
→ The Mistral Bow-A2 ($2,299 a pair, napa acoustic.com) is a 60-pound monster loaded with two four-inch mid-range drivers, a 10-inch side-mounted woofer and an outboard supertweeter. Frequency response from 30 Hz to 45 kHz makes this a heavyweight champ.

4 Solid Gold

→ Newcomer GoldenEar has already built a golden reputation among audiophiles for its amazing sound. The Triton Seven ($1,400 a pair, goldenear.com) uses passive radiators (instead of powered subwoofers) to pack a mean bass punch.

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

PLAYBOY'S GREATEST COVERS



For nearly 60 years, Playboy Magazine has made a splash with its mind-blowing covers. Now, for the first time, there is a book dedicated to this American icon.

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Foreword by Pamela Anderson, text by Damon Brown. Sterling Publishing.

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STOP PICKING ON VEGETARIANS

REAL MEN EAT KALE. DEAL WITH IT

I get why vegetarianism used to be unmanly. No one likes the Neanderthal who says, "It's partly health, partly ethical. Look, I don't want to be the cave scold. You have your fun hunting woolly mammoths. I'll stay here and gather with the ladies."

But now that supermarkets rotisserie cook our factory-farmed chickens, there's not even the danger of cutting a finger with a kitchen knife. The most dangerous meat eating most of us do is when we venture outside our hotel in Mexico. Yet a guy who orders a big bowl of kale and quinoa still seems like the kind of guy who would tell your wife you slept with a hooker at the bachelor party. Meanwhile, a guy who finishes 20 chicken wings is a man's man. Which is ridiculous, since the way you have to eat those tiny wings makes you look like you're at a tea party.

I eat meat. But I'm also a total wimp. If it were easy to eat more vegetarian meals, I gladly would. The only reason I ever cook beef or chicken is because I cave to my wife and son's demands. I agree to meet people at hamburger joints because I don't want to be pushy and suggest a different place. I once got chicken added to my Caesar salad only because my waitress was attractive and I have no training in saying no to anything a hot woman offers. I take the turkey sandwich offered at the meeting because I'm too lazy to get my own food later. I tend to just eat what's around. When I do eat meat it's usually because, ironically, I'm an anti-hunter.

Vegetarianism is a form of self-control. It's the tough asceticism of Steve Jobs, who treated fish as an occasional indulgence. A two-year-old can down a soft, fatty cheeseburger, but to get through fermented tofu you have to be pretty tough. If manliness is Tough Muddering under barbed wire, Shackletoning across Antarctic ice and John Wayning away pain through gritted teeth, then it's also eating your vegetables. To put it even more simply, there is nothing remotely feminine about how your farts smell after you eat broccoli.

BY JOEL STEIN

Yet American manliness is irrationally defined by sloppy self-indulgence. It's Henry VIII waving a turkey leg and having other people kill his wives. It's John Candy eating a 96-ounce steak in *The Great Outdoors* and then having to goofily apologize that his gluttony made his son miss his date with a hot chick. It's wrapping stuff in bacon and posting Facebook pictures showing how you wrapped it in bacon.

The feminization of vegetarianism continues because we let women control how it's presented. You can't eat a 96-ounce bowl of curried lentils while watching 100 screens of all the NFL games and choosing between 40 drafts on tap. No, you need to go to places like Café Gratitude, where you have to get items with names such as I Am Fulfilled (salad) and I Am Connected (hummus). I'm simply trying to order corn tacos, and I Am Embarrassed. The names of vegetarian dishes are always put in nonthreatening scare quotes, like "crab cakes," or they're cute puns, like "tofurkey" or "Fakin' Bacon." It's like you're having dinner with Hello Kitty. I wish more people would simply point out that beer is essentially vegan.

There are some attempts to make vegetables bold, like the blooming onion and the jalapeño popper. But we need menus with five-alarm carrots and portobello mushroom jerky. Pancakes, thanks to their stackability, have marketed themselves well. But most manly vegetarian marketing plans are like the one for Powerful Yogurt, which has a bull's head logo and ads that brag about its 20 grams of protein that will give you better abs. This is brogurt that comes in blueberry açai, brags about being gluten-free and is way too focused on making me look at men with great abs.

Men aren't helping either. Male vegetarians never ride around blasting Gwar from Hummers outfitted with gun racks (for skeet shooting). They always have ponytails and girlfriends who boss them around, and they listen to Phish. A study done at the University of British Columbia found that even vegetarian women find vegetarian men less masculine.

We have great masculine vegetarian role models, but we need to highlight them more. Mike Tyson is a vegan, unless you count the occasional human ear. Manly vegetarians have included Woody Harrelson, UFC lightweight Mac Danzig, Heisman trophy winner Ricky Williams, former NBA star John Salley and India, a country so tough, Pakistan is afraid of it despite all the musicals it makes.

Russell Brand, a vegan, has undoubtedly had sex with one of the women in this issue. Rip Esselstyn, who is a firefighter, triathlete and owner of the most manly name in the world, got his firehouse to go on his vegan Engine 2 Diet, despite the fact that his firehouse is in Texas. Former UFC fighter Luke Cummo is a vegan who drinks his own urine, which is the second manliest drink after grappa. There's a whole group of badass power vegans: Bill Clinton, Steve Wynn, Mort Zuckerman, Russell Simmons and Biz Stone. Hitler was a vegetarian, and though he had plenty of foibles, he certainly was manly.

So whenever I'm in a manly situation, which is basically never, I'm going to order something vegetarian. As my chin drips with the blood of pomegranate seeds, I will tell my poker buddies, hockey fans or Rush concertgoers that I sustain myself with the earthy toil of farmers. Unless there are some hot chicks nearby. I don't want them to think I'm a wimp. ■

PHOTOGRAPHY AND FOOD STYLING BY TASTEBUDS

PLAY EVERY DECADE

PLAYMATES, COINS AND SLOT MACHINES,
TAKE A STEP INTO THE PLAYBOY CASINO

apps.facebook.com/playboycasino

PASSING THE ZIP CODE TEST

RELATIONSHIPS CAN WEATHER MANY HARDSHIPS. COMMUTING IS NOT ONE OF THEM

When I was traveling in India I was tempted to buy everything I saw because it was so cheap and I was in a really thin phase. My friend Jessica did her best to stop me from going nuts at a particularly alluring bazaar in Udaipur. Her motto: "Make sure it passes the zip code test."

Like shopping, dating outside your zip code should be done with caution. If a sari, or a girlfriend, wouldn't look right at home, you probably shouldn't commit. When you're trying something—or someone—on for size, you have to envision what it or she will feel like on your couch, at a party with your friends, at dinner with your parents. That's why it's usually best to shop close to home.

I spent my junior year of college "studying" abroad in Sydney. That meant I took classes in photography and Buddhism, jogged on beautiful beaches and dated an Australian guy named Andrew. I wanted to stay in Sydney with him forever. My parents talked me out of it, largely by threatening to cut me off if I didn't catch a flight home.

Andrew and I continued to date long distance when I got back to college at Cornell. This was pre-Skype, and I ran up an insane phone bill even though I could never keep track of the time difference. Still, we excitedly planned his visit. I couldn't wait for him to meet my friends and family.

Of course, it didn't go as planned. My parents were freaked out that he was 10 years older than I was and lived on the other side of the world. My friends thought he was kind of an asshole because, well, he kind of was. I remember walking with him through campus and feeling as if I was hosting an alien. It wasn't just that his jeans were weird or that he couldn't handle the cold. It was that I suddenly felt we had nothing genuine in common now that he was in my zip code.

When Andrew and I were in Sydney, we treasured every moment together, all too aware of the clock loudly ticking in our ears. Our relationship was dramatic and destined for failure. It was exciting—until the reality of the vast distance between us set in.

Sure, some people end up happily married to foreigners. More often it doesn't work out. Happy people are usually in rational matches with people who have similar upbringings and values. Sometimes we date the opposite of that because we're not ready for the real thing.

I have two friends who recently got divorced from foreigners because their mates ended up feeling isolated living far from home. At first their exoticness was sexy, but it became a liability, particularly when children got involved.

Dating someone who lives in a different city, much less a different country, is rarely

BY DEBORAH SCHOENEMAN

sustainable. Much of your time is spent acting as if you're on vacation, because you usually are, meeting somewhere for a fun trip, when everyone is on their best behavior. Real relationships don't usually come with maid service. They often involve laptops in bed and brunch with parents.

A New Yorker friend of mine recently broke up with a guy who lives in England. Although they love each other, neither was willing to move to the other's turf. It's hard for adults to leave behind the life they've been leading for decades—unless they have no life, and why would you want to date that person? When they were still together, I watched this poor Brit get stuck grilling at a barbecue while his girlfriend had fun. Only a polite tourist would make that mistake.

Another friend shacked up at the Chateau Marmont with her foreign boyfriend when he visited her in Los Angeles, even though she owns a home there. She thought it would be fun and sexy, and it was—until he returned home and stopped returning her calls. The physical distance between them is too vast for her to figure out what went wrong.

Even a local commute can sap the fun out of a new relationship. A friend of mine recently started dating a divorced guy with two kids. "It's not the kids who are the problem," she said. "It's that he lives in Venice." She was referring to the Westside of L.A., about a 45-minute drive from her house in the Valley when there's no traffic, which is almost never. She's making it work, but it's not ideal. It helps that their offices are in the same area—if you're not walking in on them when they're making out on a couch.

When I first moved to L.A. I also lived in Venice. I loved the cool beach community and was convinced I'd never date a guy who lived anywhere else. Despite my intention, I ended up seriously dating someone on the wrong side of town. I was always in traffic, wearing the wrong shoes. Forgetting my computer charger at home would kill a day. Six months later I moved in with him. I realized I couldn't juggle a commute and a boyfriend.

Around that time I got a call from Andrew the Australian. He was going to Las Vegas for a big event and invited me to meet him there. I said I had a boyfriend, and Andrew insisted we both come meet him. We could take in a show and a fancy dinner!

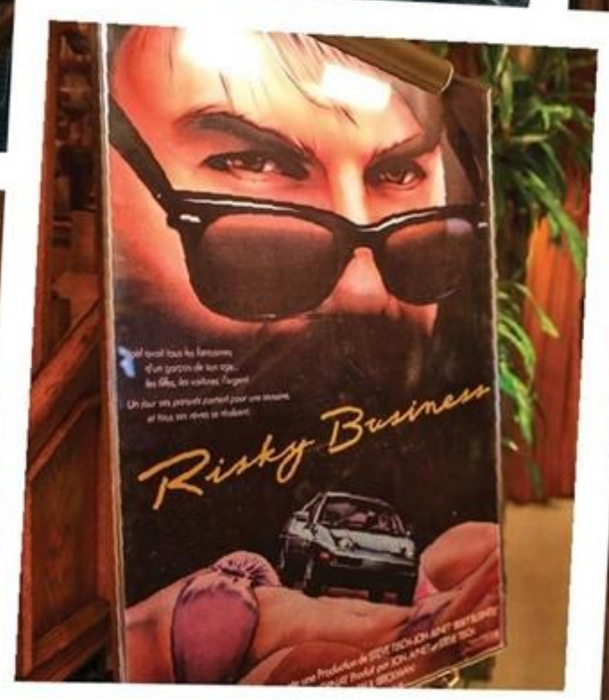
I doubt he really thought it would happen. The fantasy was fun while it lasted, though, just like our romance abroad. And just like the black and gold sari that lives in my closet. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MIA

PORSCHE®

On Thursday, August 22nd, the Playboy Mansion opened its gates for an iconic evening of cocktails, dinner, tours and a very special viewing of *Risky Business*. Playboy and Porsche invited an intimate group of cultural icons to celebrate their independent spirits and pay tribute to Porsche's influence in cinematic history.

The special affair, hosted by **Playboy** and **Cooper Hefner**, began as guests got acquainted with the all-new **2014 Porsche Cayman** vehicles that adorned the perfectly manicured Mansion grounds before gathering for an intimate sunset dinner followed by a screening in the home of one of America's greatest cinephiles.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A 2014 PANAMERA GTS IN ATLANTIC BLUE; MISS FEBRUARY 2008, MICHELLE MCLAUGHLIN AND MISS SEPTEMBER 2012, ALANA CAMPOS; 2013 PORSCHE 911C4/S IN GUARDS RED; RECORDING ARTIST TAIO CRUZ; RISKY BUSINESS FILM NIGHT; 2014 PORSCHE CAYMAN IN LIME GOLD METALLIC; COOPER HEFNER, MISS FEBRUARY 2008, MICHELLE MCLAUGHLIN AND 2006 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, KARA MONACO; 2006 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, KARA MONACO MEETS THE 2014 PORSCHE CAYMAN; ACTRESS JAMIE GRAY HYDER.

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As a single man who lives alone, I appreciate Deborah Schoeneman's *Women* column in September ("You Are Where You Live"). My place definitely has a bachelor-pad vibe, including the latest PLAYBOY on the nightstand. I worry potential girlfriends will take one look and run. Should I hide the PLAYBOY before bringing a date home, or should I see how open-minded she is?—P.R., Richmond, Kentucky

We wouldn't hide your PLAYBOY, *but we would remove everything from your nightstand as part of a general de-slobification prior to hosting a female visitor. Put the magazine in your magazine rack. If a date freaks out because you read* PLAYBOY, *there's a good chance you'll have other deal-breaker disagreements as well.*

In September a reader wrote about his negative reaction when a friend he thought was heterosexual drunkenly propositioned him for gay sex. I'm straight but adventurous. If there's enough verbal communication with a male friend and I know where I stand, I leave it at that. But one friend didn't talk much and seemed so mysterious that I found myself intrigued. One night, after too many beers, I told him if he wanted to go further, I was okay with it. I thought if something happened it would at least confirm whether I'm bisexual. Instead, my friend was deeply offended. He went off about how he could no longer trust me. Had he been a friend as he claimed to be, he would have tried to understand what was going on in my head.—B.R., Lucerne, Switzerland

You're expecting too much. He was a friend, not your shrink.

I've been married for 10 years but have always had lovers. I'm seeing several women, including a 22-year-old who lets me do anything. I crave sex, but how do I know if I'm a sex addict? I love my wife and we have a great sex life, but I can't stop pursuing other women.—T.M., Valdosta, Georgia

The more sex you have, the more sex you want. That's true of everyone. You're not a sex addict; that's a cop-out—and a diagnosis that didn't exist until someone invented it. As the comedian Gregg Rogell has observed, Tiger Woods claimed to be addicted to sex because he had sex with lots of models. "If he was having sex with a dead chicken, I'd say, 'Wow, that guy is addicted to sex.'" In your case, you love adulterous sex because it's exciting and available. The risk is that, assuming your wife is majestically oblivious, you are handing the reins of your marriage to a 22-year-old. You're not a chimpanzee. You can say no. If you decide to continue, at least inform your wife so she can decide if she's wasting her time.

TOMER HANUKA

How do I ask a woman to try bondage? I don't want to come across as a potential rapist or pervert. I usually use police handcuffs.—M.H., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Tying someone up, or being tied up, requires a great deal of trust, and it may take a while for a relationship to get there. Unless you met at a bondage convention, don't pull out any implements until you discuss outside the bedroom your kinky desires, and hers. If she's agreeable, offer your own wrists first, though don't use keyed cuffs. Instead, start with quick-release cuffs (i.e., ones that unlock with a latch), preferably lined in fur. They're easy to find online. Agree on a safe word to end the game should there be any discomfort, physical or otherwise. If she's reluctant, play without cuffs: Have her hold part of the bed or the back of a chair while you play her body like a fiddle. Sex-trick mistress Laura Corn suggests having the woman place her palms on a dresser and then positioning a nickel on the back of each hand. Tell her if one falls while you have your way, she will be "punished."

My wife feels the need to belittle me around my friends. My friends have told me it makes them feel uncomfortable, so I don't spend time with them if she's around. What can I do?—C.J., Pasadena, California

Your wife sounds angry. She may resent the relationship you have with these friends, perhaps because it seems more open and comfortable than the marriage. She may also think they find her unworthy of you. Her defensive instinct is to take a dominant "fuck you" position, which requires diminishing you. The conflict can't be resolved, as you've probably discovered, by telling her to knock it off. (She may not be aware she does it.) We recommend getting a third party involved. It's possible this verbal abuse is a sign the relationship is dead or dying, but if it happens only in these limited circumstances we remain hopeful.

When is it okay to remove your coat and tie at a wedding? I usually keep them on until after the first few songs and formal dances have wrapped up, but I would appreciate your thoughts.—G.A., Omaha, Nebraska

We always loosen our tie 10 seconds after we walk into the reception but don't remove it until the adults have left. The coat can come off once you find a chair. It's a party.

Bartenders in bayou country pour the liquor first before adding ice. I was taught to pack the ice first. Which is correct?—C.R., Houma, Louisiana

We've never seen what you describe, but they do a lot of things differently in the bayou. The ice goes first to avoid splashing when you drop in the cubes. The liquor is second because it has to be measured. The mixer is third because, depending on the glass, you'll need varying amounts to top it off.

I often travel to New York on business. Two years ago I was introduced to the assistant of one of my clients. On a scale of one to 10, she's a 12. I thought I had no chance, but she started moving into my hotel room whenever I came to town. On the second night of my most recent trip, she was quiet during dinner. When I asked what was wrong, she burst into tears and told me she had stopped taking her birth control about six weeks earlier. She said she was getting older and wanted a child. When I said, "Why didn't you ask me?" she replied, "I know you aren't in love with me, and I was afraid you would say no." She's right on both counts. Here's the kicker: She tells me she's bisexual and wants to raise a child with her female lover. She said I

would not be responsible, that we could sign a contract. What should I do?—H.M., Chicago, Illinois

Hire a lawyer. You may be able to give up your parental rights, though there's no guarantee you will be forever free of financial obligations. In Kansas, for example, the state sued a man for child support three years after he donated sperm in a plastic cup to a lesbian couple who had advertised on Craigslist. Although they had a written agreement that he would have no responsibility for the child, the women later requested financial support from the state, which went after the guy to chip in. This happens because judges decide these cases based on what is best for the child, not the parents, regardless of the details of how the child was conceived.

My salesman at Brooks Brothers says it's okay to wear cuff links with a sports coat as long as you don't wear a white shirt. My old-school instinct tells me they shouldn't mix because cuff links are too formal. However, in modern times, is it acceptable as long as the styles match? For example, I wouldn't wear black cuff links with a white shirt and a sports coat, but a pink shirt with a checked summer sports coat might work. What does the Advisor say?—K.G., Chicago, Illinois

The rule is like with like: Formal cuff links go with formal dress, and casual cuff links go with casual dress.

My husband takes Viagra to treat his erectile dysfunction, so our sex life is no longer spontaneous. I also want sex more than he does. He still watches porn daily but claims it does nothing for him. Does he think I'm stupid? Every magazine he reads is a men's magazine, and he constantly checks out other women. I know I'm attractive, but my self-esteem around him is shot to hell. I no longer let him see me naked because I'm not perfect like the women in the magazines. Am I being too sensitive?—D.R., Alameda, California

Even if his erections were at 100 percent, your husband would still watch porn and check out other women, because his libido is intact. (ED can be an early sign of heart problems, so he should not take it lightly or consider Viagra a cure.) It isn't that you don't turn him on, but like any man, he's a sucker for variety. He recognizes the women in movies and magazines are fantasies, and believe it or not, he's not comparing you with them. Men are not devoid of that intimate emotional attachment scientists call "love," and none of those women is his wife. He's especially not comparing you when you hide in the dark. Come into the light! Tell your husband you're unhappy with your sex life, regardless of the ED issue, and that you need him to take charge. There are any number of ways to get a woman off besides an erection, which can be unreliable even with men who aren't struggling with ED. A vibrator is a wonderful place to start.

Help! I keep my cigars in a humidor and always use distilled water. Lately I have noticed small pinholes on the undersides of my cigars. This has happened in all six drawers. Should I have been rotating the cigars? Have I kept them too long? Some are 14 months old.—K.L., Miami, Florida

You have visitors. Cigar beetles are two or three millimeters long and live six weeks—in this case, they lived well dining on your stock. The good news is you can likely save most of your cigars. Put them in sealed plastic bags, squeezing out all the air you can. Place the bags in the freezer for a few days, then the refrigerator for a day and another cool place for an additional day. In the meantime, thoroughly clean your humidor (you will likely find tobacco dust) and move it away from sunlight. In the future, carefully inspect any cigar you introduce for telltale pinholes and strive to keep the humidor at a consistent temperature just slightly below 70 degrees. Except for the damage they do to your cigars, cigar beetles are harmless, and you have likely smoked a few without realizing it.

During a girls' night out, a friend said she had an orgasm during the birth of her last child. Could that actually happen?—R.T., Reno, Nevada

Sure, why not? In a study published earlier this year, 109 French midwives who had assisted with a total of 206,000 births reported more than 1,500 cases in which the mother said she'd felt orgasmic sensations or appeared to experience pleasure during the birth. In addition, nine mothers confirmed they'd had an orgasm during birth. It happens frequently enough that one educator produced a documentary, Orgasmic Birth: The Best-Kept Secret. Earlier research has found that women have higher pain tolerance when they stimulate their vagina or clitoris, which extends well into the body. It's not surprising that a baby moving along the birth canal and pressing against the area known as the G-spot might lessen the mother's pain. Two parts of the brain are active during both orgasm and pain, which reflects the close relationship of the responses. It seems to us a climax is the least nature could provide for a woman during childbirth.

I know a man should pay for a woman's meal when they're on a date, but am I expected to pay when I'm out with a woman who is a friend or family member? Should I pay for my male friends and family as well? As it stands, I pay for everyone. If a companion offers to foot his or her own bill, should I accept?—S.M., Hershey, Pennsylvania

When someone offers to split the bill, it is not impolite to accept. It's also okay to ask, "Why don't we split this?" or suggest they take care of the tip or drinks. A date implies an invitation. If you invite a friend or family member to share a meal, it's generous of you to pay the bill. But your friends and family should step up with any other arrangement.

Since I was 13 I have been aroused by placing an unlit cigarette in my mouth. I discovered this when I was home alone and found a pack of my mother's cigarettes. I decided to try one, and as soon as I put it between my lips I had a tremendous urge to masturbate. My wife knows of my fetish and encourages me to incorporate it into our sex life. Why do I have this fetish? I'm not a smoker, nor is my wife.—T.H., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Who can explain it? A traditional psychological analysis would be that your mind at 13 was like wet clay, and in that moment the combination of rebellion (stealing and smoking) and arousal left an impression that hardened. The practical question is whether you can become aroused by other means. If not, you have a true fetish—and for most people, a problem. You are fortunate to have an understanding spouse. What's her thing?

During a massage at a large, legitimate salon, the therapist got adventurous while working on my upper thighs. I know you've repeatedly advised never to ask for a happy ending, but the thought crept into my brain. While I was lying on my back the towel covering my midsection slipped to the side, exposing my erection. The therapist did not adjust the towel, which made me harder. I took a chance and nudged her hand toward my throbbing groin. She whispered, "I can't touch you. It's illegal." However, she took my hand and squirted massage oil in my palm. Clearly, it was okay for me to take care of myself while she continued the massage, which I did. Could her actions be considered illegal?—D.L., Indianapolis, Indiana

If aiding and abetting masturbation were a crime, it'd be illegal to sell lotion and tissues. Besides, you're the one who chose to use your erection to wipe the oil off your hand.

I've come into possession of a 1946 Elgin pocket watch. My brother tells me pocket watches are worn only with a vest. I feel it can be attached to a belt loop and slipped into a pants pocket. Can you settle this debate?—M.D., Shawnee, Kansas

A pocket watch should be worn with a vest if you're wearing a vest. Otherwise, it's okay to attach it to a loop. Your pants should not be so tight you have to yank it out. The watch also should be in the pocket opposite your dominant hand. That allows you to check the time while writing it down, which looks cool even if the watch has stopped.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.

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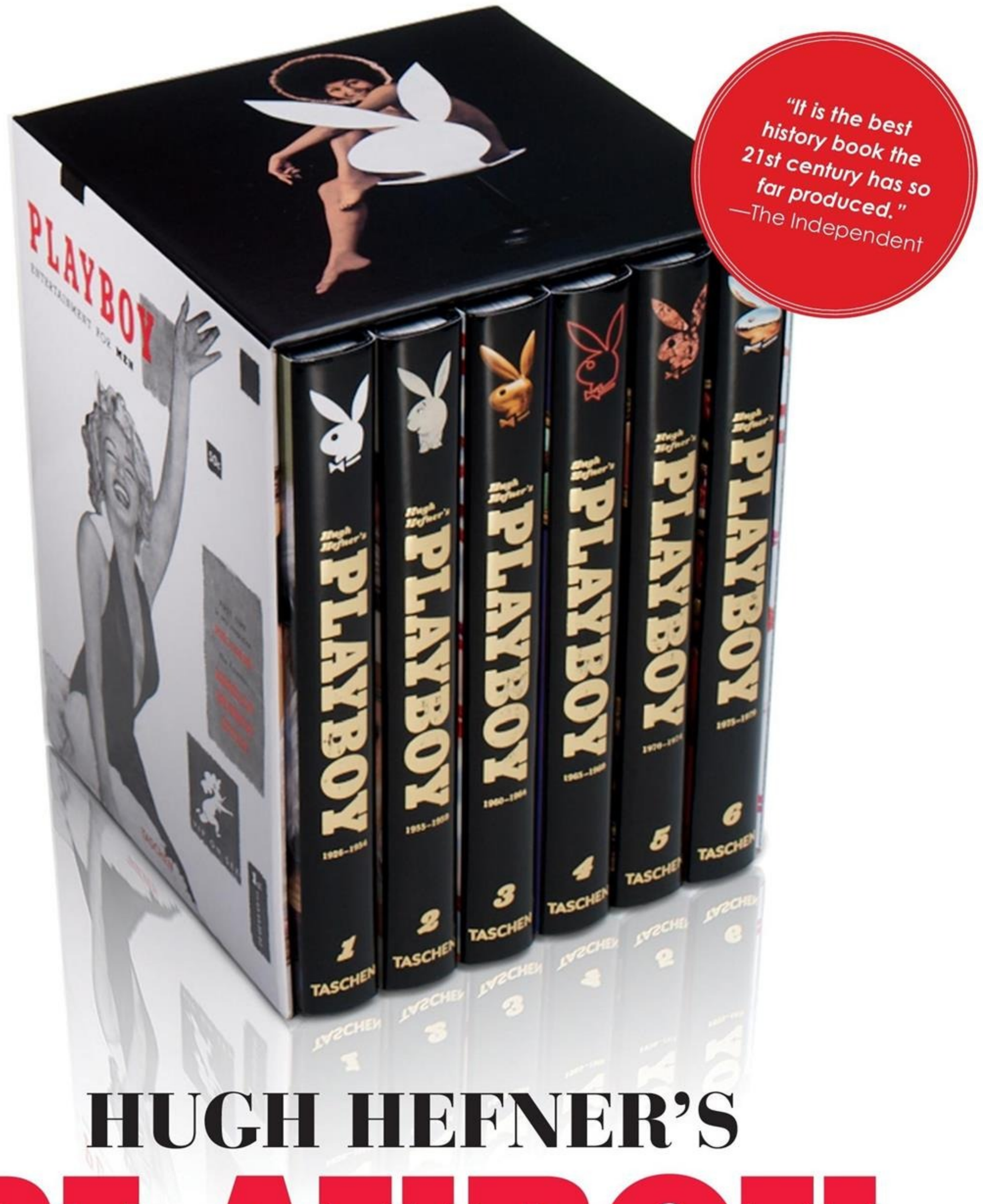

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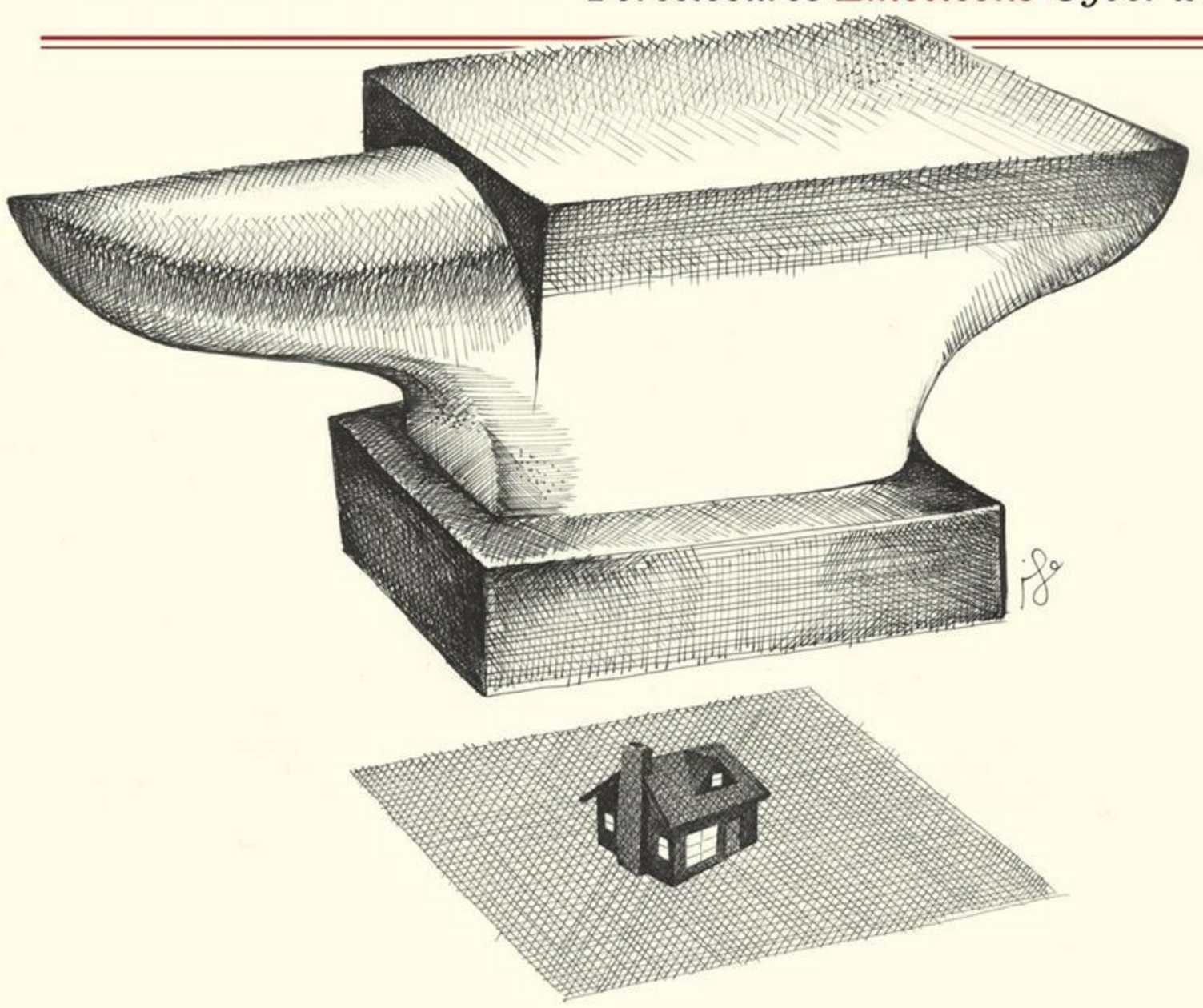


AMERICAN DREAMS FORECLOSED

Over the past six years, millions of Americans have been kicked out of their homes

BY LAURA GOTTESDIENER

I recently found myself in a skirmish with a radio host interviewing me about foreclosures. "You're saying these families are evicted—*at gunpoint*?" she asked. Six years after the housing market's implosion, it should have been impossible to say anything shocking about this topic. Yet the realities of the crisis remain far from understood.

Since 2007 more than 10 million people have been forced from their homes through bank-pursued foreclosures. Ten million people: That's more than 30 times the number of forty-niners who went to California in pursuit of gold. It's four times larger than the crowd that fled the Dust Bowl in the 1930s. It's larger than the Great Migration—the epic 55-year march of African Americans out of the Jim Crow South. For a contemporary comparison, 10 million is more than the entire population of Michigan.

The crisis continues to reverberate nationwide.

And when we imagine everyone in Michigan leaving their homes at the same time, it becomes easy to understand how that would never happen without the threat—direct or indirect—of a loaded gun.

Thirteen-year-old Jimmya Biggs remembers her family's eviction from a rental building on Chicago's West Side. It was early on a weekend morning, and she was playing with Barbie dolls in the living room with her seven-year-old sister when she heard running footsteps on the stairs, followed by pounding fists and the heavy thud of a battering ram.

READER RESPONSE

WAR ON SEX

The Republican Party appears ready to go to any length to push its beliefs about birth control, abortion and sexual practices ("The War on Sex," September). It's hard to believe Virginia's attorney general could pursue a felony sodomy charge against a man for having oral sex with a woman when the act isn't even illegal. Can someone tell me why in the land of the free some politicians find it so important to press their thumbs on voters' private lives? Are they religious fanatics? With so many people having sex early in life, you would think we would want to make them aware of the consequences of unprotected sex. Because many parents aren't willing to talk to their children about the topic, formal sex education becomes even more important. Instead kids are left in the dark. I would rather my children be informed and protected. We've had our problems with abortion fanatics up here, but our

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTIN PAGE

READER RESPONSE

politicians don't fight tooth and nail to stop people from protecting themselves.

Mike McGillivray
Toronto, Ontario

I've been a subscriber for two years and was about to mail in my renewal when I received the September issue. After reading "The War on Sex," I decided not to renew. It is not the government's responsibility to provide birth control, especially at taxpayer expense, and having a late-term abortion is sick. As President Reagan said, "I've noticed that everyone who is for abortion has already been born." Your article is

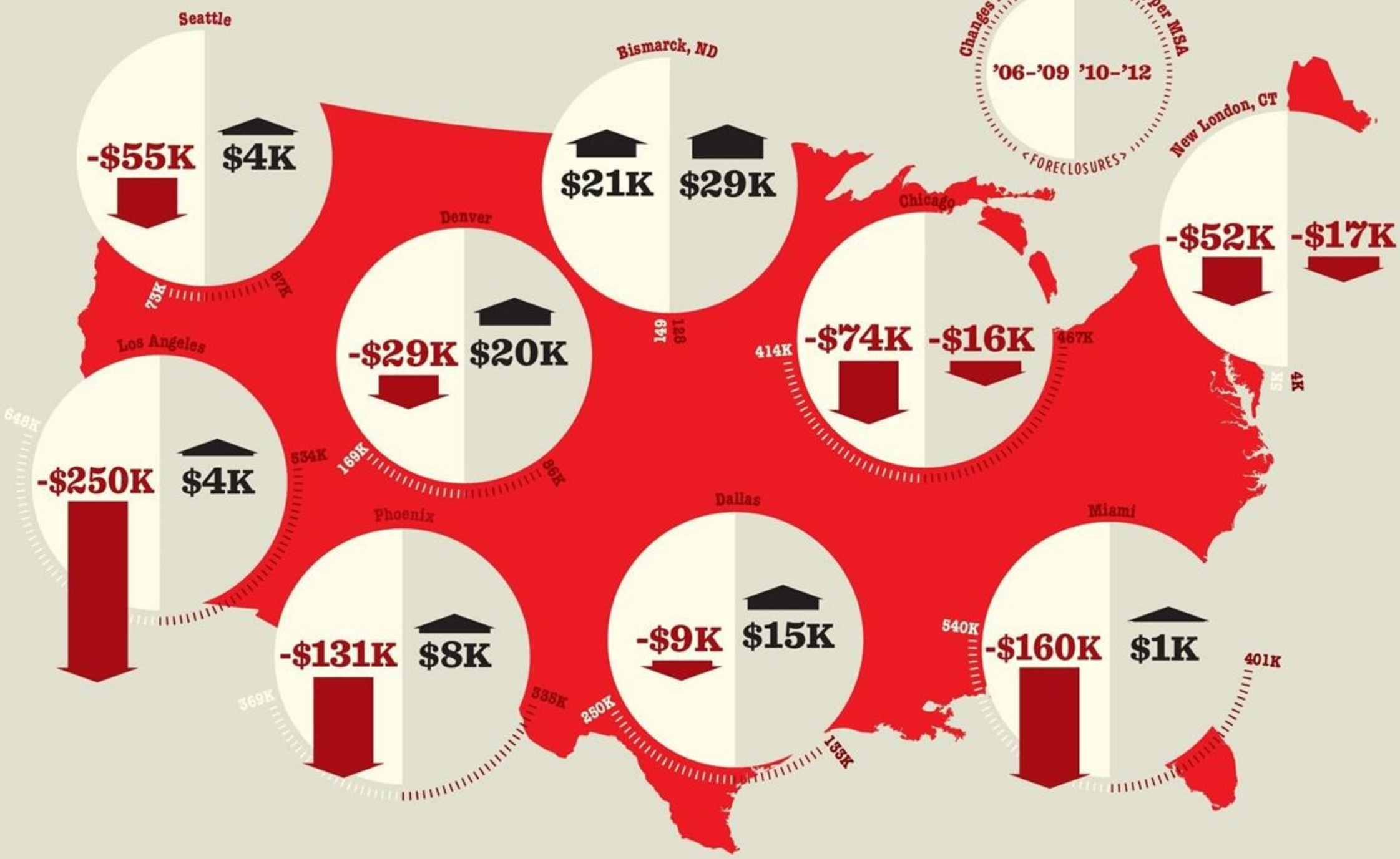
She peered out the window. Nearly half a dozen police cars were parked below with their lights flashing. Seven officers armed with guns and blinding flashlights entered the house. Jimmya and her sister flew into the bathroom to get dressed. Her mother and older sister began to grab clothes and haul them into the family's minivan. A female police officer reminded Jimmya and her younger sister to put on coats and shoes since it was winter. Her three-year-old brother woke up, and her mother began to coax everyone into the car. With everyone squeezed together, the five-person family and their belongings just fit in the old minivan—which was lucky, because the vehicle became Jimmya's home for almost two years.

Nine million jobs disappeared.

Jimmya eventually moved out of the car when her mother decided enough was enough. With the help of a housing activist in Chicago, Jimmya's mother took over a vacant Deutsche Bank–owned house on the South Side. But Jimmya is only one of millions of children displaced during the ongoing crisis. What has happened to the vast majority? No governmental agency tracks how many are evicted and what happens to them after they're removed from their places of residence. Other statistics are available: $19.2 trillion in U.S. household wealth evaporated. Just under 9 million jobs disappeared. Multiple cities declared bankruptcy. Homelessness among children in Florida nearly doubled.

The crisis continues to reverberate nationwide. The most striking example is Detroit, where more than 100,000 foreclosures over the past decade helped push the city into the largest municipal bankruptcy in U.S. history. These foreclosures spurred a mass—and largely forced—exodus of 250,000 people. For those who remained, falling property values, combined with a shrinking population, decimated the tax base. Schools were shuttered. Streetlights went

HOME VALUES AND FORECLOSURES



The effect of the Great Recession's housing-market blow can be found in nine cities. Above, we highlight in the left columns how median home sales prices in each city changed before and during the recession (2006–2009) and, in the right columns, their change during the subsequent "recovery" (2010–2012). Surrounding each bubble is the total number of foreclosures in each city during the same periods. Bismarck, North Dakota escaped unscathed—being in the middle of an oil boom has its perks. ■

Source: National Association of Realtors; RealtyTrac.

dark. The fire department, facing budget cuts, proposed letting vacant properties burn as long as the wind was right. As a U.S. district judge in New York wrote, "Detroit's recent bankruptcy filing only emphasizes the broader consequences of predatory lending and the foreclosures that inevitably result." Meanwhile, the city spent taxpayer money to hire private contractors to keep pace with the dizzying eviction rate. Local residents dubbed them Blackwater bailiffs.

The Obama administration declared there would be no bailout for Detroit, which is effectively the same position it has taken toward millions of Americans who have faced foreclosure since 2007. But American families are fighting back, using protests and media pressure to halt their displacement. In Atlanta, Carmen Pittman saved her grandmother's home from foreclosure by launching a months-long eviction blockade, converting the house into a neighborhood community center. In Center Point, Alabama, Allyn Hudson lived in a tent on the front lawn of his neighbor's in-foreclosure home for 14 weeks during the winter of 2011–2012 to pressure the bank to back down. In Toledo a man sealed himself in his home with cinder blocks, forcing the police to spend days trying to evict him. In New York City dozens of people interrupted the auctions of bank-foreclosed homes by singing in the courtrooms.

Despite these actions and reports of a housing recovery, there are still an average of 50,000 completed foreclosures every month. An additional 1 million families remain trapped in some stage of foreclosure.

The executives who orchestrated this crisis still roam the streets of Manhattan and the halls of Washington. The federal government has threatened to bring its wrath to bear against cities such as Richmond, California that are attempting to alleviate the crisis by seizing mortgages through eminent domain. It seems Standard & Poor's is once again peddling falsely positive ratings to the banks. *The New York Times* recently reported that the "alchemists of Wall Street" are reviving the same dangerous mortgage bundles that led to the meltdown. And economist Dean Baker explains that the main goal of President Obama's grand bargain to improve the housing market is really to subsidize mortgage-backed securities.

There are still 50,000 completed foreclosures every month.

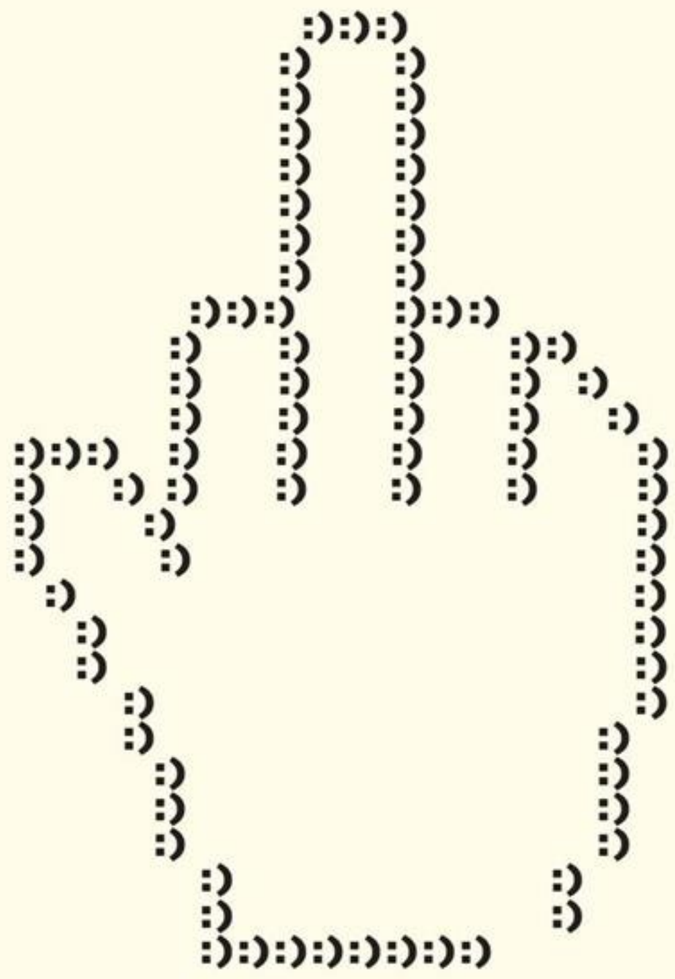
In other words, we've learned nothing from the recent crisis—except, perhaps, that trying to live in the United States is an increasingly risky business. ■

Laura Gottesdiener is author of A Dream Foreclosed: Black America and the Fight for a Place to Call Home.

THE SMILEY FACE THAT ATE AMERICA

Do texts and e-mails bring us closer? It doesn't seem that way

BY TAFFY BRODESSER-AKNER



Consider the emoticon. It is fun. It is cordial. It is, or was at first, creative—a few keystrokes, designed to form our words, used instead to broadcast our facial expression. :) means happy. :(means sad. The emoticon should be at most a conversational enhancement, at least an innocuous accoutrement. But it is neither. These silly scribbles are actually a growth tool for our natural tendency toward passive aggression. Like a hashtag, a sotto voce aside, the emoticon

READER RESPONSE

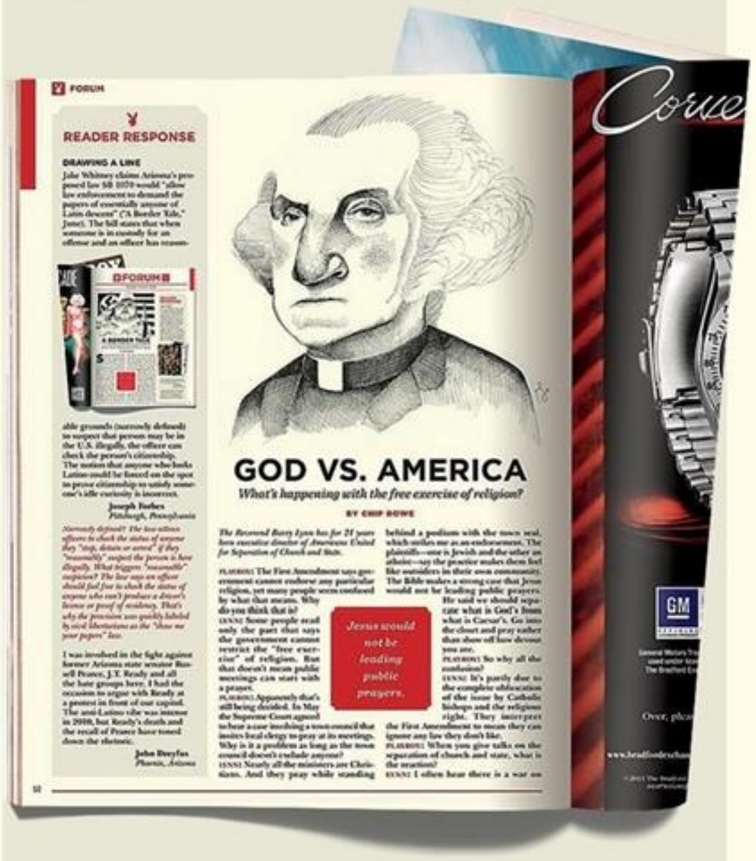
an insult to the half of the country that votes Republican. I don't buy PLAYBOY for political rhetoric.

Andy Fellows
Pocatello, Idaho

All political rhetoric or only rhetoric you don't agree with?

CHURCH VS. STATE

The Reverend Barry Lynn of Americans United for Separation of Church and State points out in "God vs. America" (September) that it is against IRS regulations for 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organizations, including churches, to endorse or oppose political candidates. He also notes that the IRS rarely revokes a church's status for violations. But why view the issue so narrowly? Why not tax churches as we do corporations? The Council for Secular Humanism argues that the largest part of most churches' missions is not charity work but entertaining visitors once a week. Addressing spiritual concerns is labor, not charity. The council estimates that if churches were treated as for-profit entertainment companies like amusement parks or movie theaters, state and federal coffers would be enriched by $71 billion annually.



Keith Bostick
Gainesville, Georgia

Notably, Americans United knows of only one church that lost its tax-exempt status for electioneering. What does it take? The church, in

READER RESPONSE

Binghamton, New York, ran newspaper ads in 1992 urging people not to vote for Bill Clinton. Other churches, such as that of a New York City pastor who endorsed Al Gore for president from the pulpit, have been investigated. There's more information on the rules at Projectfairplay.org.

I appreciate that PLAYBOY takes time to present these questions, but your headline should have been "America vs. God." Despite what Reverend Lynn claims, I'm sure Jesus would be happy to lead a public prayer. And who says which god is being referenced in the pledge of allegiance or on our currency? Why can't these things be considered part of our cultural heritage and be left alone? When did being a moral, decent person become a crime such that a pastor can't appear before a town meeting? Unfortunately, the special interests with money to pay lawyers dictate life in America. Maybe someday we will be free from having to bow to the minority and stop worrying if we're going to offend someone.

Chuck Shelton
Owensboro, Kentucky

THE WAR OVER GOD

This is a belated response to John Gray's "Atheism Wars" (April). Humanity is more important to the survival of homo sapiens than religion or notions of God, yet Gray refers to anything human in the pejorative. He seems to be of the

has taken digital communication's promise of clarity in interaction and filled it with maybes and not-sures. It is small. It is cute. And is it too dramatic to say it's destroying our relationships? If so, allow me to mitigate: :-\

First, some history: The emoticon is older than you may think. A computer scientist at Carnegie Mellon proposed digital markers to distinguish jokes written on the department's online bulletin board from things that weren't jokes. That's the first known use. The Japanese pioneered straight-up emoticons, ones that stare directly at you, for their character-encoding scheme ASCII NET. These emoticons are elaborate. My favorite depicts a sleepy person: ~_~ zZz

Emoticons remained mostly private nerd jokes in computer communities until the digital revolution gave the rest of us the tools to create them. The moment there was e-mail, the moment there was texting, we needed to figure out a way to speak without letting our words represent us. Before our communications were reduced solely to words, we had tone and expression to convey what we meant. Once everything was in writing, we had to find a way to show that, though the proof was permanent, we might not have meant it exactly as it came out.

The machines won, and our fear of confrontation won too. We are now in the business of testing how far we can go.

With the emoticon, we lost an opportunity to let our words matter. We could have become direct, allowing words to represent our intentions loud and clear. Instead, we were afraid of using words that could be read and reread, afraid our meanings and true intentions could create an actual effect. So we decided to stop letting our words define us, even when it would have been noble to do so.

Every aspect of communication is unspontaneous, premeditated and exacted.

What better way to unleash the passive aggression we would like to commit all day against those we love—but also hate—than with this tool that can undo a sentence with a few keystrokes. You're an idiot. ;-) That dress isn't working for you. :-) You've ruined my life. :-0

Our words need to mean what we mean. Every aspect of communication these days is unspontaneous, premeditated and exacted. The emoticon evolved because our communication has taken on such passiveness that we had to add life to it. But with this life, we need to be warned: It's not just the end of directness, it's the end of conversation. We fire sentences and phrases at one another. We carefully choose when to respond. We have a chance to edit. We control interactions by deciding when we will get back to people, if we will get back to them. There are no awkward silences anymore, because awkwardness is a thing that needs tension between two people. If you're not looking at each other, you can easily change screens for a distraction. There's no silence when the phone is buzzing with someone else's message.

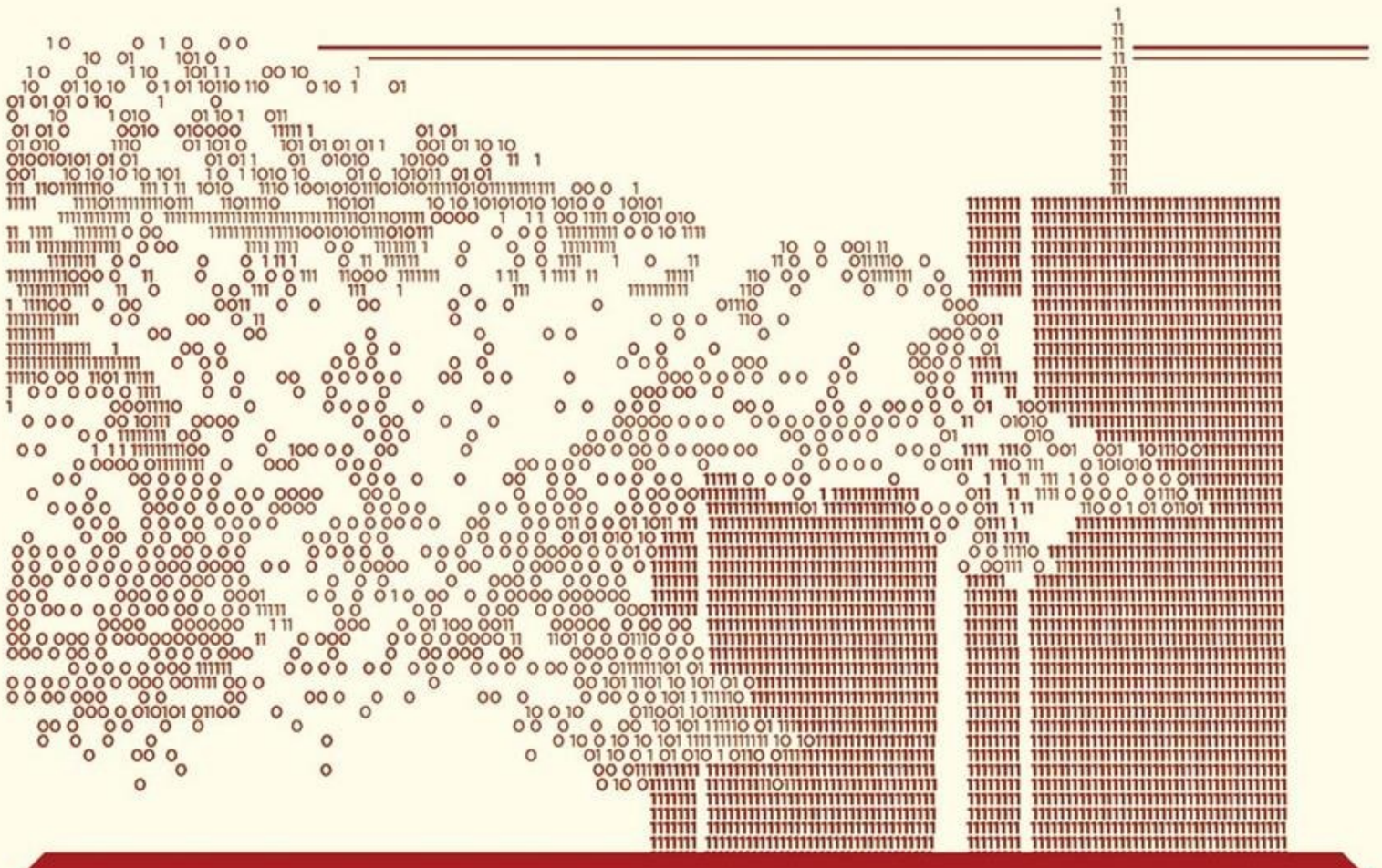
The machines have won, and our fear of confrontation has won too. We are now in the full-time business of testing how far we can go. I don't mean to sound humorless. Is there an emoticon for knowing you sound uptight, for acknowledging that you're making a big deal out of nothing? There are words for that. It's this new second language and its rules that I don't quite understand. Direct communication used to be rewarded. In this new world, I don't really understand what people are saying anymore.

Maybe the emoticon evolved because we were communicating too much. Maybe such tools protect us from the perils of constant talking. (Remember, if we knew everything about one another, we'd hate one another. That's why we never read our friends' blogs and why so many of those same friends are hidden on our Facebook pages—to preserve our friendships.) Maybe being genuine is contrary to getting along with people. We have evolved to look one another in the eye, to seek approval. Before all this, we could take back things we'd said, remarket our meaning, dismiss our initial intentions or anger. The emoticon is perhaps adaptive, because we know we couldn't survive if we said what we meant all the time.

Recently, before I purchased a new iPhone, I had an inexpensive Virgin Mobile phone that was marketed to teenagers. The Virgin Mobile phone had a ready-made happy-face button, which saved two keystrokes. It was in the same place on the keyboard where my thumb remembered the period being on my previous phone. The "I can't

believe you're late again" text I sent my husband, along with the smiley face I had intended as a period and sent before I could edit, had a strange effect. "Sorry," he wrote back, which he never does. I had gotten my point across. I had seethed, I had reminded, I had nagged, and I had said I was sorry all at once. It's gratifying, like honking the horn a second too long when someone cuts you off. Ultimately the effects of unleashing that kind of aggression are destructive; in the moment, however, they are delicious. When we're trying to communicate, what do we care about long-term effects? Now is all we have. There's no going back. ■

~_~ zZz



THE NEW 9/11

The next big terrorist attack will be carried out with computers

Are we in a "pre-9/11 moment," as Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta told a group of business executives last year? Before the attack, the 9/11 hijackers spent months probing weaknesses in airline security, such as cockpit doors that didn't lock. Are hackers in Syria, China and Pakistan now taking the equivalent of one-way flying lessons by probing networks? Do they have the ability to cripple Wall Street? Could they shut off the lights, heat and clean water? At least one security expert has wondered aloud about the havoc that would be created if hackers chose not to delete bank records but simply to change them—would the markets melt if we still had numbers but couldn't trust them?

Panetta noted we have historically done well securing the domains of sea and sky but less so with digital entry points. Identity theft and harassment are nothing compared with what determined dark coders might do, and there are numerous examples of hackers mucking up systems in smaller countries and on smaller networks. Panetta, who formerly ran the CIA, suggested the possibility of an ambitious coordinated attack—shutting down communications systems and at the same time sneaking in a dirty bomb or sending in a few missiles.

Many experts predict we have less than five years before we see a major cyber attack on American soil—it's 1936 before Pearl Harbor or 1996 before 9/11. That potential has led the White House to establish a Cyber Command, led by a four-star general. Naturally there is push-back from business groups that foresee costly regulations that may never keep up with the changing nature of the threat. There is also the risk that the call for action will continue to be used as an excuse for questionable domestic surveillance. As we learned 12 years ago, the overreaction to a relatively isolated attack can be as damaging as the violence. "I'm afraid we'll argue about this until something bad happens," General Keith Alexander, who heads the Cyber Command, has said. "And when something bad happens, we'll jump way over here, where we don't want to be. Let's do it now. Let's get it right."

We have less than five years before we see a major cyber attack.

That's not how America works. Even if an attack is inevitable, it doesn't help the debate to invent nightmare scenarios. Losing 2,977 people on 9/11 was a horrific event, but the country didn't implode. There were no riots or looting. The American optimist expects that even without power, heat, clean water or cable, or whatever a demented hacker can throw at us, we'll fix it, regroup and invade a country somewhere to show we can still kick ass. Unless they manage to jam our sophisticated weapons. In the meantime, change your password.—*Chip Rowe*

READER RESPONSE

easygoing Mencken school of atheism—the court jester looking down on man's folly. It's all foolishness to him since he finds humankind's stupidity "irredeemable." Gray tries to reconcile his issues with atheism by throwing his monkey on everyone else's back. It has little to do with Nietzsche, the Nazis or Ayn Rand. It's simply the natural human process of rejecting mythologies such as Santa Claus. The realization that there is no Santa and no God can be painful, but we manage. Science alone isn't mankind's salvation, but science's premises—open inquiry, evidence that is replicable, etc.—are necessary ingredients of an open society free of religion. Unlike orthodoxies, scientific findings are open to review and the challenge of new ideas. Hence the networking between rationalists, humanists, freethinkers and liberals, most of whom are at least deists if not atheists. Gray may admire those who see religion as "a kind of transcendent poetry," but I don't know any poem that has killed untold numbers of innocent people, as religions have.

Curtis Langdon
Sparks, Nevada

Gray's sorting out of Nietzsche, Rand and Darwin is useful and refreshing. However, people who think capitalism "melted down" during the crash of 2007 are also likely to believe Paul Ryan leads the Tea Party and regards state-funded welfare "with horror." Gray knows better on all three points, so he must have intended to challenge people to think about what they read.

Fred Miller
Topeka, Kansas

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BERNIE SANDERS

A candid conversation with Vermont's maverick U.S. senator about the end of the middle class, avoiding foreign wars and why he hates both political parties

At a time when politicians—particularly members of Congress—are almost universally reviled and blind partisanship seems to dictate the fate of every piece of legislation, one U.S. senator stands out as a unique voice.

Bernie Sanders has been a senator from Vermont since 2006. It's hard for him to be caught up in partisanship: He's one of only two U.S. senators who identify as independent. Although he caucuses with the Democrats, Sanders refuses to run as one and regularly chides them for abandoning the working class. He has never been much of a party man. When he was first elected to the House of Representatives, in 1990, he refused any party affiliation, making him the longest-serving independent member of Congress in American history.

His views are clear and differ radically from those of his Republican colleagues and often sharply from those of his closest allies, the Democrats. He describes himself as a democratic socialist and often praises Scandinavian-style social democracy. Fox News thinks he's crazy, and he makes MSNBC look timid.

The 72-year-old Brooklyn-born Sanders moved to Vermont in 1968 after graduating from the University of Chicago and spending time on a kibbutz in Israel. Always a leftist activist, he became a vocal opponent of the Vietnam War. That led him to politics, though he failed to win early races for the Senate and the governorship.

It wasn't until 1981 that he won his first office, mayor of Burlington, Vermont's largest city, by a total of 10 votes. His four terms were full of his trademark liberal ideas—low-cost housing, reining in the excesses of the local cable-TV operation and forming the Vermont Progressive Party. He has also taught at Harvard and at Hamilton College in New York.

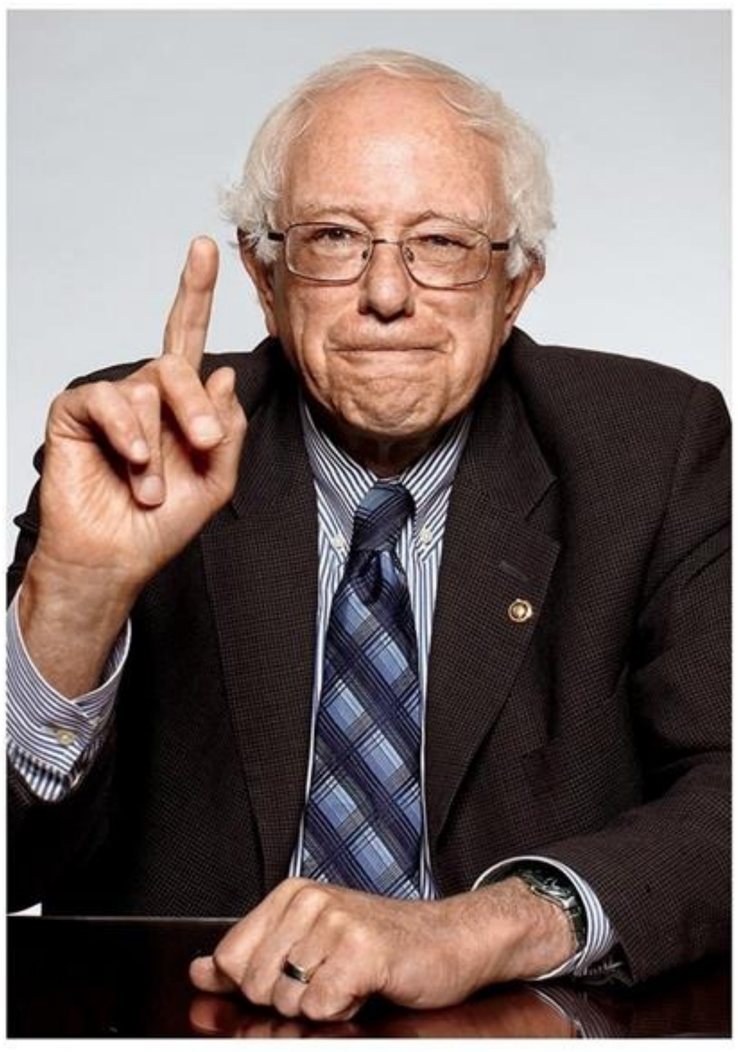
Of course Vermont is one of the bluest states in the country (it gave us onetime presidential candidate Howard Dean), and Sanders is a hero to locals. He won reelection last year with 71 percent of the vote, and his approval ratings make him one of the most popular senators in the country. Nationally, he gained notoriety for his views on gun control (pro), foreign intervention (anti) and, most vocally, his passion for the plight of the middle class and the sorry state of the American economy.

We sent noted economics writer ***Jonathan Tasini,*** *who previously interviewed Nobel Prize winner Paul Krugman for* PLAYBOY*, to sit down with Sanders for a series of discussions in Vermont and Washington. Tasini reports: "I was warned ahead of time: Bernie doesn't do personal revelations. No question about it; he is the anti–Bill Clinton. The most extensive anecdote about Sanders the person came from a ticket agent at the Vermont airport. When I mentioned what I was doing in the area, she smiled and said, 'Oh, we love Bernie,' and proceeded to tell me how Sanders had helped her boyfriend, a veteran with a back injury who was having a hellish time getting the Department of Veterans Affairs to approve his medical costs. 'By the time they were done, they were on a first-name basis,' she said.*

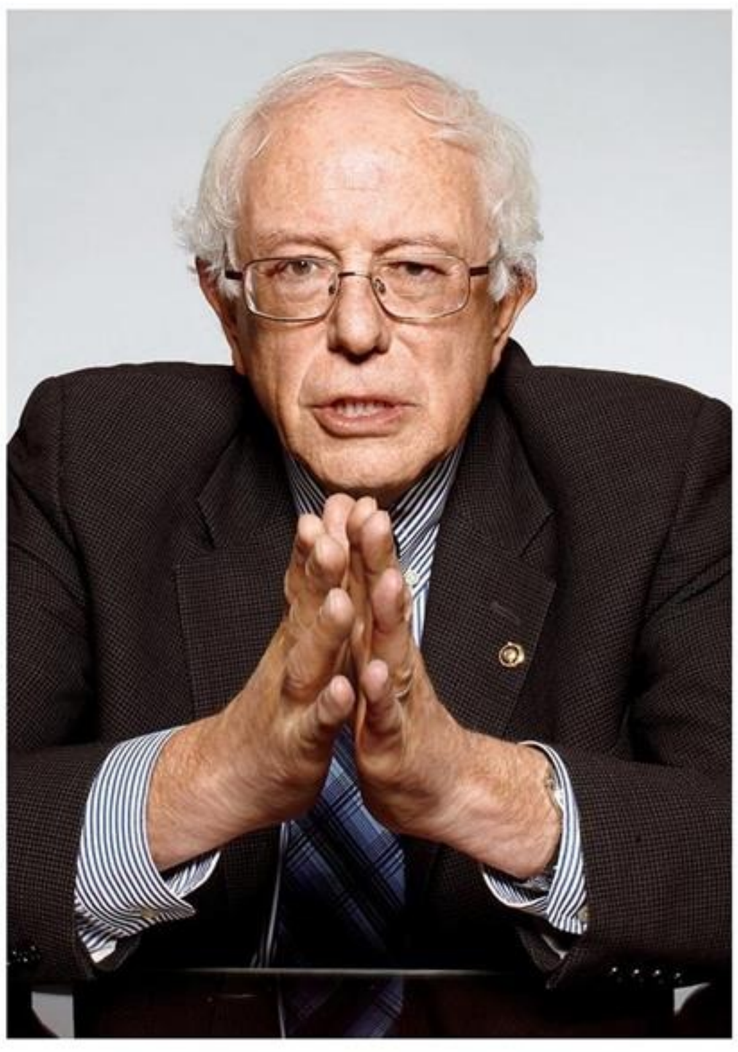
"After spending numerous hours with Senator Sanders, I came to understand why he resists suggestions from his followers that 2016 might be the right time for him to make a run for the White House. It's not that he worries about losing. Although he wants to influence the debate, his hunger for power isn't so insatiable that he would debase himself in the arena of what poses as serious political debate in America."

PLAYBOY: You have said, "There are people working three jobs and four jobs, trying to cobble together an income in order to support their families." Has the middle class died forever?

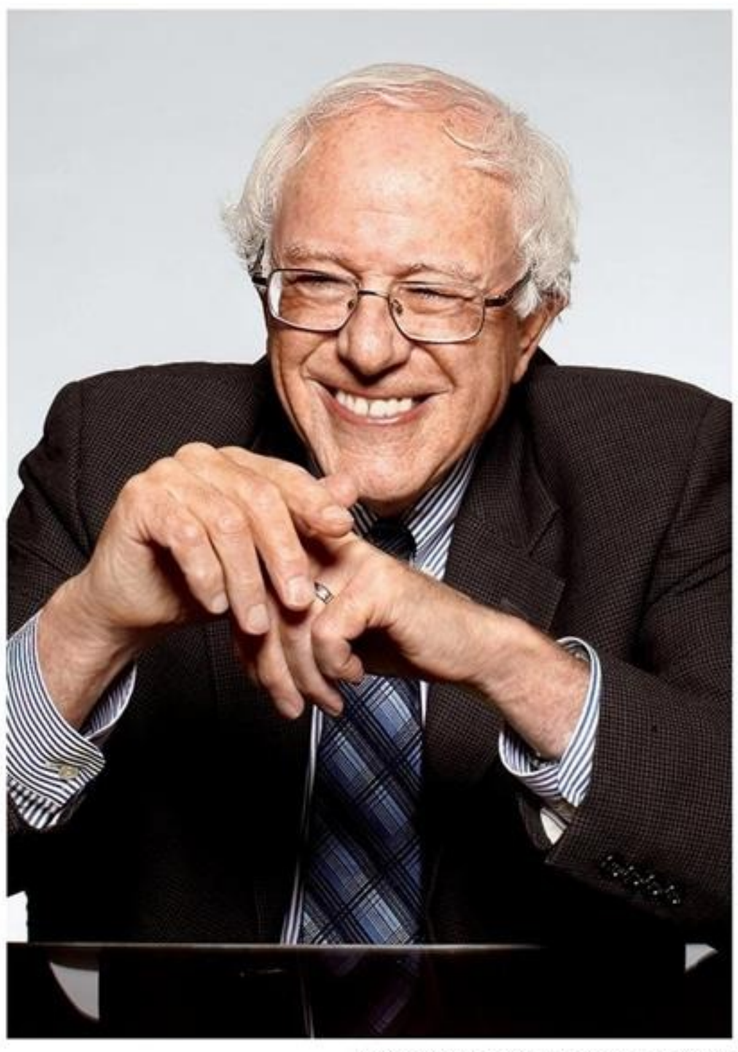
SANDERS: Well, I certainly hope it's not forever, but one of the untold stories of our time is the collapse of the American middle class. From the end of World War II until 1973, we saw an expanding



"We live in a hypercapitalist society, which means the function of every institution is not to perform a public service but to make as much money as possible. There's an effort to privatize water, for God's sake."



"One out of four major profitable corporations pays zero in federal income taxes. Got that? You'd think that before you cut health care or Social Security, you might want to take a hard look at that issue. Am I missing something here?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

"If you want to talk about nation building, I know a great nation that needs to be rebuilt. It's called the United States of America. I would rather invest in this country than in Iraq or Afghanistan."

middle class, with people's incomes going up. Since that point, and especially since the Wall Street–driven financial crisis, you've seen a real collapse. Since 1999 median family income has gone down $5,000. Real unemployment, counting people who have given up looking for work or who are working part-time when they want to work full-time, is more than 14 percent. More than 14 percent! You're seeing millions of people working longer hours for lower wages. When I was growing up in a lower-middle-class family, the gold standard for blue-collar workers was union manufacturing in the automobile industry. As the big three have been rehiring, they're hiring people at something like $14 an hour, half the wages. The U.S. has 46 million people living in poverty today. We have the highest rate of childhood poverty in the industrialized world.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain that?

SANDERS: We live in a hypercapitalist society, which means the function of every institution is not to perform a public service but to make as much money as possible. There's an effort to privatize water, for God's sake. I suppose somebody will figure out how to charge you for the oxygen you breathe. The function of health care, in a rational world, is to make sure every person, as a right, has access to the health care they need in the most cost-effective way possible. That is not the nature of our health care system at all. The function of this health care system is for people in the system—whether it's insurance companies, drug companies, medical specialists—to make as much money out of it as possible. In five minutes one could come up with ways to make the system simpler and more cost effective.

PLAYBOY: Has this hypercapitalism accelerated lately?

SANDERS: People have lost sight of America as a society where everyone has at least a minimal standard of living and is entitled to certain basic rights, a nation in which every child has a good-quality education, has access to health care and lives in an environmentally clean community, not as an opportunity for billionaires to make even more money and avoid taxes by stashing their money in the Cayman Islands. Can you argue that the era of unfettered capitalism should be over? Absolutely. Does this system of hypercapitalism, this incredibly unequal distribution of wealth and income, need fundamental reform? Absolutely it does. You have the entire scientific community saying we have to be very aggressive in cutting greenhouse gas emissions. Yet you're seeing the heads of coal companies and oil companies willing to sacrifice the well-being of the entire planet for their short-term profits. And these folks are funding phony organizations to try to create doubt about the reality of global warming.

PLAYBOY: Aren't they just taking care of their shareholders?

SANDERS: Big business is willing to destroy the planet for short-term profits. I regard that as just incomprehensible. Incomprehensible. And because of their power over the political process, you hear a deafening silence in the U.S. Congress and in other bodies around the world about the severity of the problem. Global warming is a far more serious problem than Al Qaeda.

PLAYBOY: Today, people who don't have a union, pensions or health care feel resentful of those who do have those benefits.

SANDERS: That's part of the Republican plan. It has worked very well. This is not a new idea. Think back 50 years, to the 1950s and the 1960s. The lowest-paid white workers in America were where? They were in Mississippi, in Alabama. How did those companies get away with paying them such low wages? They played them off against black workers, who were even worse off. Then over the years you play immigrants against native-born people; you play straight people against gay people. Rather than say, "Firefighters have a halfway decent health care program, and we have to make sure you get one as good as theirs,"

Big business is willing to destroy the planet for short-term profits. I regard that as incomprehensible. Global warming is a far more serious problem than Al Qaeda.

Republicans are pretty clever in playing one group against another. When you have a president of the United States who is talking about cuts in Social Security and veterans' programs, who was willing earlier on to give continued tax breaks to billionaires and unwilling to go after huge corporate loopholes, people sit there and say, "Both parties are working for the big-money interests."

PLAYBOY: Ten years ago jobs were going abroad to low-wage countries. Now jobs are coming back because we're seen as an even lower-wage country.

SANDERS: There's a quote I can dig up for you from some guy saying General Electric can expand in the United States because the wages are now competitive with the rest of the world. You can now hire workers in America for wages so low it becomes a good investment for American companies. That is pathetic. The goal of all those trade agreements was, in fact, to shut down plants in America. We have lost almost 60,000 manufacturing plants and millions of good-paying jobs in the past 10 years. Products go to China, Vietnam and elsewhere, are manufactured and brought back to the United States, not only causing unemployment in this country but pushing wages down. That's what corporate America has wanted, and it has significantly succeeded.

PLAYBOY: You've said that today the wealthiest 400 individuals in this country own more wealth than the bottom half of America, 150 million people.

SANDERS: One family, the Waltons, who own Walmart, has more wealth than the bottom 40 percent. The top one percent today owns 38 percent of all wealth. Take a wild and crazy guess as to what the bottom 60 percent own.

PLAYBOY: Probably five percent.

SANDERS: No, 2.3 percent. When we were growing up and read about oligarchic countries in Latin America and elsewhere, did you ever think that in the United States one percent would own 38 percent of the wealth and the bottom 60 percent only 2.3 percent? As part of the budget debate, I brought forth an amendment in committee. I looked at my Republican friends and said something like "I know you've been interested in welfare reform. So am I, and I want to give you the opportunity right now to take on the biggest welfare cheat in the United States of America." In state after state, Walmart employees are on Medicaid, they're on food stamps, they're in publicly subsidized housing. I said, "If we can raise the minimum wage and get a living wage for these people, we're going to save billions of dollars. The wealthiest family in this country, the Walton family, is getting welfare from the taxpayers of this country. Let's end that." You'll be shocked to know I didn't get any votes from the Republicans on that.

PLAYBOY: You make the U.S. sound like a banana republic in which a handful of families control all the economic and political power.

SANDERS: Yes, it is. In more technical economic terms I would call it an oligarchy. You have an economy where a very few people control a large part of the wealth. You have an economy where the top six financial institutions have assets equivalent to two thirds of the GDP of the United States, more than $9 trillion. That's economic control. On top of that, the U.S. Supreme Court ruling on campaign finance, *Citizens United,* said to these folks, "Hey, so you own the economy. Fine. Now we're giving you the opportunity to own the political process." The other part of the story is what happens on the floors of the Senate and the House. If there's a tough vote in the House or the Senate—for example, legislation to break up the large banks—people might come up and say, "Bernie, that's a pretty good idea, but I can't vote for that." Why not? Because when you go home, what do you think is going to happen? Wall Street dumps a few million dollars into your opponent's campaign.

PLAYBOY: Beyond *Citizens United,* has the Supreme Court become too partisan?

SANDERS: The Supreme Court has always been political, but it's much more so now. The Republicans are tougher than the Democrats. They nominate right-wing judges who act very boldly. Democrats nominate moderates. *Citizens United* will go down in history as one of the worst decisions ever made by the U.S. Supreme Court. Does anyone really think *Bush v. Gore* was decided on the legal merits? I saw a study that said when the Chamber of Commerce weighs in on a case, the justices decide in the business lobby's favor almost 70 percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: The collapse of the middle class didn't happen overnight. This is a process of at least 30 or 40 years, right?

SANDERS: It happened in a few ways. Number one, the decline of trade unions in America. At the end of the day unions are what workers have to negotiate decent contracts, and unions are what give working people political clout. When you see a devastating reduction of the trade unions, as you see in Michigan, workers will have less power to negotiate contracts and less political clout.

PLAYBOY: In your youth, unions represented probably 35 percent of the workforce. Now it's 11 percent.

SANDERS: Exactly. Most workers now have nobody to look after them, so the employer says, "Oh, by the way, good news! We're giving you a job, but you don't get any vacation time." Where are you going to go? You're going to go to your union rep to talk about it. But you don't have a union rep, so you say, because everybody else is unemployed, "Thank you very much. I'll take the job."

PLAYBOY: How do you think the U.S. should view and engage China?

SANDERS: We should do everything we can to avoid a hugely expensive cold war with China similar to what we had with the Soviet Union. We should also do our best, in a respectful way, to support those elements in China fighting for a democratic society. But I vigorously opposed the permanent normal trade relations agreement with China that was pushed by corporate America and supported by many Democrats as well as Republicans. The motive for that agreement was to shut down plants in this country and take advantage of cheap labor in China.

PLAYBOY: You complained recently about ExxonMobil, "They had a bad year in 2009. They only made $19 billion in profit, and they paid nothing in federal income taxes, but they got a $156 million refund from the IRS."

SANDERS: Bank of America operated 200 subsidiaries in the Cayman Islands. In 2010 it got a $1.9 billion rebate from the IRS. There's a list of about 15 companies that paid nothing, or very little, in taxes. Many of these institutions—Bank of America, Citigroup, Goldman Sachs, JPMorgan Chase—were actually bailed out by the American people. They were wonderful, proud American companies when they came for their welfare checks from the American people. After the bailout, they suddenly love the Cayman Islands and are parking all their money there. The next time they go broke, they can go to the Cayman Islands for a bailout, not the American people. There's an estimate out there that we're losing about $100 billion a year because companies are taking advantage of the tax havens in the Cayman Islands, Bermuda and so on—$100 billion a year!

PLAYBOY: That's a sizable pile of cash.

SANDERS: Today one out of four major profitable corporations pays zero in federal income taxes. Got that? Today, what corporations are paying into the U.S. Treasury, as a percentage of GDP, is lower than in any other major country on earth. You would think that before you cut health care, education, nutrition or Social Security, you might want to take a hard look at that issue. I mean, am I missing something here?

PLAYBOY: You once said, "It is Robin Hood in reverse. We are taking from working families who are hurting and giving it to the wealthiest people."

One family, the Waltons, who own Walmart, has more wealth than the bottom 40 percent. The top one percent today owns 38 percent of all wealth.

SANDERS: Welcome to America 2013. We are in the midst of intense class warfare, where the wealthiest people and the largest corporations are at war with the middle class and working families of this country, and it is obvious the big-money interests are winning that war. They are winning the war in terms of their lobbyists negotiating tax breaks for people who don't need them and then fighting for cuts for working families. The Business Roundtable—CEOs of the largest companies in the U.S.—came to Washington earlier this year and proposed that we raise the Medicare and Social Security eligibility ages to 70. Can you imagine the chutzpah of guys who are worth hundreds of millions of dollars in some cases and have retirement packages the likes of which average Americans couldn't even dream, proposing that? Can you imagine somebody who will get a golden parachute of perhaps tens of millions of dollars—who is not going to have a financial worry in his or her life—coming to Washington and saying, "I want you to raise Medicare eligibility to 70"?

PLAYBOY: Is the problem that wealthy CEOs are out of touch with the concerns of the common man?

SANDERS: Absolutely. These are people whose kids live in gated communities, people who get into their chauffeured cars when they travel, into their own jet planes, and go all over the world. They eat at the finest restaurants; they work out in the greatest gyms. They haven't got a clue or a concern about what's going on with ordinary Americans.

PLAYBOY: We saw one calculation that said if the productivity of workers was matched to the minimum wage, the minimum wage in America would be $22 an hour, three times what it is.

SANDERS: If I give you a new tool—for example, a computer as opposed to a yellow pad—we have a right to expect you to be more productive, right? If I give a guy in the woods a chain saw as opposed to an old-fashioned saw, that guy's going to cut down more trees. Here is the irony: Our society has become far more productive—productivity has soared—and yet all the gains from that productivity have gone to the people at the top. While you have become more productive as a worker, your wages, income and benefits have gone down.

PLAYBOY: Is anyone in Washington concerned about this?

SANDERS: Every speech I give, I get a question. "Bernie, I don't understand. These CEOs and large financial institutions were clearly engaged in fraudulent behavior, but none of these guys is in jail. Why?" Attorney General Eric Holder said he had concerns about the Department of Justice prosecuting large financial institutions because if they became destabilized, it would have an impact on our economy and the world economy. In other words, these guys are not only too big to fail, they're too big to jail.

PLAYBOY: How powerful is Wall Street in Washington?

SANDERS: The Wall Street folks spent billions and billions of dollars to deregulate Wall Street. Then they proceeded to create the world's largest gambling casino, which then ended up collapsing and was bailed out, against my vote, by the American people. Then, the American people looked to the president of the United States and Congress to say, "How did it happen? Hold these bastards accountable. Throw the crooks in jail. Do something." I was new to the Senate at the time. I remember we went to the White House and met with the president, the secretary of the treasury, the whole financial team, and our message was: The American people are outraged. Wall Street has just caused immense suffering in this country. People want action. What are you going to do about it?

PLAYBOY: And the president said...?

SANDERS: Oh, I hesitate to tell you—I

don't like to talk about private sessions behind closed doors with the president, but let's just say the response to that discussion from the president and his team was not inspiring, and the proof is in the pudding. The president has hired people from Wall Street, obviously. We had Federal Reserve Board chairman Ben Bernanke come before the Senate Budget Committee, and I said, "Mr. Bernanke, can you tell me the role the Fed played—how much money the Fed provided to financial institutions, and which ones, during the financial crisis?" He said, "No, I can't tell you that. I'm not going to tell you that."

PLAYBOY: Do you think the term *class warfare* is a hard thing to explain to or use with most Americans?

SANDERS: People understand it. Sometimes people come up to me and say I'm courageous for saying all these things. I say, "I'm not courageous. Go look at these guys who want to give more tax breaks to billionaires and cut programs for working families. That is incredibly courageous, because the vast majority of the American people think that's crazy." The polling says: Don't cut Social Security, don't cut Medicare, don't cut Medicaid. Ask the wealthy and large corporations to pay more taxes. The political question is, why have the Republicans not been reduced to a 15 percent marginal third party?

PLAYBOY: And the answer is?

SANDERS: Most people do not perceive a heck of a lot of difference between either party. The Democrats are too diffuse, and their message is so unclear the American people don't see the real difference.

PLAYBOY: Some people claim Obamacare was really a payoff to the drug companies and the insurance companies to continue to make billions of dollars.

SANDERS: I think you can make that case. You could also say it was an expensive and inefficient way of doing some good things. We can't ignore the fact that at a time when 50 million people have no health insurance, after Obamacare we're going to provide insurance, in a rather complicated way, to 30 million more through Medicaid and access through exchanges. That's not anything to sneeze at.

PLAYBOY: So Obamacare in your view is a plus?

SANDERS: Well, as a matter of fact, it's no great secret that early on the president made a deal with the drug companies to get them onboard, saying there would not be an effort to lower the cost of prescription drugs. On financial issues the president is a moderate, not very progressive at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you respond to politicians who say they're patriots and they support the troops but then vote to cut veterans' benefits?

SANDERS: People who give great speeches about the need to go to war and years later talk about gutting benefits for vets or ignoring their needs? As somebody who has always been antiwar—I'm not a pacifist but I've always understood war is the last recourse—I also understand the cost of war. Some people think more Vietnam vets committed suicide than were killed in Vietnam. Lives were just totally destroyed. Right now, as a result of this war in Iraq, which I voted against, there are an estimated 50,000 veterans suffering from minor to moderate traumatic brain injuries. These are folks you would not recognize walking down the street. This is not somebody who has had half his head blown off. These are folks who are functioning but have been exposed to multiple explosions; maybe they have had many, many concussions. We don't know what that will mean over the years. We don't know its impact on depression, on other emotional attributes, on behavior.

PLAYBOY: How would you assess the country's nation-building efforts around the world, particularly in Iraq and Afghanistan?

SANDERS: If you want to talk about nation building, I know a great nation that needs to be rebuilt. It's called the United States of America. I would rather invest in this country than in Iraq or Afghanistan. Our roads and bridges and railroads and water systems and schools need rebuilding. We have been at war now for more than a decade. Our troops have done a tremendous job, but it is time for the people of Afghanistan to take full responsibility for their country and for waging the war against the Taliban. And in Iraq, I think it's clear that nation building didn't work very well.

I think we can fight terrorism without undermining the Constitution. In my view, the Patriot Act gives the government far too much power to spy on innocent citizens.

PLAYBOY: There has been a debate about the president's use of drones, particularly whether any president can order the killing of an American citizen without due process. What's your view?

SANDERS: The way the drone program has been handled is a major reason I voted against the nomination of John Brennan to head the CIA. Of course we must defend ourselves against terrorism, but I am not convinced Brennan is adequately sensitive to the important balancing act required to make protecting our civil liberties an integral part of ensuring our national security. Drone attacks that kill innocent people are immoral and create an enormous amount of anti-Americanism.

PLAYBOY: Do you think international terrorist attacks at home are a serious threat requiring more surveillance, less privacy or other actions? Do we need a London-style network of cameras on public streets? How active should the NSA be?

SANDERS: I think we can fight terrorism without undermining the Constitution. That is why I voted against the so-called Patriot Act. In my view, that surveillance law gives the government far too much power to spy on innocent U.S. citizens and provides for very little oversight or disclosure.

PLAYBOY: What role does religious fundamentalism play in conflicts today in the world and at home, whether it's fundamentalist Islam, Christianity or Judaism?

SANDERS: I have real problems with people who believe they have a direct line from God and can commit any act, no matter how horrendous, because it is "God's will." There is no simple answer to combating religious fundamentalism. It's a question of education, of bringing people together to discover their common humanity and working toward more tolerant and democratic societies.

PLAYBOY: If you had the power, how would you negotiate an end to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, where fundamentalism is so strong?

SANDERS: The hatred, violence and loss of life that define this conflict make living an ordinary life a constant struggle for both peoples. We must work with those Israeli and Palestinian leaders who are committed to peace, security and statehood rather than to empty rhetoric and violence. A two-state solution must include compromises from both sides to achieve a fair and lasting peace in the region. The Palestinians must fulfill their responsibilities to end terrorism against Israel and recognize Israel's right to exist. In return, the Israelis must end their policy of targeted killings, prevent further Israeli settlements on Palestinian land and prevent the destruction of Palestinian homes, businesses and infrastructure.

PLAYBOY: And what role, if any, do you see for the U.S. in Syria?

SANDERS: With regard to Syria, it is my strong opinion that Bashar al-Assad has to go. He is a terrible dictator at war with his own people. The difficulty for the United States is to make certain the opposition groups we support in Syria are not extremists working with Al Qaeda.

PLAYBOY: Is the deficit a challenge to be addressed slowly over time, as Paul Krugman and others argue, or an immediate crisis that puts the country at grave risk and requires immediate deep cuts, as others say? Do you see a price for inaction?

SANDERS: Congressional action has already resulted in a major reduction of the deficit, and *(continued on page 130)*

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Watchmakers are FURIOUS and luxury brands are LIVID, but WHO CARES? We made this $99 Swiss watch for YOU!

How dare Stauer break the unwritten rule in Switzerland? Chaos erupted at this year's Basel watch fair. The watchmaking elite attacked me in French, German and Italian (with the occasional British accent), outraged that Stauer would engineer a luxury Swiss-made timepiece for under $100. They said it couldn't be done, but we did it anyway. Now you get to wear the spectacular Swiss-Made ***Stauer Bienne*** for **ONLY $99!**

Join the luxury revolution. The crown princes of watchmaking worried that their exorbitant yacht vacations in Monaco would be in jeopardy. For years they convinced the world that Swiss luxury should cost THOUSANDS. But in reality, those thousands went to Swiss bank accounts, six-figure supermodels and ski chalets and NOT into the engineering of the watches. Shame on them. It's time for a change. You deserve it.

You CAN own an exquisitely engineered Swiss timepiece for under $100. The only thing that matters is the machine, so we went to the factory in Bienne and met with Francois, a fourth generation watchbuilder who makes masterpieces that sell for $5,000 and more. Working together we smashed the once unbreakable $100 barrier. The shockwaves have turned the luxury watch world upside-down. That's why the Swiss declared war on us. We consider it a compliment.

The industry cursed me but the buyers were thrilled. It was like the walls came down and watch lovers were set free. The cabal was broken. Now everyone can experience the cachet of a genuine Swiss timepiece. Next I'll begin work on the 20-room mansion for $30,000 and an Italian sports car for $3,300. How about a private jet for $12,000? If we can break the Swiss price by this much, who knows what's next?

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Wear the ***Stauer Bienne*** for 30 days. If you don't fall in love with it, send it back for a full refund of your purchase price. But I'm convinced that once you put it on, this watch will stay on your wrist... at least until we unveil our next masterpiece.

Call now to take advantage of this fantastic offer.

1-800-906-4635

Promotional Code SSW203-01
Please mention this code when you call.

Features:
- Swiss-Made quartz movement
- Stainless steel back and bracelet
- Magnified date window
- Luminescent hands & markers
- Water resistant to 3 ATM

Ostentatious Swiss Luxury Brand Watch–$7,600+

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Yours for ONLY $99 +S&P

Stauer®

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Burnsville, Minnesota 55337 **www.stauer.com**

BBB ACCREDITED BUSINESS
Rating of A+

THE BATTLE FOR PICASSO'S MIND

IT WAS PROBABLY THE STRANGEST STUNT THE CIA EVER ATTEMPTED. THE UNITED STATES NEEDED TO WIN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF PRO-SOVIET LEFTISTS IN EUROPE DURING THE COLD WAR. THE AGENCY'S WEAPON OF CHOICE? MODERN ART. AND AMAZINGLY, IT WORKED

BY JOHN MERONEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVE MURRAY

Oh my God. We've got to do something.

That was the recurring thought in Tom Braden's mind. It haunted him late into the nights and galvanized him in the mornings.

He was living in frightening times. It was the early years of the Cold War, and there was a real fear the West would lose. Soviet spies had stolen our atomic secrets. President Harry Truman announced the U.S. expected a Soviet attack—at any time. North Korean communists invaded South Korea. A headline in *The New York Times* revealed a Soviet plan to "rule all of Germany" and start "a civil war."

More than most people, Braden was consumed by these events. He had a job that demanded he do something about them.

Braden would become a liberal newspaperman and launch the CNN political talk show *Crossfire,* which he co-hosted with Patrick Buchanan for almost a decade.

He was best known as the inspiration for the sweater-vest-clad father on TV's *Eight Is Enough.* The series was adapted from Braden's best-selling 1975 memoir about life as the father of eight children, and at one time it had more viewers than *Monday Night Football* and *Charlie's Angels.*

But before he became any of these things, Tom Braden was a spy.

•

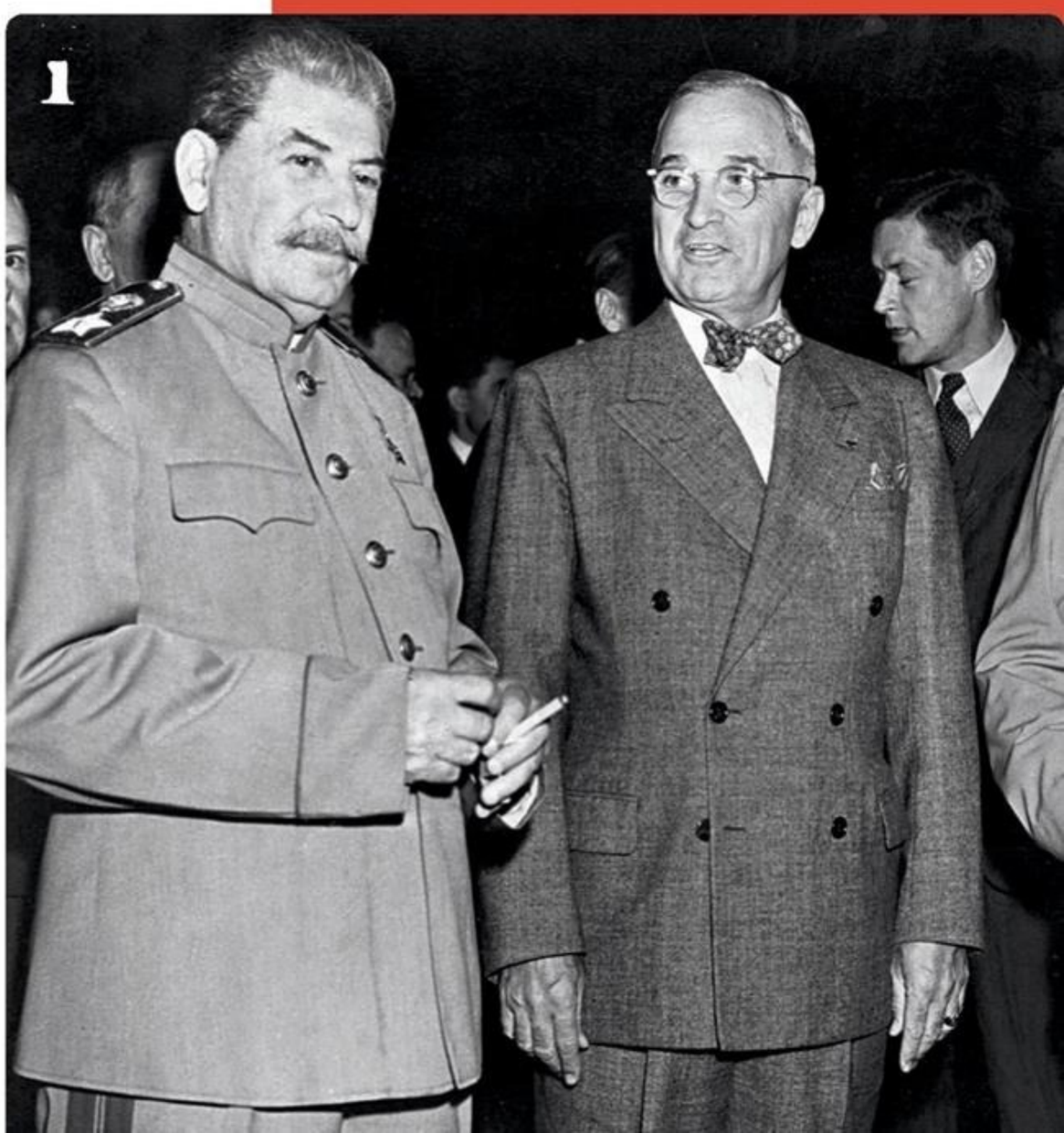
There is no shortage of rumors and legends about the Central Intelligence Agency. There was the MK-Ultra program, an experiment in which unsuspecting human subjects were kept hopped up on LSD so the agency would know how to use the drug on the enemy. There were the exploding cigars and a wet suit specially lined with bacteria to kill Fidel Castro; chemists even readied a thallium-salt delivery device to make his beard fall out. Some agency ventures were just wacky. The recently declassified Acoustic Kitty was the CIA's plan to turn a cat into a secret agent by surgically implanting a microphone in her ear and a radio transmitter by her skull. This furry spy was sadly "squashed by a taxi" on her first mission, as reported in *Popular Science*.

Braden regarded these schemes as "college boy stuff." Speaking of his former colleagues, he told author Evan Thomas, "They had a lot of screwy ideas."

I met Tom Braden in 2001. About the CIA, he told me, "I left before the fall. By 'fall' I mean the Bay of Pigs." Braden wondered how men who were so intelligent and bright could let the "covert plan for Cuba," as he called it, happen. In 1961 agency leaders convinced President John F. Kennedy to sign off on a proposal to invade the tiny country and overthrow Castro's communist regime. They recruited 1,400 "high-minded, young, able, patriotic Cubans," in the words of director Allen Dulles, to take back their native country. In the dead of night the CIA landed the Cuban exiles on beaches at the Bay of Pigs. The mission was a disaster. More than a hundred exiles were killed by Castro's forces. Afterward, Castro had a stronger hold on the country than ever before. Braden regarded it as an "unrealistic, silly, stupid adventure."

But the Battle for Picasso's Mind—as Braden would call *his* plan—was not the typical cloak-and-dagger operation. It was subtle. It was ingenious. Braden's covert masterpiece invigorated the modern art movement and helped turn the tide against Soviet communism in a way that traditional clandestine tradecraft never could. It was the kind

THIS WAS NOT THE TYPICAL CLOAK-AND-DAGGER OPERATION. IT WAS SUBTLE. IT WAS INGENIOUS.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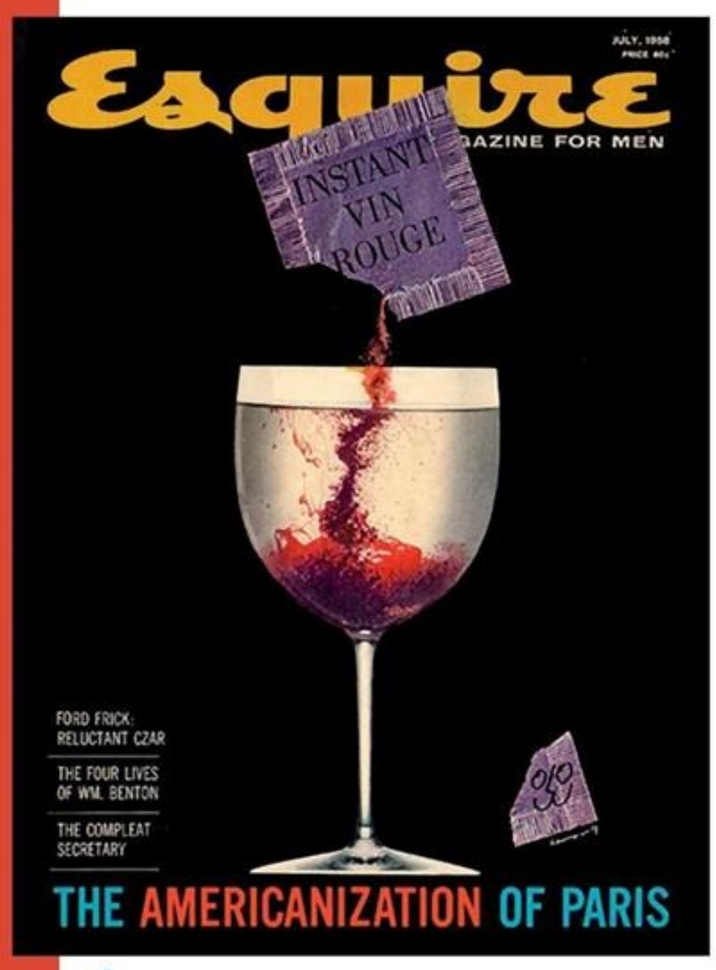
of outside-the-box thinking that suited Braden perfectly.

Unlike other CIA recruits, Braden didn't have a pedigree that made a top government job a foregone conclusion. He hadn't gone to an exclusive prep school. He hadn't graduated from high school. He was born in 1917 on a bench in a train station in Greene, Iowa. "My mother was on her way to Dubuque to have me," he said in a 1975 interview. "There was a snowstorm, and she didn't make it to the hospital." He grew up during the Great Depression, and his father told him he could look forward to a job in a tie store. "Hearing that, I was on the next Greyhound bus for New York," he said. There he became a printer's devil, working in a print shop and cleaning commodes. When his grandmother died and left him $1,000, he quit to go to college. He found out Dartmouth would consider students who didn't have high school diplomas. He applied, was accepted and excelled, especially at journalism—he was elected editor of *The Dartmouth,* the daily campus newspaper. He made perhaps a fateful choice to invite the general secretary of the Communist Party USA, Earl Browder, to speak so students could hear the party line firsthand. This decision got him noticed by Nelson Rockefeller, a Dartmouth trustee and Republican powerhouse, whose family had built the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. He asked to meet this young provocateur named Tom Braden. Impressed, he gave Braden a job working at Rockefeller Center,

1. Joseph Stalin and Harry Truman at the 1945 Potsdam Conference, considered the start of the Cold War. 2. Spy turned TV star Tom Braden with his *Crossfire* co-host, Pat Buchanan, in 1984. 3. Braden in 1967. 4. Braden's cultural assault on Europe caught the eye of *Esquire* in 1958. 5. Braden was the father of eight (pictured here, before son Nicholas was born). 6. *Eight Is Enough,* the hit TV show that ran for four years on ABC, was based on Braden's best-selling book about the challenges of parenthood.



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editing the building's newsletter. As the world marched toward war, Braden volunteered for the British army. Eventually he was recruited by the Office of Strategic Services, America's wartime spy agency, and became part of an elite corps that parachuted behind Nazi lines into Italy. But it was Braden's efforts after the war, when he became Dulles's first "bright young man" of the CIA, that would make the biggest impact.

In 1948 the United States was losing intellectuals and artists to communist ideology, especially in Europe. Trying to crawl out from under the ashes of World War II, they were being swayed by Soviet propaganda promoting harmony. In Paris, 30,000 people gathered for a "world peace conference," many unaware it was a Kremlin-backed rally to undermine American opposition to communism. Musicians, writers and artists were there to support peace. Pablo Picasso was among them.

Thousands of miles away in Manhattan, two of Picasso's works hung on the walls of MoMA: *Dog and Cock* and *Girl Before a Mirror.* Starting in December 1948 Braden saw them almost every day for a year and a half—Rockefeller had made him secretary of the museum.

NYC's Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street opened in 1939. In the early days of the Cold War the museum helped the CIA show America's enemies in Europe a new look at freedom.

It was there that Braden first envisioned a program focused on "threats to creativity." His immediate mission was to fight back against the forces that were "attacking everything new or original." Those elements, he wrote in a 1948 letter, "seem to have found a particular target in modern art." In the Soviet Union, modern artists were under attack by the state. Picasso was labeled as subversive. (Ironically, he was a communist.) Wassily Kandinsky, whose *Several Circles* painting was pathbreaking, fled as the Soviet regime was coming into power. Painting modern art was considered a vice—the regime saw such work as reflective of "Western decadence" and "petit bourgeois democracy." Artists whose work failed to reflect socialist realism—a style that glorified the Red Army, Stalin, Lenin and the proletariat worker—were prevented from working in their chosen profession, and many were "liquidated." Braden found this abhorrent. He wanted people to understand the connection between creativity and its "peculiar relationship to democratic government and to private enterprise." This was Braden's blueprint for what he would carry out at the CIA.

Braden was shocked when he received a call from William J. Donovan, founder of the Office of Strategic Services. To veterans such as Braden, Donovan was a living legend. He admired Donovan's approach to battle: It was "like pouring molasses from a barrel onto the floor. It will ooze in every direction, but eventually he'll make it into some sort of pattern," Braden wrote. In time that pattern coalesced into resistance and intelligence.

Donovan wanted Braden to run his newly formed organization, the American Committee on United Europe, a group of leading Americans who promoted the idea of European federalism. But, as Donovan wrote in a letter, it was really about solving "the problems the country is up against," meaning those created by Soviet communism. "My view is that we are in a war and *(continued on page 138)*

BRADEN ENVISIONED A PROGRAM FOCUSED ON "THREATS TO CREATIVITY."

"I was passing and happened to notice you were watching a movie. Would you mind if I came in, sat down next to you and gently ran my hand up your leg?"

Afternoon Delight

POOLSIDE AND SUNBAKED WITH SEDUCTRESS SARAH DOMKE

Everyone knows the song: "Gonna find my baby, gonna hold her tight/Gonna grab some afternoon delight...." With all due respect to the Starland Vocal Band, who recorded the 1976 hit, the tune's success is due more to the erotic fantasy it evokes than to its musical genius. Here we've created the ultimate afternoon delight fantasy. The model: Sarah Domke of Germany. Location: a private pool in Greece. You can imagine the rest of this narrative yourself. "Skyrockets in flight...."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFRIED WULFF

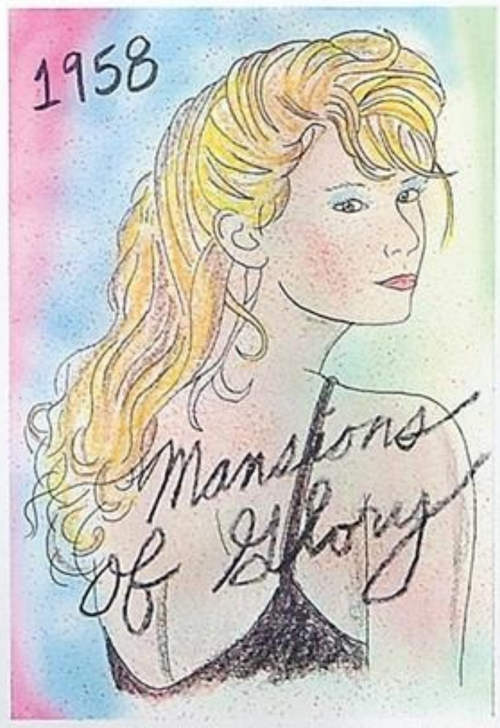
YOU'VE GOT A NEW LIGHT SHINING

YOU'VE GOT A NEW LIGHT SHINING

THE FORGOTTEN STARS

KNOW WHAT IS ENOUGH BECOME GREATNESS

PURE GOODNESS



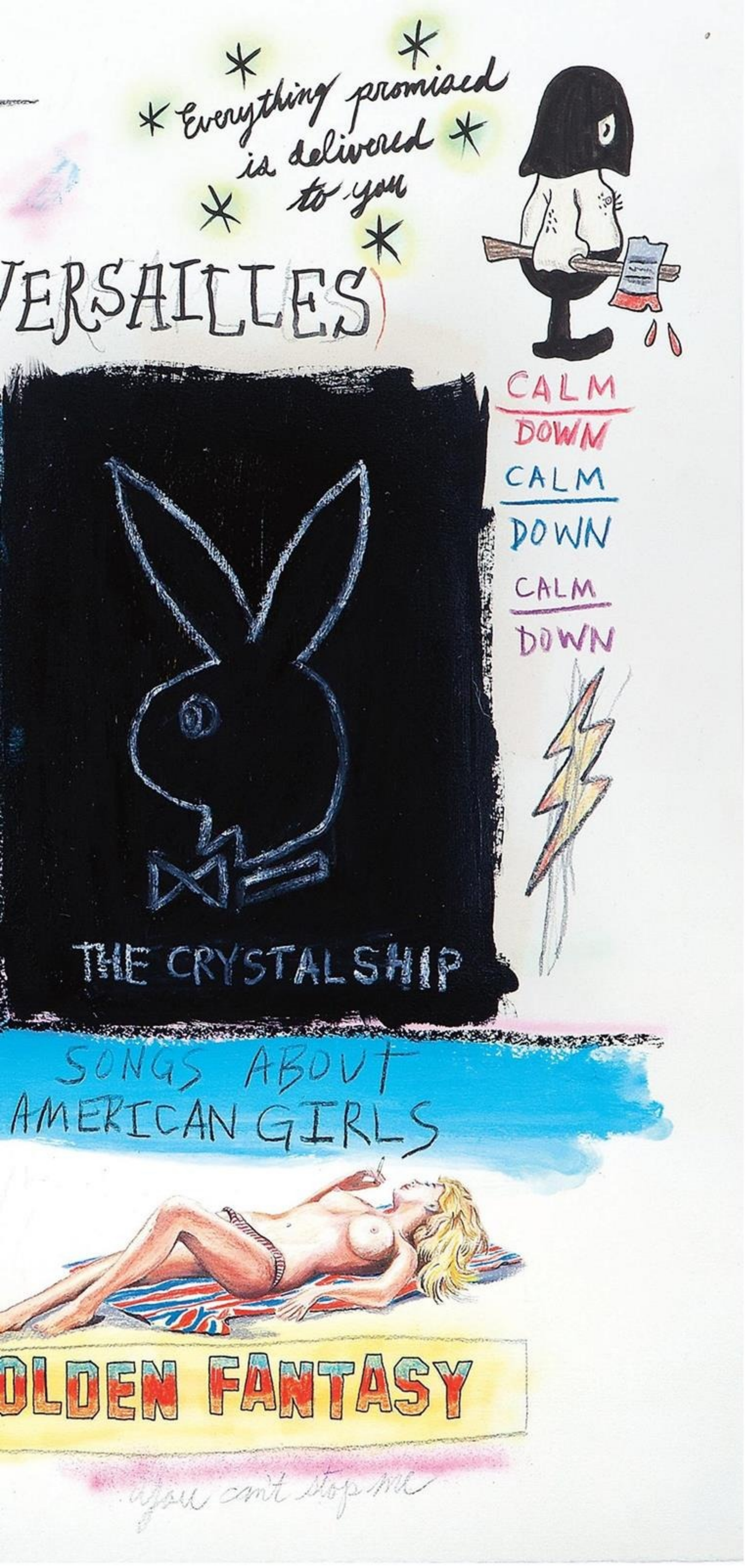
THE NIGHT HEAVEN FELL

SLOW DOWN AND LIVE

"LIVE FOR YOUR CENTER"

NAME: WES LANG
BORN: CHATHAM, NEW JERSEY
CURRENTLY RESIDING IN: LOS ANGELES
EXPERIENCE: ART HANDLER, TATTOOIST, HOUSEPAINTER, SIGN PAINTER

MEDIA: DRAWING, PAINTING, BRONZE SCULPTURES
INFLUENCES: THE GRATEFUL DEAD, CY TWOMBLY, MARTIN KIPPENBERGER, TATTOOS, GIRLS, MOTORCYCLES



ABOVE:
Righteous Nights, 2013, 22 x 30 inches.

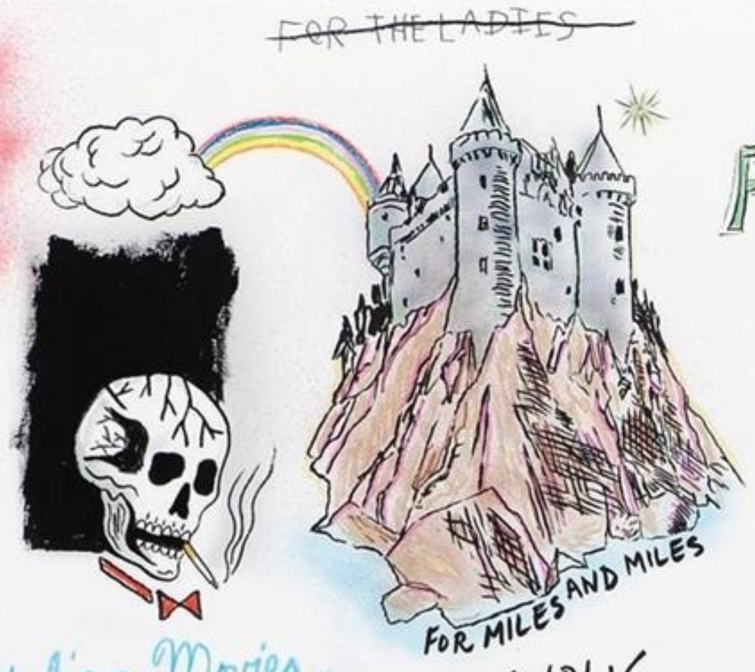
WES* IS MORE

The artist Wes Lang has long mined the pages of PLAYBOY to find inspiration for his maximalist paintings. It's our pleasure to return the favor

The walls of Wes Lang's studio in Los Angeles are covered with photographs, drawings, magazine clippings and sketches that read like an exploded diagram of the artist's mind: skulls, motorcycles, Grateful Dead logos, tattoos, 1970s pinup girls and Rabbit Heads. Lots of Rabbit Heads.

"I find myself drawing the Playboy Rabbit Head in my work all the time. It's one of the main characters in my world, like the grim reaper or Indians," says Lang. "My work is about a celebration of a beautiful life, and PLAYBOY is a high representation of that." Lang, who counts among his prized possessions a nearly complete collection of PLAYBOY magazines, is a walking, working embodiment of the American idea of rebel freedom: His daily uniform is biker boots, black denim, leather vest and full-sleeve tattoos heavy on the Americana; he has designed a boxed set for the Grateful Dead, emblazoned his imagery on everything from coffee mugs to boxers and produced a series of drawings on stationery from the Chateau Marmont.

Although his artwork—dense with rock lyrics, naked girls and slogans of the good life—has been exhibited in galleries and museums around the world (including the Museum of Modern Art), we like to think its spiritual home is the magazine you're holding in your hands. (Lang's latest exhibition runs from November 7 through the end of the year at Half Gallery in New York City.)



ABOVE:
Blood, Chet + Tears, 2013, 22 x 30 inches.

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Positively 3rd Street, 2012, 48 x 36 inches.

ART MART

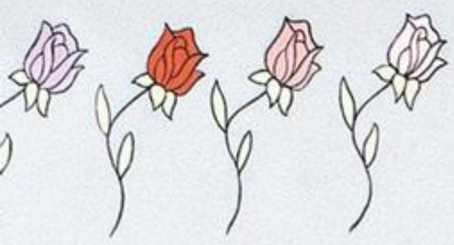
Four Ways Wes Lang Breaks Out of the Gallery

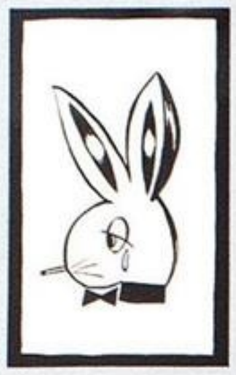
BIKER VEST
◆This leather and waxed-canvas vest is lined with serape fabric and handmade in the USA. *($855, bestwishesinc.com)*

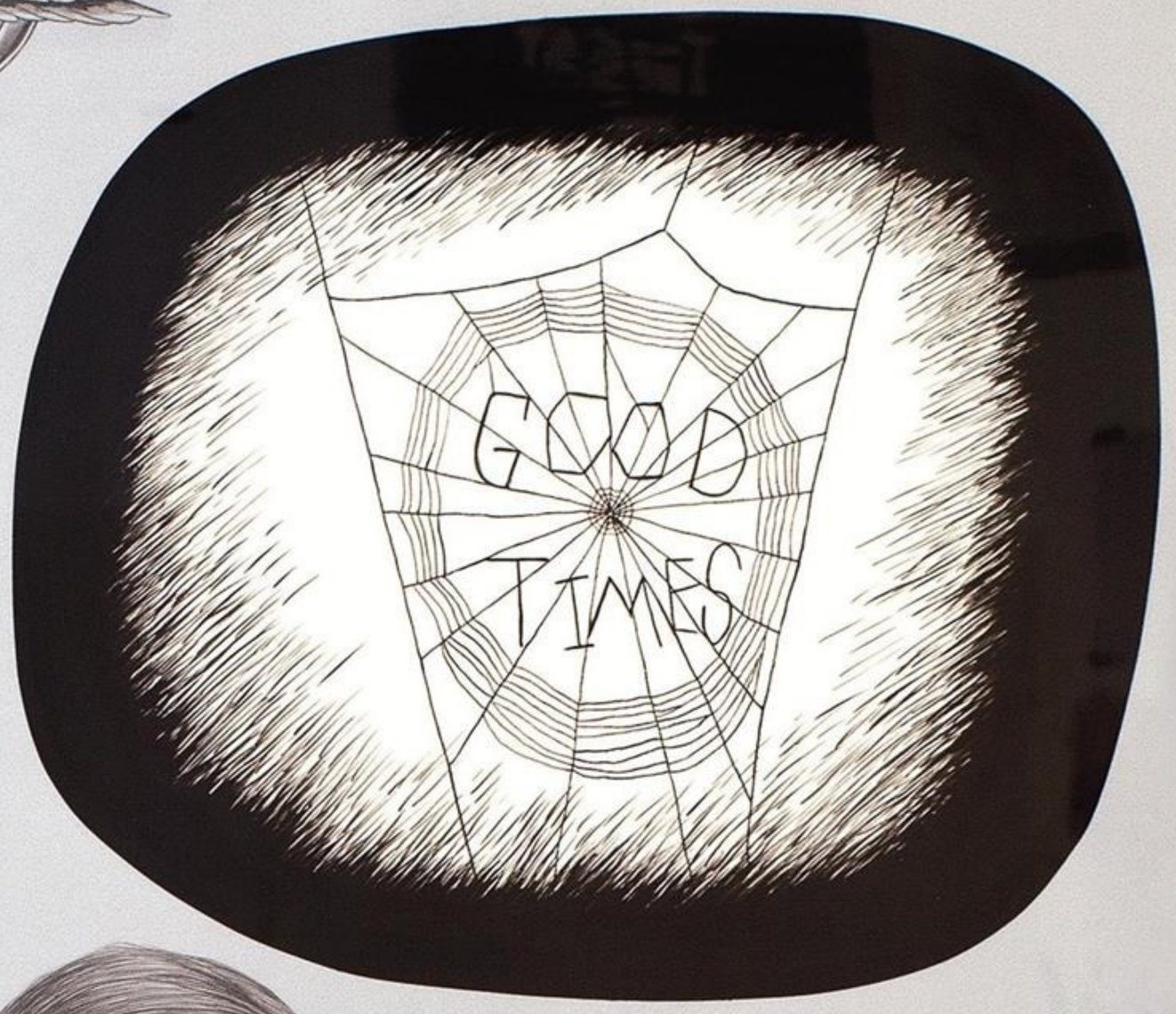
CHATEAU MARMONT
◆During a month-long stay at the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles in 2011, Lang produced art including a boxed set of prints. *($950, exhibitiona.com)*

CUSTOM ROLEX
◆Lang collaborated with the Bamford Watch Department on a line of one-of-a-kind custom Rolexes hand-engraved with his artwork. *(Prices vary, bamfordwatchdepartment.com)*

BOOK
◆This monograph features a collection of Lang's works from the past 10 years and includes short stories by James Frey and an essay by Arty Nelson. *($35, PictureBox/Half Gallery)*






GOOD
TIMES

ABOVE:
The Seeker, 2013,
72 x 108 inches.

LEFT:
It's Such a Perfect Day, 2013,
38 x 50 inches.

"Wow—this is totally better than Christmas!"

THE FUCK IT LIST

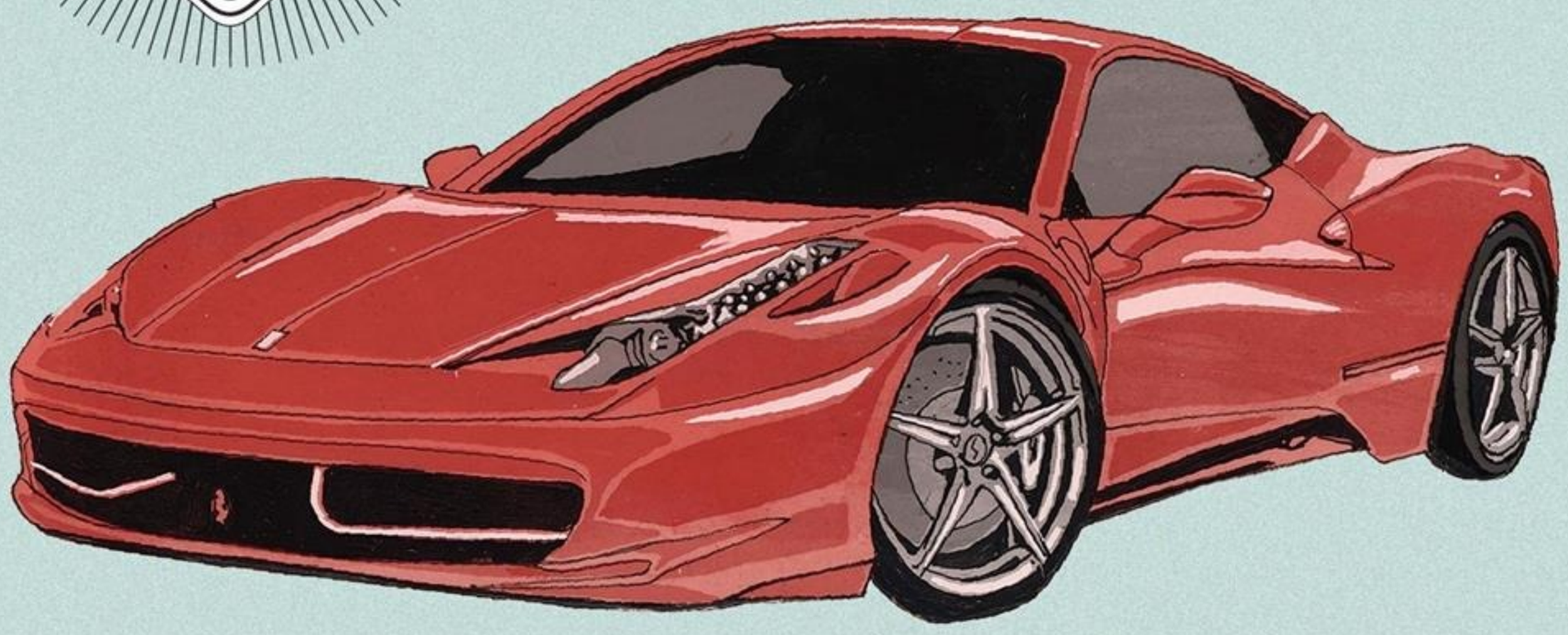
Ditch the bucket list of things you want to do before you die. Our guide to 19 achievable aspirations will make you feel gloriously alive

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ZACH MEYER

1

Drive a Ferrari Like an Italian

▸ Spending six figures on a Ferrari is a distant dream for most guys; the reality of a 400-horsepower beauty idling in rush-hour traffic is a distinct bummer. To affordably and unforgettably experience the automotive quintessence of la dolce vita, spend your next vacation in northern Italy, where at Push Start Maranello you can drive a Ferrari the way it was meant to be driven. For $450 you get a Ferrari F430 Spider and 60 minutes of drive time in the Italian countryside. *pushstart.it*



2

Train to Be an Astronaut

▸ Book a $5,000 flight on Zero Gravity Corporation's modified Boeing 727 to experience the closest thing to weightlessness without a rocket. This is the same company NASA uses to train spaceflight crews, so you know it's the real deal. *gozerog.com*

3. Make Your Own Wine

▸ You don't need to be Thomas Jefferson or Francis Ford Coppola to realize the gentlemanly dream of producing your own wine. For as little as $5,000 you can oversee the making and bottling of a barrel of wine (that's 300 bottles) through the Sonoma-based Wine Foundry. Consult with staff winemakers and designers on everything from selecting a vineyard and a varietal to creating a label and marketing your creation. With the trained pros at your back, the hardest part will be coming up with a name for your wine.
thewinefoundry.com

4

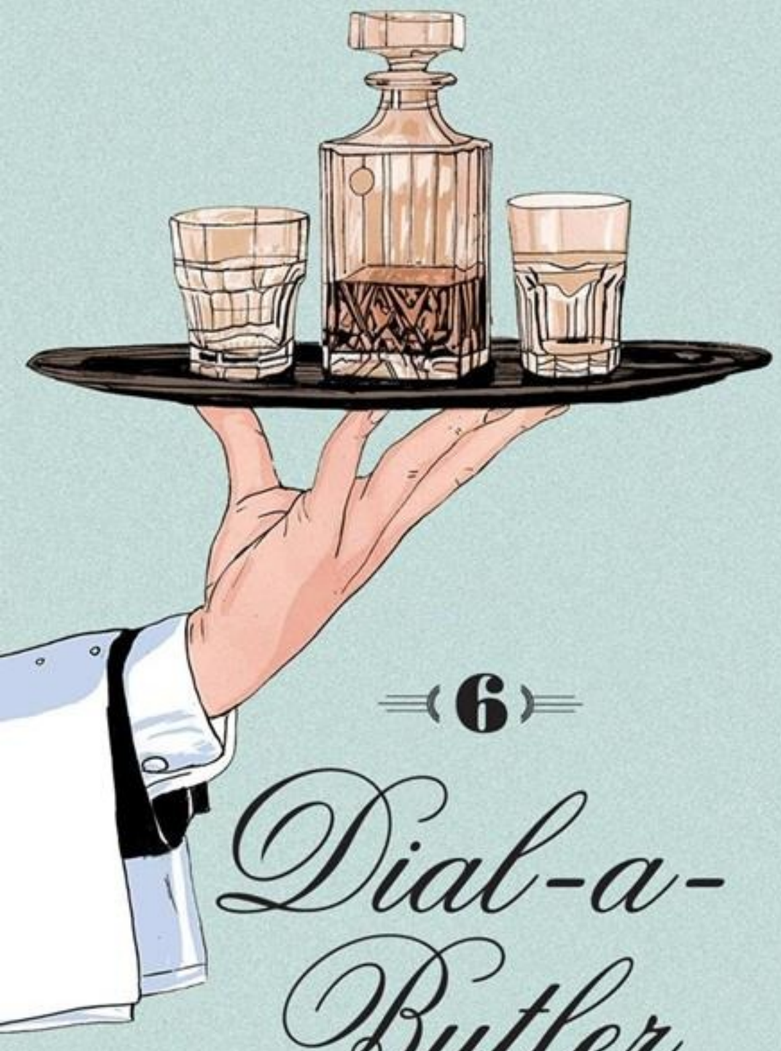
DEEJAY A VEGAS NIGHTCLUB

▸ Here's one story you won't want to stay in Vegas: You deejayed TAO nightclub at the Venetian, the same venue that globe-trotting artists Steve Aoki and DJ Vice have played. It's a brag-worthy experience you can claim as your own—no experience necessary. For $25,000 (plus a private-event rental fee), a resident DJ will give you a lesson in how to work the decks and build a perfect set list. When you take the stage, your set will be accompanied by a synchronized audiovisual production complete with lights and lasers.
taolasvegas.com

5

Adopt a Kobe Cow

▸ The big-shot move of ordering a Kobe beef T-bone at a steakhouse is nothing compared with owning the whole damned cow. True Grass Farms in northern California raises organic grass-fed wagyu cattle and will sell you all 350 pounds of the finely marbled beef broken down into steaks, roasts and humble cuts for $3,800. If you don't have a walk-in meat locker or enough friends to divvy up the spoils, opt for the more apartment-dweller-friendly 22-pound "urban share" for $315. *truegrassfarms.com*



6

Dial-a-Butler

▸ The idea of having your own resident butler is a fine daydream, until you factor in the reality of sharing your bachelor pad with someone other than a beautiful girl. A host of new apps and websites put an army of private staffers at your disposal without all the *Downton Abbey* drama. Popular requests include booking travel, assembling furniture and shopping for groceries, but there's nothing to stop you from asking someone to buy gin, vermouth and ice and then stir up a batch of martinis on a Friday night.

$$$$$

TASKRABBIT Post the job you need to have completed; background-checked helpers will submit bids.
taskrabbit.com

$$$

FANCY HANDS A $45 monthly fee gets you 15 requests for any job that can be done over the phone or on a computer. Yes, you can hire someone to be on hold for you.
fancyhands.com

$

FIVERR An online marketplace for services that cost just five bucks.
fiverr.com

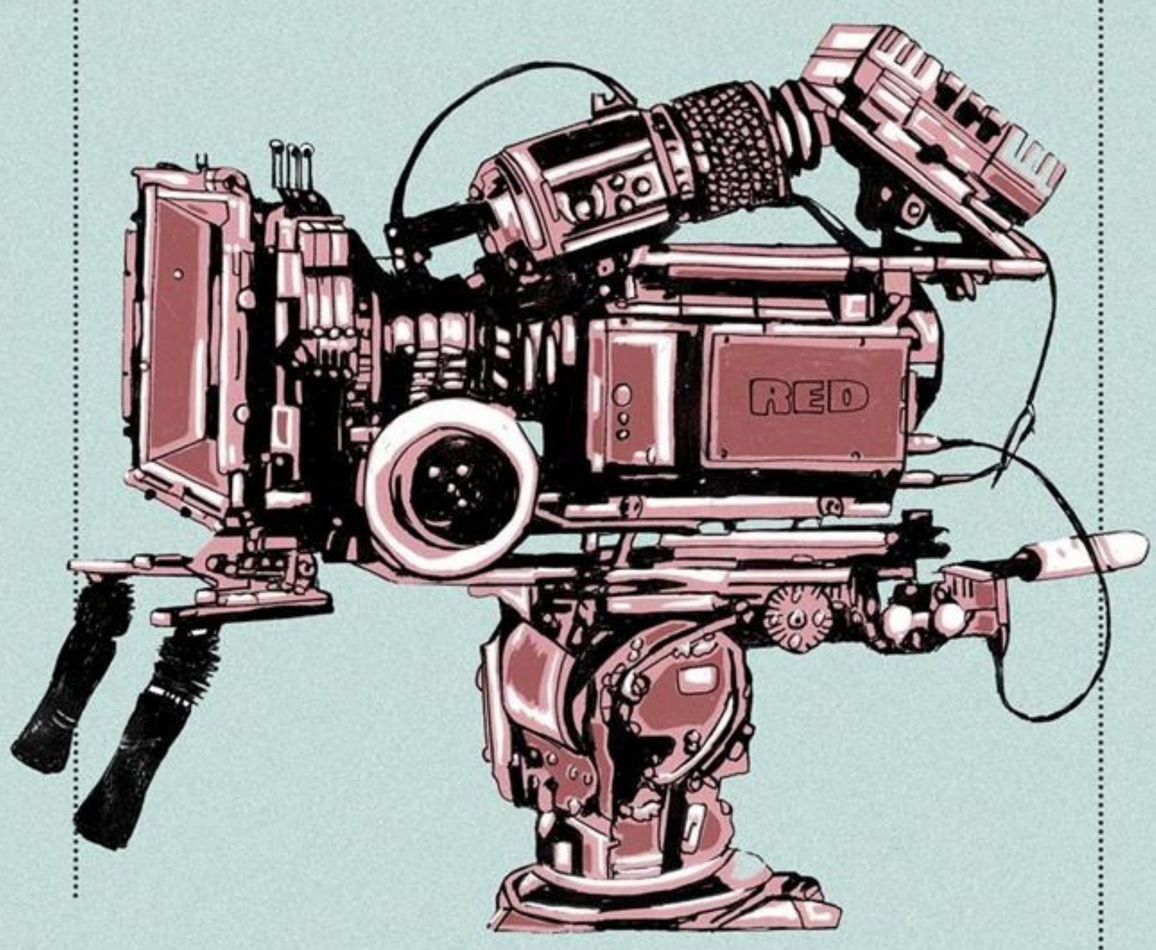
8. BREAK A WORLD RECORD

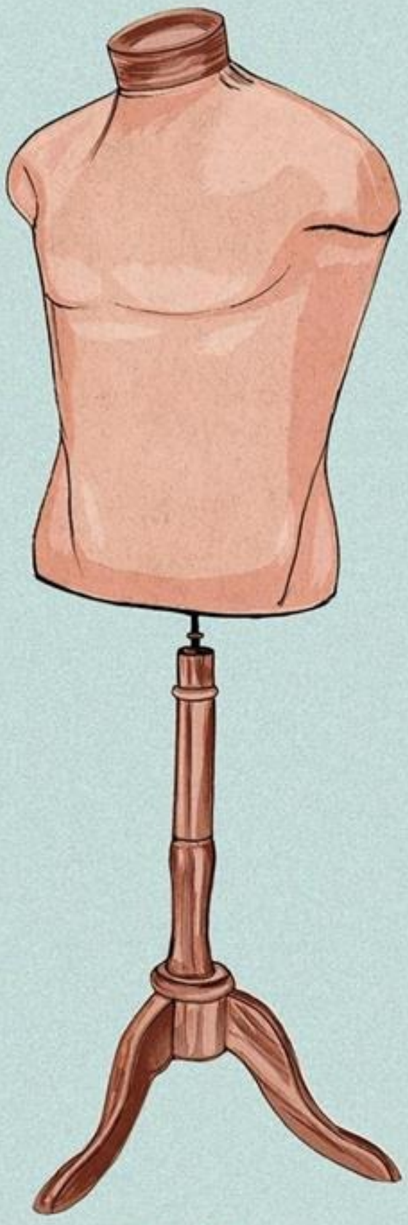
▸ Let other men strain their backs and bloat their bellies with feats of strength and speed eating. An accomplishment certified by none other than Guinness World Records is more achievable than you think. The web-based Challengers competition has 200 breakable records, from *Mario Kart* time trials to quarters stacked on the back of a hand in one minute. Prove your mettle via video for official certification.
challengers.guinnessworldrecords.com

9

Direct a Movie

▸ Blockbuster technology is finally within reach of mere mortals. When Michael Bay had to select a camera to shoot the fourth installment of the *Transformers* film franchise, he chose a RED digital model that can be rented by civilians like you, complete with lenses and fancy accessories, for $1,000 a day. Budding directors with *Bling Ring*–level aspirations can rent a more indie-appropriate rig for half that price.
5kcamerarentals.com





10

Finally Have Your Suit Custom-Made

▸ If the clothes make the man, then stand above all other men by having your clothes made. The bespoke suit is the pinnacle of the garment game. Gone are the days of jetting to Hong Kong to have a one-of-a-kind suit tailored for you. Choose fabrics, lapel width, venting and other details that will set you apart at the office or out on the town.

$$$$$

THOM SWEENEY If you can go to London, head to this tailor favored by David Beckham.
thomsweeney.co.uk

$$$

ASTOR & BLACK With prices starting at $650, this company will craft your suit after sending a tailor to your home or office for a custom fitting.
astorandblack.com

$

INDOCHINO This site lets you customize the lining, pocket flaps and other cool details on a wide range of suit styles.
indochino.com

7

Create a Robot Doppelgänger

▸ The Double Robotics system ($2,500) allows you to be in two places at once—virtually—via an iPad mounted on a Segway-like platform that you can control remotely from anywhere in the world. Drive your double to meetings, then stick around to see who gets into trouble at the office party. *doublerobotics.com*

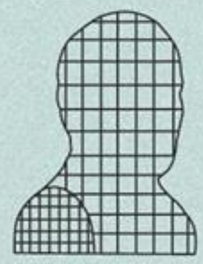
11. Sponsor a Sports Team

There's nothing like seeing your name embroidered on the uniforms of athletes performing at the highest level…which is why man invented bowling. For a few thousand dollars you can sponsor a professional bowling team. (Visit local alleys or bowling message boards to find teams looking for backing.) Be sure to negotiate to receive a percentage of prize monies and, of course, a bowling shirt.

12

Buy a Pet Shark

Every man who has ever secretly identified with a James Bond villain has dreamed of making every week shark week at his house. You could, if you were so inclined, spend tens of thousands of dollars on a full-size hammerhead shark and a massive custom-built *MTV Cribs*–worthy tank. But an impressive (and less endangered) three-foot-long bamboo cat shark and a plug-and-play 250-gallon saltwater aquarium will set back budding Dr. Evils a cool $3,000.



13.

Commission a Sculpture of Yourself

Indulge your Napoleonic narcissism without having to deal with the expense and hassle of hiring a fine artist to paint an oil portrait. At the New York showroom of 3-D-printing pioneer MakerBot, have a 3-D image of your face scanned in a photo booth for a mere five bucks. For $60 more, buy the plastic 3-D version of your head, suitable for displaying on your fireplace mantel or hot-gluing to the hood of your car.
makerbot.com

14

BECOME A TECH MOGUL

Don't let Jeff Bezos, Justin Timberlake and Ashton Kutcher have all the fun of reshaping the future of technology and culture. New crowdsourcing platforms put digital entrepreneurship within the reach of regular folks.

$$$$$
MICROVENTURES For $5,000, accredited "angel" investors can bankroll start-ups with growth potential.
microventures.com

$$$
APPBACKR Browse mobile-app start-ups and back your favorites for as little as $30.
appbackr.com

$
FUNDLY Give back like Bill Gates. Use this site to support deserving charities, favorite causes and other nonprofits.
fundly.com

15

Write That Book

Sure, you can wait until you retire to chronicle your life's exploits in a memoir or thinly veiled novel, but in today's confessional digital culture there's no moment like now. Below are ways to do it, from the traditional route to the easiest.

$$$$$

WORKSHOP Quit your job and apply to the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop.
Tuition: $26,000

$$$

SELF-PUBLISH Amazon's CreateSpace service sets up authors with Kindle, print-on-demand and audiobook distribution.
Base price: $4,500

$

PLAY THE VIDEO GAME
Practice your chops in the video game *The Novelist,* in which you—that's right—try to write a novel.
Price: $15

17. OPEN A RESTAURANT

Despite the well-known fact that most restaurants are doomed to fail, legions of men with *Top Chef* fantasies remain undeterred. If you are one of those dreamers, consider a realistic first attempt—one that won't leave you saddled with a building lease and a vast wine cellar that needs to be unloaded at auction. Try your hand at running a food truck for a more manageable taste of hell's kitchen. Los Angeles–based Road Stoves will set you up with a truck and marketing and promotion services and will even help you dial in a concept. *roadstoves.com*

18. Join the Jet Set

You used to have to be a Fortune 500 CEO or a studio head to skip the insults of modern air travel and fly on a private jet. Thanks to the minds behind Uber, the revolutionary car-service app, you can now use their new aviation equivalent. BlackJet takes advantage of deadheads (empty seats) on underutilized aircraft to offer fliers the private-jet experience for the price of a full-fare first-class ticket. A jet may not offer lay-flat seats and warm Brazil nuts, but the pleasure of leaving the hoi polloi behind in the security line is priceless. *blackjet.com*

19

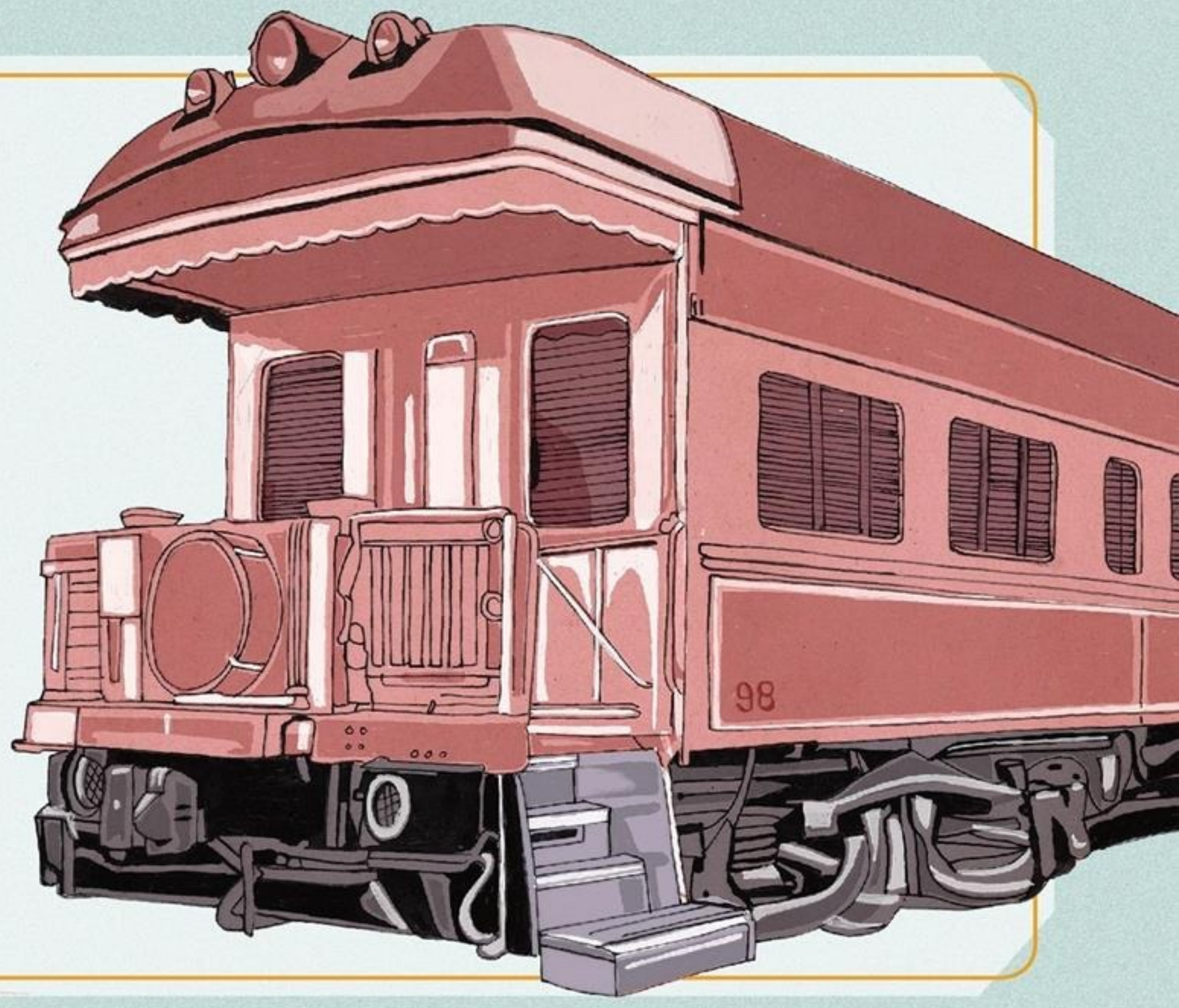
Buy an Island

The adage that no man is an island may be true, but there's no stopping a man from buying an island all for himself. For the price of a top-of-the-line Hyundai you can buy a one-acre island off Maine, a beachy slice of Belize or a Nova Scotian redoubt. Buy an iPhone solar charger and start putting together that desert-island playlist. *privateislandsonline.com*

16

Play Haute Hobo

The golden age of travel is far behind us, but a little-known network of luxury train cars straight out of *Murder on the Orient Express*—think Tchaikovsky-playing pianists and fine china in the dining car—is out there for men willing to pay. Thanks to Private Rail Cars, meticulously restored railcars with names such as Northern Dreams, Majestic Imperator and Golden Eagle Trans-Siberian Express can be rented and hitched to commercial trains in the U.S. and Europe for an unforgettable adventure in the way travel ought to be. *privaterailcars.net*



"I find I don't hate myself in the morning if I have something important to do, like making a big bank deposit."

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

HOT AND WILD WITH FREE SPIRIT MISS NOVEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

I have a totally mellow bohemian side I inherited from my parents," says New Zealand–born Los Angeles transplant Gemma Lee Farrell. "I confess: I'm an unconventional girl who loves to party and get naked." Sounds like our kind of woman. Our scouts have been smitten with this exuberant brunette ever since she won an Australian Playboy Golf beauty contest five years ago. Gemma has built a successful modeling career in the interim; her credits include a contract with Dreamgirl lingerie company and a long-term affiliation with Monster Energy. She's become one of the most recognizable babes in action sports thanks to her presence at the energy drink's supercross, motocross and skateboard events. "Those months-long Monster tours have given me a reputation as a good-time party girl," she says. PLAYBOY reconnected with Gemma after seeing her photos on Instagram. For her Playmate pictorial, we chose a spot in California's Topanga Canyon with wild views of the Pacific; we wanted to emphasize her free-spirited nature. "When I got to the shoot I was shocked at how the few clothes I'd be wearing so reflected that side of me," she says. "It's what I wear when I'm in New Zealand, when I go back to being a small-town girl hanging out in dive bars, running after sheep and spearing fish in the river." Then with a laugh she adds, "Remember what I said about being naked and partying? You can apply that to the hippie Playmate part of myself too!" Count on it.

/GemmaLeeFarrell @GemmaLeeFarrell @GemmaLeeFarrell

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Gemma Legarrell

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gemma Lee Farrell

BUST: 33" WAIST: 26" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5' 8" WEIGHT: 115 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 1/15/1988 BIRTHPLACE: Pirongia, New Zealand

AMBITIONS: Travel until my legs fall off, study a little business, have my own fitness clothing line and enjoy the hell out of being Miss November. ♥

TURN-ONS: I'm a sucker for a cute nose, cute ass and some good old-fashioned morals-e.g., loyalty, love of family and honesty.

TURNOFFS: Sloppy drunks, sarcastic wankers, inattentive lovers and, worst of all, men who think only of their own needs. Selfishness ruins everything!

CRAZIEST PLACE I'VE HAD SEX: I did just so happen to join the mile-high club on an international flight-and I recommend it!

TV OBSESSIONS: Breaking Bad and Breakout Kings. I love watching boys behave badly (on TV, not in real life-this is for fantasy purposes only).

IT'S THANKSGIVING MONTH SO... Be grateful for all of life's blessings. Be good to your loved ones. And remember to have loads of great SEX.

Hitting the slopes in New Zealand.

Nerd alert!

Ripe old age of 18.☺

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two guys were in a bar during the Thanksgiving break from college. After a few drinks one said to the other, "Since you went off to school I've been fucking your mother's brains out every night!"

The second one responded, "I think you've had enough to drink, Dad."

A man stormed up to his wife and announced, "Tonight you're going to prepare me a gourmet dinner, and then we're going to have the kind of exotic sex I have always wanted. And tomorrow, guess who will be dressing and grooming me."

She replied, "The funeral director."

My wife treats me like a king," a man told his friend. "She prepares me extravagant meals and pampers me at every turn."

"Oh yeah?" the second man said. "My wife treats me like a god—she takes very little notice of me until she wants something."

What is the national language of the United States of America?

Third-grade English.

Senator," a Washington aide called out to his boss, "there's someone on the phone who wants to know what you plan to do about the abortion bill."

The senator responded, "Tell her I'll have a check in the mail by the morning."

Wives are whimsical creatures. They don't have sex with their husbands for weeks, and then they want to kill any woman who does.

Hearing suggestive noises coming from his son's bedroom, a father knocked on the door and asked the boy if he was entertaining a lady.

"I don't know," the kid responded. "Let me ask her."

A man went into a copy shop and began to chat up the beautiful blonde salesgirl behind the counter. "By the way," he asked, "do you keep stationery?"

"I try to," the girl replied, "but at the last second I go fucking crazy!"

The trouble with political jokes is that sometimes they get elected.

A cocky young man was about to make love to his newest conquest when the woman whispered, "Please be gentle—I have a weak heart."

"Don't worry," the young man replied. "I'll be careful when I get in that far."

A policeman pulled over a driver who had been swerving on the highway. The cop asked, "Any drugs or alcohol tonight?"

"No," the driver replied. "I have my own."

I've reviewed your case very carefully and have decided to give your ex-wife $500 a week," a judge declared to a man at a divorce hearing.

"That's more than fair," the man admitted. "I'll even try to kick in some of my own money from time to time."

What's the definition of embarrassment?

Running into a wall with an erection and breaking your nose first.

Michael Douglas sparked a firestorm when he claimed he caught throat cancer by giving oral sex to his wife. Is this a sound medical diagnosis, or is Douglas just the latest Democrat to blame everything on Bush?

I have a date with the quarterback," a coed told her roommate.

"Oh wow," the roommate said. "I went out with him once last semester."

"Only once?" the first asked. "How did it go?"

"Well, I wore a brand-new dress and he brought me roses," said the roommate. "He took me to a chic restaurant and kept ordering bottles of champagne. Then he took me back to his car, ripped off my dress and was a complete animal. He had his way with me three times."

"Goodness gracious," the first said. "So you're telling me I shouldn't go?"

"No," the second said, "I'm warning you to wear an old dress."

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*

"Trust me. I've never felt about other guys the way I feel about you."

IDRIS ELBA

BY ROB TANNENBAUM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

THE STAR OF THE WIRE, LUTHER AND MANDELA TALKS ABOUT FIGHTING HIS WAY TO THE TOP, WHY DJS GET THE GIRLS, HOW TO MODIFY YOUR ACCENT TO FIT ANY SITUATION AND WHY HE REFUSED TO WATCH HIMSELF ON THE BEST SHOW ON TV

Q1

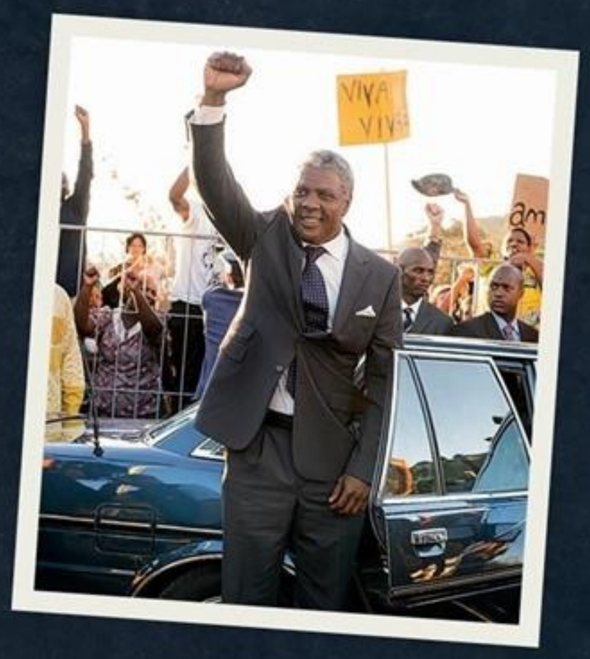
PLAYBOY: You were a working actor in London before you moved to New York and had some rough years prior to *The Wire*. How bad did it get?

ELBA: It was a wickedly tough time. I lived in a van for about three months. It was a gold and brown Astro with brown velour seats. I was going through a tough time with my then wife, and the money I made under the table as a DJ went to make sure she was okay. I'd had three or four years of unemployment, not getting acting jobs. I was watching Denzel Washington and Wesley Snipes and saying, "I can do that. I can be right there with them." My wife was about eight and a half months pregnant by the time I got the news I was going to be on *The Wire*. If I didn't get it, I was going to leave the U.S. We knew that if I didn't have acting work after my daughter was born we would be up shit street.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Do you think the hard knocks you took in those four years gave you a better understanding of Stringer Bell and *The Wire*?

ELBA: Yes. People I'd been raised with in London made money as a hustle, whether it was drugs or being a pool shark. Flash drug dealers went to jail, cool drug dealers didn't. I had that embedded in my system since I was a kid. My dad was a pool shark. We'd go to pubs and he'd pretend he



Elba in the title role in *Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom* (top), with co-star David O'Hara on the BBC cult hit *Luther* (middle) and in the part that made him famous: Stringer Bell on *The Wire*.

didn't know how to play, put down a bet and win. The point is, Stringer was in my system. And when I got to America, I understood what was happening in the hood. I lived in Jersey City, which is a rough neighborhood, and in Flatbush for a while. That was my preparation for the role. [*pauses*] By the way, you know I've never watched *The Wire*.

Q3

PLAYBOY: It's a good show. You should watch it sometime.

ELBA: I've seen a full episode at screenings but never at home. I've never watched an entire season. I've not seen any episode of season two, most of season three and none of seasons four and five. I'm supercritical of my own work. As an actor, if you're being told how wonderful you are, what do you need to strive for? I don't know if I'm good just because some critic says I am in the press.

Q4

PLAYBOY: So we shouldn't tell you how good you are?

ELBA: [*Smiles*] The Golden Globe award told me that, thanks. And the two Emmy nominations. Just the small things.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You've often referred to yourself as an East London boy. What does that mean in terms of your personality?

ELBA: In the circumference of London, if you come from the east, people know you're a cheeky chappy. You've got a bit of a mouth, a gift of the gab, you're wheeling and dealing. My personality is formed by that. East Londoners speak cockney—if you're born within a three-mile radius of the Bow Bells, then you're cockney. That's typically what my accent is, but it depends on who I'm talking to. Today I did a BET show and was like, "Yo, man, what up? How you feelin', bro?" I'm a bit of a parrot.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Tonight you're a guest on David Letterman's show. Will you consciously speak in a more American accent?

ELBA: [*Holds up a pint*] It depends on how many glasses of Guinness I smoke down before then. I tell a better story in a cockney accent—I'm more cheeky, there's more eyewinks and finger-pointing—but I'm always worried people don't understand what I'm saying. East London language is quite lazy and laid-back, which makes it easier for me to speak American. When I hear people from Brooklyn, I can understand how they make those sounds, because my accent is similar. Our tongues work the same way.

Q7

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid in London you were sent to an all-boys school. Was it a punishment?

ELBA: It felt like punishment. My parents moved, and they signed me up for the nearest school to our house. It was lunchtime, and I asked, "So do the girls eat in a separate building?" *(continued on page 132)*

"Are you familiar with the 14-story-high club?"

FICTION BY
CHUCK PALAHNIUK

ZOMBIE

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS IS SIMPLE. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS PUSH A BUTTON

It was Griffin Wilson who proposed the theory of de-evolution. He sat two rows behind me in Organic Chem, the very definition of an evil genius. He was the first to take the Great Leap Backward.

Everybody knows because Tricia Gedding was in the nurse's office with him. She was in the other cot, behind a paper curtain, faking her period to get out of a pop quiz in Perspectives on Eastern Civ. She said she heard the loud *beep!* but didn't think anything of it. When Tricia Gedding and the school nurse found him on his own cot, they thought Griffin Wilson was the resuscitation doll everybody uses to practice CPR. He was hardly breathing, barely moving a muscle. They thought it was a joke because his wallet was still clenched between his teeth and he still had the electrical wires pasted to either side of his forehead.

His hands were still holding a dictionary-size box, still paralyzed, pressing a big, red button. Everyone's seen this box so often that they hardly recognized it, but it had been hanging on the office wall: the defibrillator. That emergency heart shocker. He must have taken it down and read the instructions. He simply took the waxed paper off the gluey parts and pasted the electrodes on either side of his temporal lobes. It's basically a peel-and-stick lobotomy. It's so easy a 16-year-old can do it.

In Miss Chen's English class, we learned "To be or not to be," but there's a big gray area in between. Maybe in Shakespeare times people only had two options. Griffin Wilson, he knew the SATs were just the gateway to a big lifetime of bullshit. To getting married and going to college. To paying taxes and trying to raise a kid who's not a school shooter. And Griffin Wilson knew drugs are only a patch. After drugs, you're always going to need *more* drugs.

The problem with being talented and gifted is sometimes you get *too smart*. My uncle Henry says the importance of eating a good breakfast is because your brain is still growing. But nobody talks about how, sometimes, your brain can get just *too big*.

We're basically big animals, evolved to break open shells and eat raw oysters, but now we're *(continued on page 134)*

ILLUSTRATION BY P-JAY FIDLER

DECADENCE FOR DINNER

BY SEAN MCCUSKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYLAN PERRY

WE ENLISTED THE THREE COOLEST CHEFS IN THE COUNTRY TO THROW A VERY SPECIAL DINNER PARTY: A HIGH-LOW TAKE ON A LUXURIOUS CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR FEAST. WE'LL GIVE YOU THE TIPS, RECIPES AND KNOWLEDGE TO THROW A BADASS BACCHANAL OF YOUR OWN

OPPOSITE: Eating caviar right off your skin is the purest way to taste its essence. ABOVE: Vinny Dotolo, Ludo Lefebvre and Jon Shook don't need no chef's whites.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, FOOD knowledge has become a form of conversational currency. Whether you pickle your own ramps or seek out the top taco trucks in sketchy neighborhoods, you'll find no shortage of self-proclaimed experts on all things gustatory. We all know an annoying foodie—the person who babbles endlessly about his last meal of sea urchin with bone marrow or his latest post on Yelp. Don't be that guy. Instead, be the man who throws down in the kitchen and pours a perfect glass of champagne, all while making each guest feel as though he or she is the only person in the room. Actually knowing how to cook and how to throw a proper dinner party is what separates the talker from the doer. Everyone eats. Not everyone dines. The difference? Knowing how to stage a meal the right way.

Few things are more impressive or rewarding than throwing a great dinner party, but there's a rhythm to it, a vibe. The dinner should be both personal and communal. It's your party and you'll cook what you want to, but if your offerings don't please the crowd, what's the point? Vinny Dotolo, Ludo Lefebvre and Jon Shook know better than anyone how to feed a group. That's why their restaurant Trois Mec in Los Angeles is the hottest ticket (you have to buy one online to grab one of the 24 seats) on the American dining scene. This culinary supergroup has deep roots in dinner parties. Dotolo and Shook parlayed their caterers-to-the-stars status into two of America's best restaurants, Animal and Son of a Gun, and Lefebvre's legendary LudoBites pop-up events cemented his reputation as one of the world's top chefs.

To learn how to apply the highest level of culinary prowess to a house party, we talked the chefs into throwing one for us. The location: the Hollywood Hills home of their good friend, producer and director R.J. Cutler (his credits include *The September Issue, Nashville* and the upcoming feature film *Fabulous Nobodies*). We secured nearly $10,000 worth of caviar from topflight brand Petrossian and poured oceans of Cristal, Roederer and Moët. While the chefs cooked dinner with effortless ease, we talked them into spilling their secrets. And it turns out they have remarkably basic rules for throwing amazing events.

"When I do a party in my house, the most important thing is to really organize myself, because I'm working alone," Lefebvre says in his thick French accent. "I also want to spend time with the guests, so being smart enough to do good food with less prepping is very important."

THE MENU

HAND-SERVED CAVIAR

POTATO CHIPS, SMOKED CREAM, CAVIAR

CORN CAKES, STURGEON, CAVIAR AND MAPLE CREAM

HACKLEBACK CAVIAR PIZZA

SCRAMBLED EGGS, BRIOCHE, CAVIAR

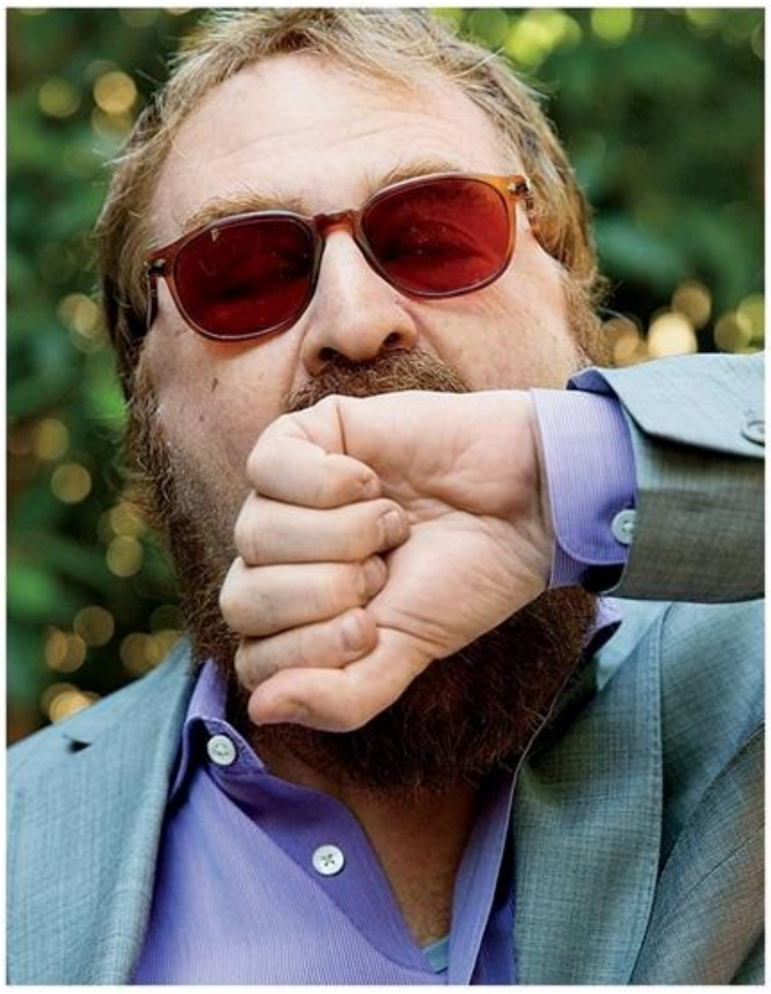
GRILLED RIB EYE WITH BONE-MARROW GRAVY, SHALLOTS AND CAVIAR

PANNA COTTA, CRÈME FRAÎCHE, CAVIAR

SALT THE HELL OUT OF IT

If you're going to spend big on richly marbled rib eye, you want it to taste its best. The first step is to copiously salt the steaks on both sides (and the edges) 20 minutes before you cook them. Use coarse kosher salt—it should look like a sprinkling of snow. Pat the steaks dry before cooking for a proper sear.

FOR DINNER PARTY RECIPES, SEE PAGE 150.



TOP ROW: Potato chips with smoked cream and caviar are our kind of chips and dip; Petrossian in the house; the host, producer R.J. Cutler, eats caviar off the back of his hand. (Trust us: If you haven't tried this, you haven't truly tasted caviar.) **MIDDLE ROW:** Actress Mircea Monroe digs the caviar pizza; corn cake with smoked sturgeon, maple cream and caviar; bubbly, but of course. **BOTTOM ROW:** Caviar ready to be served on the backs of guests' hands; Dotolo serves pizza topped with caviar, garlic blossoms, chili oil, egg, red onion and nori; Lefebvre preps potato chips with baby strawberries.

1

COOK WITH YOUR HANDS

And we mean that literally. There's no more precise or deft a tool than an impeccably clean pair of hands. Table manners dictate the use of utensils, but you'd be surprised how many food professionals dip their fingers into sauces, touch cooked food and generally make a mess. It gives them more control and connects them to the process.

Choosing your guests is where it begins. Bringing new and different people together works for Shook. "I like parties that come together organically with friends," he says. "I'm not a big planner. Sometimes too much anticipation can kill the spontaneity." Lefebvre also likes variety but is cautious. "I want to do a party that's based on putting people together," he says, "but I'm not going to put Italians and French people in my house, because they'll fight about soccer." Having a group of people who all know one another creates a dynamic much different from mixing and matching. We prefer the latter. Showing your skills to a new group sets a more exclusive tone and provides an opportunity to impress a potential business associate—or, even better, that gorgeous girl you keep bumping into in the elevator.

For our dinner we invited a motley crew of writers, producers, party promoters, actresses and family friends. The only thing they had in common was their friendship with the chefs themselves.

One of the most effective ways to organize yourself and the menu is to choose an ingredient and use it throughout the dinner. Since decadence is what PLAYBOY is about, caviar took center stage. "I usually try to think of a theme for the menu," Shook says. "Then I move on to the guest list and budget." Coursing your meal might seem obvious, but it's more than just spacing out dishes. Like songs on an album, each dish gets a chance to shine and the host gets to be the star. Greet your guests with a glass of champagne and have a starter already laid out.

Going for decadence is easier than it sounds as many of the most indulgent dishes contain ingredients that can be eaten without cooking. Caviar works especially well. "Caviar eaten off the back of the hand is definitely decadent," Shook says. "But you can't buy cheap caviar. It's similar to wine in that there are many levels. The cool thing is that you can buy everything online." Although caviar is inherently expensive, he warns not to immediately associate price with luxury. Being creative with everyday ingredients such as fruits and vegetables is a great way to impress. "A really awesome vine-ripened tomato presented on the vine can be just as pretty and decadent as caviar."

If you want to make the evening special, keep the sourcing at the highest level. When heading out to purchase the meats that will be the anchor of your dinner, bypass the shrink-wrapped, prepackaged aisle and get your product from the people who know. "Start with a local butcher or fishmonger," says Shook.

CAVIAR CLASS

Originally eaten by the Phoenicians, Romans and Persians to improve endurance and strength, caviar quickly became the preferred food of Russian czars before spreading worldwide as a delicacy of royalty. Today, Petrossian caviar is the Rolls-Royce of fish eggs, and with the brand's guidance, we put together this rundown of the types of caviar you can choose to throw your own over-the-top dinner party with confidence.

HACKLEBACK

→ Briny, dry and strong, American hackleback fish roe adds a unique punch to dishes with other distinct ingredients and flavors. This is why Dotolo chose it for a pizza topped with red onion, nori, chili oil and other ingredients.

ALVERTA AND TRANSMONTANUS

→ These top-of-the-line caviars are profoundly smooth and rich—so much so that our chefs serve them in desserts (going so far as to swap them for the salt on a salted caramel) and straight off the backs of guests' hands. They come at a price, but it's worth it to taste the ultimate in briny-sweet decadence.

OSETRA

→ Fresh and juicy with fruit and nut tones, osetra caviar is extremely versatile and stands up perfectly in dishes whose base contains mild ingredients such as scrambled eggs or sushi rice.

SEVRUGA

→ This caviar is for those who want a real smack in the palate from the sea. Small, intensely flavored beads greatly enhance mild seafood dishes.

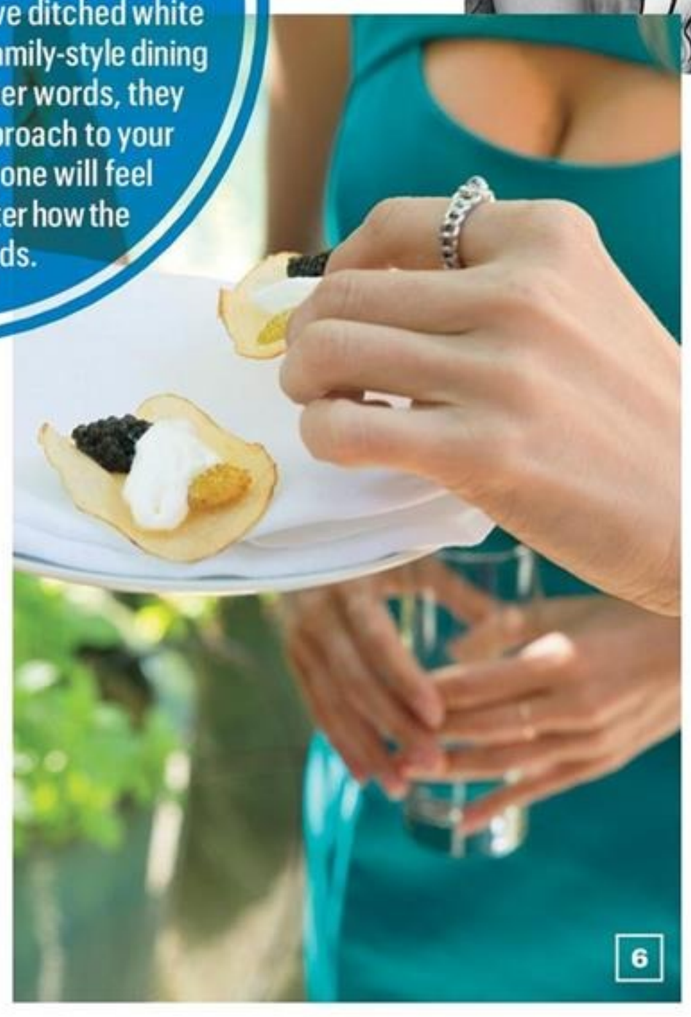
SIBERIAN

→ Silky smooth Siberian caviar's melt-in-your-mouth texture is the perfect partner for meat, champagne and Shook's favorite, vodka.

FOR THESE CAVIARS AND MORE, GO TO PETROSSIAN.COM.

KEEP IT CASUAL

The quickest way to stress out your guests is to stress out in front of them. If you haven't noticed, the most satisfying restaurants these days have ditched white tablecloths and embraced family-style dining and open kitchens. In other words, they feel comfy. Take this approach to your dinner party and everyone will feel right at home, no matter how the evening unfolds.



"Go to the store with two or three different ideas and really talk to the person to get his or her take. For fish it's smell, and for meat it's color." Although this plan of attack may go against your initial menu ideas, the quality of the product you'll bring home will be well worth the effort. Lefebvre agrees. "Don't plan your main dish until you go to the store and see what is the best," he stresses. "I always tell my cooks, 'You go hunting first and then plan the menu.'"

A decadent dinner party can seem daunting even for someone who knows his or her way around a kitchen. Try to remember it's not work; it's a party. If that mantra doesn't ease your anxiety, Lefebvre half jokingly suggests more champagne not only for your guests but for you as well. "Make sure your guests have more than enough to drink, and order some cabs to take them home," he says. "That way, if the food doesn't turn out, they're not going to remember." Shook agrees. "Don't make the food too difficult and out of your reach," he says. "Enjoy the party." Just as Shook finishes his thought, Dotolo walks by with a tray of transmontanus caviar, baby strawberries and perfectly fried homemade potato chips. With just a hint of sarcasm he adds, "Or you can make the food way too difficult and just hide from everybody."

1. Grilled rib eye gets a briny dollop of caviar. 2. Pizza is punched up with hackleback caviar, garlic blossoms and other toppings. 3. Krissy Lefebvre, wife of Ludo, eats caviar like a purist pro. 4. Tools of the trade. 5. Actress Shiri Appleby and husband-chef Jon Shook. 6. Just because it's a potato chip doesn't mean you can't serve it on fine china with a crisp white napkin.

BUBBLY 101

THERE'S MORE TO CHAMPAGNE THAN SIMPLY POPPING A CORK

NV, OR NONVINTAGE

→ This applies to the vast majority of champagnes, meaning producers can rely on them year after year. They require significant skill and years of reserves to pull off consistently.

VINTAGE

→ Produced only a few times each decade, these can stand on their own without blending. Expect to pay top dollar, but vintage bubbles are well worth the price. Be sure not to drink them too cold (they should be served at 52 to 55 degrees, as opposed to 45 for nonvintage), otherwise their distinctive complexity will be masked.

ROSÉ

→ With elegant salmon-pink tones and sublime richness and finesse, rosés are great for stand-alone enjoyment and pair well with any food.

BRUT ZERO OR BRUT NATURE

→ Very fashionable, especially among growers, these champagnes are produced without the usual dosage of sugar, resulting in bone-dry, razor-sharp wines tailor-made for raw, briny oysters or hackleback caviar.

Blushing

Molly

The capsules appear so enticing, filled with the promise of thrills, joy, human enlightenment. So what exactly is inside? The dark truth behind today's drug du jour, molly

BY FRANK OWEN WITH LERA GAVIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SATOSHI

MOLLY TEST NUMBER ONE

The mystery powder in the clear capsule cost $10, a dead giveaway it wasn't the substance the dope peddler was claiming it was. Nobody sells the real deal for that price. Examining it under the light, one could see yellowish rice-shaped crystals shifting around inside the half-filled capsule. It didn't even look like the genuine article.

"How many do you want?" asked Fernando, a stubby drug dealer with chubby hamster cheeks and a neatly trimmed goatee.

"Just one. Are you sure this is real?"

"Don't worry, this shit is fire," he said.

On a drug-fogged night in late August, I found myself surrounded by a young crowd at a party in South Beach. While New Order's "Blue Monday" played in the background, I was trying to ignore the loud conversation going on around me so I could focus on my mission: the hunt for the magic molecule called molly—the supposedly purer, allegedly more potent crystalline form of a drug that used to be called ecstasy (or MDMA). Just as methamphetamine was nicknamed "tina" to appeal to a more upmarket crowd, molly is simply ecstasy re-branded with a cute girl's name, the better to sell it to a new generation. Contrary to what many users believe, molly is not a new drug (night crawlers were snorting powdered MDMA as far back as the early 1980s), and the form the drug takes (pills, powder, capsules) has little bearing on its purity, as I was about to find out.

Not that I intended to consume the product. The last time I took what I was told was pure MDMA, the active ingredient in molly, it turned out to be methamphetamine, and I spent an uncomfortable New Year's Eve grinding my teeth and twitching like Captain Jack Sparrow. What I intended to do was gather samples and test them with an over-the-counter drug-screening kit to see what was really being sold as molly in the pills-and-powder circus that is Miami Beach's club scene.

The chance to analyze the unknown substance came a few hours later, at an afterparty at a friend's apartment in a high-rise on Washington Avenue. "Hey, guys, wanna see something cool?" said my wife, Lera. "I got Fernando's molly and I'm going to test it right now to see what's in it. He said this shit is fire."

Lera pulled out a silver packet containing a multidrug screening test, a plastic panel the size of a credit card that is commonly used to test urine samples for illegal chemicals but has been repurposed by drug connoisseurs to test the contents of molly. The best way to gauge what's in a drug, of course, is to mail it to a professional laboratory for a gas chromatography/mass spectrometry analysis and then wait for the results. But some of the chemicals turning up in molly these days are so exotic, even the most state-of-the-art facility can fail to detect all of them. At least with a portable screening kit you can find out straightaway if the drug you've bought contains any MDMA (though not the amount or its purity). You can also test for other common drugs such as cocaine, methamphetamine and oxycodone.

Lera walked into the kitchen, where she opened the molly capsule and poured the crystals onto a plate. We could tell by its odor, like that of contaminated water, that this wasn't MDMA. Pure molly is generally odorless or smells of aniseed, the result of the sassafras oil used to make the product. Judging by the distinctive stench emanating from the powder, it was most likely some form of synthetic

1

2

3

4

5

6

WHAT WAS IN THAT CAPSULE WAS SHOCKING. IT TESTED POSITIVE FOR COCAINE, METH, MDMA AND SOME FORM OF OPIATE.

cathinone, the family of chemicals that includes mephedrone and methylone, which are better known to the general public as bath salts.

Lera put about half the contents of the capsule into a coffee cup, poured in water and waited for the crystals to dissolve as her friends looked over her shoulder. She then tore open the silver package and placed the drug-testing kit in the solution. About a minute later, two pink lines appeared on the cocaine section of the panel, then two lines for marijuana and two lines for opiates. It was negative for all three. A single unmistakable line started to appear under methamphetamine, followed by another distinct line under MDMA.

"That's what I thought," said Lera. "You see, it came out positive for methamphetamine and MDMA, which is what bath salts will come out as on these tests."

We concluded the substance was probably mostly synthetic cathinones. Dimitri, who had deejayed the party a few hours earlier, offered his verdict: "We took a bunch of Fernando's mollies the other day and they didn't have any effect on us. It's not like it used to be back in the day. I can't believe he's selling us this shit."

•

Over the past two years molly has become the drug of choice for a new generation. Why molly now? Why all the fuss about a drug that under different names has been a dance club staple for three decades?

There's certainly no shortage of references to the drug on the electronic dance music scene. One of the most popular dance hits of the past year is Miami-based DJ Cedric Gervais's "Molly," which features the robotic voice of a woman blankly intoning, "Hi, I am looking for Molly. Do you know where I can find Molly? She makes my life happier. More exciting. She makes me want to dance." From Kanye West to Trinidad James to Rick Ross, molly is portrayed as the happening drug for the hip-hop crowd. Ross had to apologize for his seeming advocacy of molly as a date-rape drug in the song "U.O.E.N.O": "Put molly all in her champagne, she ain't even know it./I took her home and I enjoyed that, she ain't even know it." (The controversy surrounding the lyric was enough for Reebok to cancel an endorsement deal worth millions with the hip-hop impresario.) *(continued on page 147)*

(1) Studio 54 in New York, where chemists known as the Boston Group tested the effects of MDMA in the 1980s. (2) The drug molly, otherwise known as MDMA, in capsule and powder form. (3) Pop sensation Miley Cyrus and (4) hip-hop star Rick Ross are among the many artists whose lyrics discuss the effects of molly. (5) Jeffrey Russ, 23, and (6) Olivia Rotondo, 20, both died at the annual Electric Zoo festival in New York.

CLUBLAND

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE BEST NIGHTCLUBS IN THE WORLD

WHERE: BROOKLYN, PARIS, AMSTERDAM, IBIZA AND BEYOND

WHEN: 2013 UNTIL ???

FEATURING:
SPECTACULAR DANCE CLUBS, DJ HOT SPOTS, NAUGHTY BURLESQUE BOÎTES, EXCLUSIVE LOUNGES AND ROVING DANCE PARTIES

▲
Graphic by
ROBERT HARKNESS

No. 1 Hakkasan /
LAS VEGAS

It's a nightclub of only-on-the-Strip superlatives such as *newest, biggest, flashiest, priciest.* The highly regarded Cantonese restaurant is helmed by Michelin-starred chef Ho Chee Boon, the lighting includes mesmerizing lasers and wall projections, cocktail tables have discreet drawers and iPhone chargers, and 10 jeroboams of Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label go for a mere $30,000. Let's hope you're carrying the company credit card.

No. 2 Crazy Horse /
PARIS

• For the past 60-plus years, the slinky Parisian cabaret classic has tantalized crowds with avant-garde, fanciful, kitschy and incongruous performances by a bevy of gorgeous dancers wearing little more than lights, projections and Louboutin heels. Special effects and specialty cocktails heighten nude silhouettes (dancers' bodies must comply with founder Alain Bernardin's aesthetic criteria), and guests such as Victoria's Secret model Noémie Lenoir and burlesque beauty Dita Von Teese occasionally join Le Crazy dancers onstage to perform naughty tableaux.

No. 3 Space /
IBIZA

• On the outskirts of Ibiza Town, in the middle of a parking lot in the Playa d'en Bossa resort, is a nightclub that's more or less recognized as an island institution. The world's most famous DJs drop in all season long to play to the huge, multicultural crowd. The decade-old Sunday party We Love Space is a favorite across the board. And though there is an egalitarian feeling in the air, VIP treatment can, of course, be made available on request.

No.

Club der Visionaere / BERLIN

The best afterparty in the city happens in a makeshift venue under a weeping willow on the banks of the River Spree. Cool 20-somethings come for the eclectic vibe, not to mention the nearly free entrance fee and lack of door politics. Pick up a girl on the tiny dance floor inside the boathouse, then walk outside on the deck and floating docks to watch the sky as twilight becomes morning.

No.

The Box / NEW YORK CITY

• Out-of-towners craving a debauched fantasy-Manhattan club scene—suits, stilettos, skin, scandal—may get their fill at this miniature gilded Hammerstein Ballroom. They'll also appreciate the downtown nightclub's jewel-box size, excessive indulgence and Theatre of Varieties: over-the-top Cirque-inspired stage acts of the burlesque, acrobatic, raunchy and ridiculous sort. Impress your voyeuristic lady friend by booking a booth close to the stage for the one A.M. show. Then swing up to the mezzanine balustrade for more champagne and a bird's-eye view of the oddities below.

No.

Sub Club / GLASGOW

• Scotland's longest-running dance club can be found in a basement in the hard-drinking town of Glasgow. And because it closes at three A.M., it's balls to the wall once the clock strikes midnight. The Subbie's fine roster includes local DJs (Optimo, Slam) who have become international heroes on the electronic dance music scene.

No.

M.N. Roy / MEXICO CITY

• If you arrive before two A.M. as your charming, nattily dressed self, you'll have a chance of getting in. After that, prepare for a mob of well-heeled party people nearly bum-rushing the door. Every struggle has its rewards, of course: The atmosphere inside is celebratory, the mezcal is smoky, and the bourgeoisie is glad to have you.

No.

Silencio / PARIS

A spectacular and somewhat clandestine venue—at once surreal and intimate—has instilled a new heartbeat in Parisian nightlife. The David Lynch–designed private club offers carefully programmed dining, drinking, film watching, live-band spectating and art-performance experiencing. Low lighting and gold leaf make the high-fashion crowd even hotter. Proper cocktail swilling builds bravado for dancing at Social Club next door.

NOS. 9—11

Panorama Bar
BERLIN

The epic nightclub pulls all-weekenders: Friday-night parties roll strong through Monday morning. The door scene can get pretty theatrical, so put your best foot forward (without putting it in your mouth).

10 Low End Theory
LOS ANGELES

The weekly club night began as an alternative to the Hollywood scene. The party's five residents are intent on linking L.A. hip-hop traditions with new technologies and special guests (Thom Yorke, Erykah Badu). The results are epic.

11 Skye Restaurante & Bar
SÃO PAULO

The insane 360-degree view is this rooftop lounge's main attraction. DJs set up around nine P.M. and produce a fine mist of Brazilian bossa nova and electro over the streets of the most upscale neighborhood in São Paulo.

No. 12 Golden Pudel / HAMBURG

• It turns out a slapdash building standing in St. Pauli is the dance floor to be on till the break of dawn. The space hosts excellent DJs from around the world, an antiestablishment attitude fills the air, and people hit the dance floor—hard. Once the sun rises and the last of the beers are cashed, the crowd disperses along the River Elbe.

No. 13 Trouw / AMSTERDAM

• The first nightclub in the city to get a 24-hour permit is a massive live-music venue and restaurant in an old newspaper printing factory. The main dance floor has rainbow lighting and an amphitheater feel, with the DJ booth front and center. Mixed-genre music, mixed-use bathrooms, the occasional art exhibition and movie screenings showcase the club's cultural tendencies. There's a strict door policy, but that makes the buildup to getting inside even better.

No. 14 First Avenue / MINNEAPOLIS

This no-frills-except-killer-acoustics dance club has reached landmark status—thank you, Prince—since it opened in 1970. It is so loved by the people of Minneapolis, in fact, that when it faced bankruptcy in 2004, the mayor spearheaded an effort to buy it out. From new wave to Nine Inch Nails to the excellent weekly Saturday party Too Much Love, the draw of this downtown danceteria is irresistible.

No. 15 Bossa Nova Civic Club / BROOKLYN

• The latest straight-out-of-Brooklyn club is this vaguely tropical-themed hole-in-the-wall. Young, artsy, fashionable Bushwick characters, rebelling against the mason-jar cocktail scene, party on with whiskey and beer as the next generation of underground music producers kills it in the DJ booth. The night is young, the dance floor is sweaty, and everything is full of promise.

Out of the BLUE

KEEP YOUR ***LOOK COOL*** *WITH WRISTWATCHES THAT ARE* ***BLUE IN THE FACE,*** *FROM* ***COBALT TO NAVY.*** *YOU'LL HAVE IT MADE IN EVERY SHADE*

1

DIVE TIME

• The rubber strap on this steel dive watch from Oris is Cousteau cool but will look stylish even above sea level.

ORIS AQUIS DATE, $1,650

2

TRAIN SPOTTING

• Made in Detroit and inspired by the locomotive brake-men of the 1900s, this watch features an alligator strap.

SHINOLA THE BRAKEMAN, $675

3

CLOCK DU RHONE

• Grandsons of famous Swiss watch-maker Raymond Weil are behind the brand that makes this elegant stainless steel chronograph.

88 RUE DU RHONE CHRONOGRAPH, $700

STYLING BY JOSEPH NERO

4

KORS STRENGTH

• Style with a dual purpose: For every watch sold, Michael Kors and the United Nations World Food Program will donate 100 meals to children in need.

MICHAEL KORS WATCH HUNGER STOP, $295

5

TRUE BLUE

• A midnight-blue leather strap echoes the blue face on this sophisticated sports watch.

TISSOT PRC 200, $525

6

REAL STEEL

• This classic steel watch is from the Ball Watch Company, which was founded to make precision timepieces for the railways.

BALL CLEVELAND EXPRESS, $2,700

7

MOD SQUAD

• With a screw cap protecting its crown and an oversize case, this watch is appropriately named. The bright blue silicone strap adds flair.

TW STEEL CANTEEN TW500, $275

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SATOSHI

Selected by Jennifer Ryan Jones

Classic

OUT of AFRICA for 10 Years

IMAN Returns

Over the past few years, photographer Peter Beard has enjoyed a revival as his distinctive oeuvre has attracted the attention of a new generation of curators and gallerists. Back in 1985, he went to Africa for PLAYBOY to shoot the incredible Somali model known as Iman. By that time Iman was already an established supermodel, having appeared numerous times in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* Many of the photos on these pages were shot at Beard's Hog Ranch near Nairobi. Beard's influence on a number of contemporary artists and photographers is hard to deny.

1975–1985

Samburu

Thurs. 5th Champagne
18 Rain Ridge
RAID
into tent
FLOODS @ last
3 sho
11:
Buffalo Springs
night of spotlights
(Cook tent blows away)
Swim in the springs...
Northern Frontier District Vil
Cow elephants and 1 man
ROAD FLOWING
City

2 Buffalo in road puddle
and one "drought victim"
IMAN + Skele.
inestimable pancakes + J.B.A syrup
Extortion letter #1
@ Bacon's
sent today
Nyeguna K.
+ Fraheis

Gerenuk ** pic #1
near camp
Reticulated giraffe #2
iman on a rock
J.B.A checks plane in flood
Tea break in vast puddle
Kikoy shots: IMAN as co. pres.
Grevy Zebs staulk **
futile Gerenuk chase
Dissentry Day
Land Rover bursts into flames
"Darn you Pete, I said NO PORN"
Ode to T.S. and O.D.
S.B. in the W: WHO'S-WHO IN UGANDA
Sieske + L.
VIOLETA Khadija 4 presence
Mungai
Anne Laure L
sleaze or true abandon?

Fire 3 flareguns 2 a.m. Rain heavy On the Road to
water heard in bushes
IMAN no sleep at all
...UHU glue into cracked condenser
electric tape off 180 mm/insulates vs sparks
collect buff beddes
near tame weaver birds
Tree Frog Nights
Scorpion hunt
ultra Violet
IMAN'S Bangkok
MONKEY BRAIN ME
w/ snake soup
ts
30 pm
top
et
K in
der
all
m
s
KENYA BREWERIES Ltd
P.O. BOX 30181, NAIROBI
INGREDIENTS: BARLEY MALT, SUGAR, HOPS, CO., PERMITTED WATER CORRECTIVES AND STABILIZERS
Made in Kenya
CONTENTS 300ml
TUSKER EXPORT LAGER

The Long rains
Cheetah on an ant hill
Iman in cheetah B.S.
Looking-Game
before the storm
miss 2 Peters gazelles
Rain squalls over NANYUKI
gerenuks on the job 3/30
Saturday morning cheetah gerenuks Buff hd.
Dysentry dark rock pastry in the sunrise
Peter's Gazelle in back
Line up Zeebs all afternoon

N.F.D. Archers POST
Gunfire
Police
Gate
Fitina

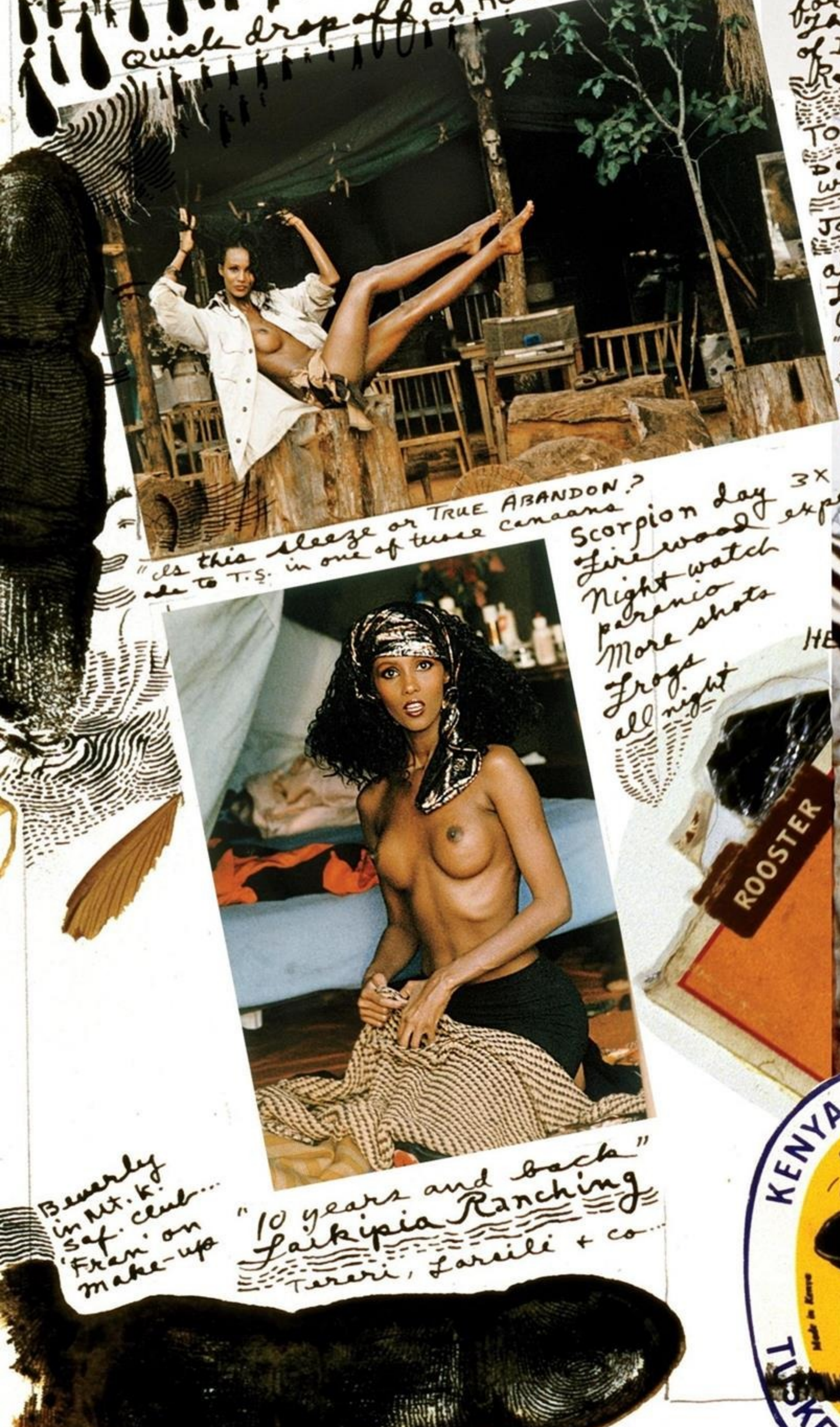
Man jail

A MAN who attempted
himself has been jail
eight months by Nakur
dent Magistrate, Mr. W
Tuiyot.

Before a Nakuru cou
John Mutui Kamau
pleaded guilty to the
that on August 25, thi
at Free Area within N
district, he attempted t
mit suicide by ha
himself.

Merry Christmas

Quick drop off at HOG RANCH (6:30pm)



"Is this sleeze or TRUE ABANDON?
le to T.S. in one of those canaans

IMAN's new hunting jacket
"Okay guys: let's hear it
for 'the Tender trap'"
of the incredible 10 year Reign
of IMAM
Re-Zeeb on left:
"IT TAKES ONE
TO KNOW ONE" etc
David Seltzer
where ARE you??
Jacob @ mt. Kenya Safari Club
alleged Kamande
Letter arrives
6,000,000/- only
"will do very nicely"
Saturday the 30th
D.H's cheetah to thick
to get into house in
FREEZING RAIN
8 TENTS DOWN
DON'T CUT LINES

HIGH ON the HOG

Scorpion day 3x
Firewood
Night watch
paranoia
More shots
Frogs
all night

Beverly in Nt. K. Sat. club... 'Fran' on make-up

"10 years and back"
Laikipia Ranching
Tereri, Loreili + co...

"He who catches the

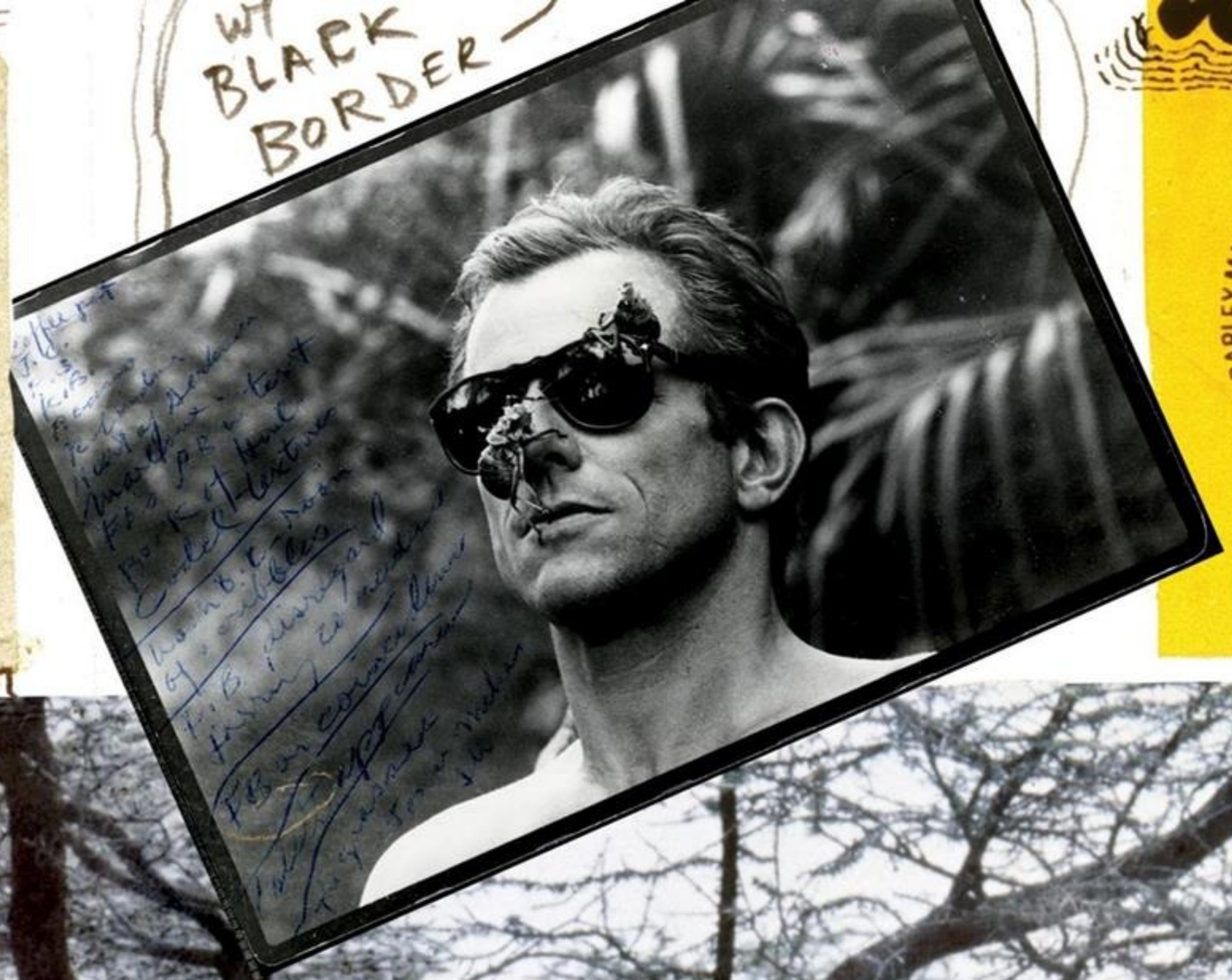
led

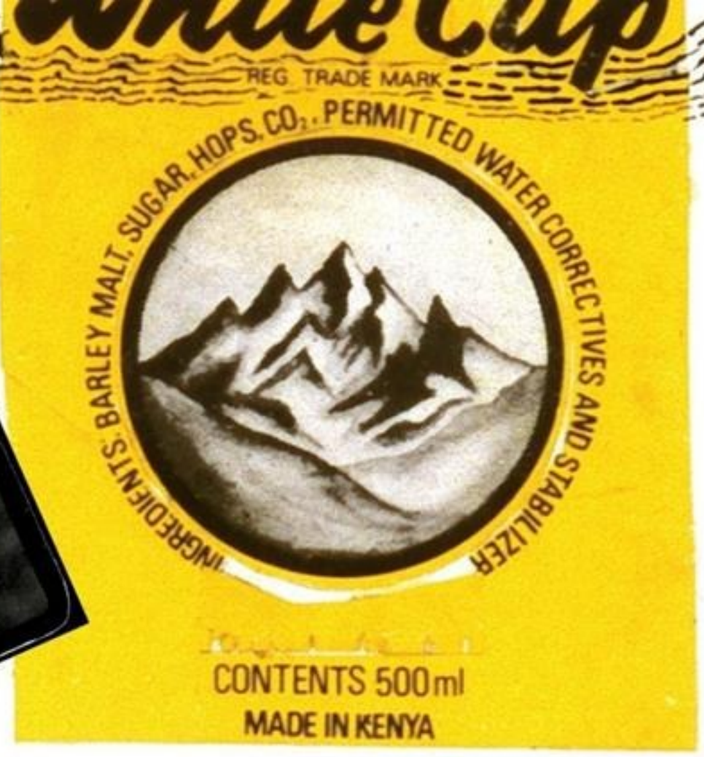
d to kill
led for
ru Resi-
William

urt was
u who
charge
is year,
Nakuru
to com-
anging
—KNA

John

WY
BLACK
BORDER





WY
BLACK
BORDE

early lunch
thek nairo
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Sunday tu
Mt. Kenya
photo D.H's L
Majma photo
Peter Riva a
SHAGWONG
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Khadija * po
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K.G. famil
of Nderu (!
Kamande
Mater Mise
DR. Mgala... "
+DR. Mwang
HARAMBEE AVE
natl. Bank Bld
2nd floor
SO

**

Mbuno
to Hosp:
Wambui
Keroggerring
Mkono
Gumu
S.O.B
BOSIRE
Warped judge

le joy
lives in eternitee's sunrise"

Somali

Somali

I am here for your sake...
What the hell difference does the N.F.D. make!
Mussolini can have it
With 3 rousing cheers:
MOYALE! (Phil Sutter)
MANDERA!
El Wak
& WAJIR

Lam Lam + Julie *

IMAN
0130 - 879
Jan... arr. J. 1st
... P.B + P.B.
Tat... exit and
C.I... passport"
"H... Newton"
... S.M.
... Bridwy...
... Gorilla - Jena H.
... EIGA 33
... General CHUI + IMAN
... case pentax meter
... Brenda Boozer

List of artifacts
F.B. tuyek
... pantaloons

F.B. village
... & Mick J.
1490's

... giamatti + M. nyere
... Lindner
TIME TO LOSE
... mall. + Louis M... * mischief
K MISCHIEF re-visited
... no more
... clips - Gordon Plant

FAIZA
Eastleigh wedding
Mohammed Warsama + M.
Hassan geddy in jail 6 MOS
ali atas following P.B.

CRISIS = Danger / Opportunity
Françoise & Jacques
Cassis
Mimo's Bistro etc...

Tony archer
33320
Doris / WOLS / F.B.
all-Nighter
again
F.W.W
+ Ruth Woodley
Ben Letter
Bongo
Ndirangu
as CHW
ROWBOAT call'd
INFINITE
FUTILITY

J.C. + J.D.: Colorado R. 3 1000 lbs crocs
From the inside of a dead mans plastic coated wallet
P.R.
air mail
Express
Violeta S.
Khadija
Nicole
YSL
amalia
Betty
Brazil

Karatina
"concerned citizens"
Savage Splendor Lee
Michaeli Demin
TIME
G.F.H.
Ranguessura
against all odds

Horace AWORI 'SACKED Jr. Ranger
Existential road cruise
Camel-mania w/ IMAN + Ki...
Eyelids of Morning survivor
ROOTS of Coincidence
...bunol Puma zeeka!
Le... enhancing twing-amb...
...wangi + phil Leakey yo...
Lake Zamburu 1849 + R.L...
Bitt... Dineson and K.G. visit...
Fren... Kimante + njuguna Ap...
cl... a mole + d live in a hole
Tarick... and nguytanu
Wingfield + Mahammed Fite
Palizoli 25 Elm Pl... LONDON SW3 — Bjor... + ne...
air FRANCE
Dalinian landscapes
anne marie Rassam Be...
C.B. + N.K... I.A. + A.I.
Marie de P. + Lancelot
9 rue Bonaparte / Valant...
the KENYA KIKOY Co...
Sgt. Molo all-time sm...
Ochre IMAN * Lai...
High School Hasta...
Martine Castenble
Jean Jacques Nan...
Janice Dickinson
Fly the D. F-...
Gypsy-Moth
1929 model Mweiga
OUT of Africa
by air France
after LION p...
w/ Dory + Hubert
on the Karen
Monkey-skull
B.H. gorilla hd...
Dora 65261
Tony archer
Snared Hogs
Short wave
1400
"the soviet way of life"
Radio Moscow
Last K.G. book to Evelyn M.

...Essajee
...Amajee
...Ralen
...le
...dyp
...era
...R.D.
...888
...28
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...roge Kara...
...anjui +
...thi
...ugs Kimani
...nyena
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...mac
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...Muite
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E
t giamatti + M. nyere
w/ Lindner 1976 r.o. of mistakes
TIME TO LOSE ogden nash
...i mall. + Louis M... * mischief
K MISCHIEF re-visited
...no more
...le clips - Gordon Plant

...00 was st...
...ry in Chicago on Satu...
...e said. "Reclining nude a...
... player," was cut out of ...
...e and its loss was ...
...after closing time.

...tificial-heart ...cipient is safe

...sville, Kentucky: M...
...don, the world's th...
... artificial he...
...nger in is...
... see ...
...ical ...
...cials ...
...rding to Mr ...
...esman for Humana Inc.

...ree-year-old in ...iracle escape

...ago: A three-year-old girl who ... plunged 14 stories down a ...age chute was saved by a pile ...rash. Quida Stone, escaped ...h minor injuries after ...nding the night in the ...age.

BERNIE SANDERS

(continued from page 62)

I expect that in years to come those reductions will continue. Our focus has to be on the economic crisis facing the working families of this country. We need to address the reality that real unemployment today is around 14 percent and higher for young people and minorities. We need to invest significantly in rebuilding our crumbling infrastructure and transforming our energy system away from fossil fuels. When we do that we make the country more productive, cut greenhouse gas emissions and create millions of jobs. We cannot continue to balance the budget on the backs of the elderly, the children, the sick and the poor.

PLAYBOY: Yet people go out every two or four years and vote for those two parties. Incumbents keep doing those things, and they keep getting reelected.

SANDERS: I think a lot of that has to do with people voting for what they perceive to be the lesser of two evils. A couple of years ago, not long after President Obama was elected, I had the opportunity to be in the Oval Office with him. What I said to him—I won't tell you what he said to me—was "Now is the time not for another Bill Clinton but for an FDR. People want to know why their standard of living is going down, why they're getting battered. They want to know who is responsible, and they want to know what we are going to do about that." That's what the American people want to hear. Why is the standard of living for the average American going down? Why is the gap between the rich and the poor getting wider? Why is Wall Street able to get away with murder? People want to know why.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe the differences between FDR and Bill Clinton?

SANDERS: Well, Clinton was and is a very smart guy, but he is the guy who signed NAFTA. I like Bill Clinton, I like Hillary Clinton, but they live in a world surrounded by a lot of money. It's not an accident that Clinton is doing a fantastic job with his foundation. Where do you think that money is coming from? The point being that Clinton was a moderate Democrat who was heavily influenced by Wall Street and big-money interests, and Obama is governing in that same way.

PLAYBOY: And compared with FDR?

SANDERS: The difference is FDR had the courage and the good political sense to understand that in the middle of terrible economic times the American people wanted to know what caused their suffering, who was the cause of it, and they wanted somebody to take these guys on, so he was very aggressive in his rhetoric in taking on the money interests. He said, "Of course they're going to hate me, and I welcome their hatred. I'm with the working people of America. We're going to take on the money interests, and we are going to create jobs through a variety of government programs." If you're prepared to deal with class issues, as Roosevelt did, if you're prepared to take on the big-money interests, you can rally the American people, and I think you can marginalize the Republicans.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite Republican, dead or alive?

SANDERS: Abraham Lincoln, of course. George Aiken, a former governor and senator of Vermont, was a smart and progressive politician. Teddy Roosevelt fought to break up big corporations. Eisenhower warned us about the military-industrial complex and built the interstate highway system. One of the great tragedies of today's politics is that the Republican Party is now a right-wing extremist party in which none of these leaders would be welcome.

PLAYBOY: What is the importance of manufacturing jobs? What's the matter with service-sector jobs?

SANDERS: That's a good question. First, we know that historically, in terms of wages, service-industry jobs—McDonald's, Walmart—pay significantly less than manufacturing. Often in the past those were unionized jobs.

PLAYBOY: And McDonald's is not unionized. That's the fundamental difference, isn't it?

SANDERS: So you're arguing if McDonald's workers were organized tomorrow and were paid $20 an hour, what's the difference? The answer is, I'd like to see that. There is something psychologically important about being able to say, "I created this product," whether it's an automobile or a table. Do I want to see McDonald's workers make a living wage? Absolutely. Is that important? It's enormously important. Should we organize them, unionize them? Absolutely. But I think it says something about a society if it is capable of producing the goods it consumes rather than just importing them.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on immigration?

SANDERS: Look, my dad came to this country as an immigrant.

PLAYBOY: He was only 17 when he came, correct?

SANDERS: From Poland, without a nickel in his pocket. It was difficult. I mean, he came here, as many immigrants do, without any money and didn't know how to speak the language. He had maybe one or two relatives here. He started from the bottom. He never made much money, but he was a proud American who appreciated the opportunities this country gave him and never forgot that. The ultraconservative or libertarian types say we shouldn't have any rules. If capital needs labor, bring them in. Let them get the cheapest possible labor. I think we need a sane immigration policy, and the lifeblood of this country is immigration. But that doesn't mean open the doors and say to a black kid who can't find a job, "Hey, we're going to bring in people to work for lower wages than you would."

PLAYBOY: When you talk about America, you don't often talk about American exceptionalism, saying we have the greatest workers in the world. That's different from most politicians.

SANDERS: We are largely a nation of immigrants, with people from all over the world coming to this country. We have from our earliest days held democratic values. We rejected early on the class nature of Europe, believed in social mobility regardless of where you were born. Those are all extraordinary virtues of this country that we should be very proud of. I think we have a lot to be proud of. Do I think we were born superior to the folks in Mexico or Canada, that God somehow stopped at the border? No, I don't think that.

PLAYBOY: The country has moved rapidly to a different view on gay marriage. In 10 years will the country look back and wonder what all the fuss was about?

SANDERS: Absolutely. There has been a huge societal transformation on this issue. Today, state legislatures all over the country are passing gay marriage bills—and hardly anybody cares. For younger people it is totally a nonissue.

PLAYBOY: Vermont has quite a few gun owners. How do you position yourself on the debates regarding gun ownership and restrictions?

SANDERS: Vermont does have many gun owners who enjoy hunting, target shooting and other gun-related activities. But most people in Vermont understand that as a nation we must do everything we can to end the horror of mass killings we have seen in Newtown, Connecticut; Aurora, Colorado; Blacksburg, Virginia; Tucson, Arizona and other American communities. Clearly, there is no single or simple solution to this crisis. While the legislation [to expand background checks] recently brought forth in the Senate would by no means have solved all our gun-violence problems, it would have been a step forward, and that's why I voted for that legislation.

PLAYBOY: Does the public care all that much about the issues you're passionate about?

SANDERS: If you go out and talk to people and say, "Hey, the Celtics beat the Knicks last night. Let's talk about that, or let's talk about the football game," that's part of the vernacular. If you say to somebody, "What are you doing to try to improve life for the middle class?" they'll look at you as if you're crazy. "What are you talking about? What am I supposed to do? I've got a job, I'm working 50 hours a week." Or "I don't have a job. I'm unemployed. I'm knocking my brains out trying to find work, taking care of my kids." The idea that collective action can improve our quality of life and make gains for working families—I don't think that's part of people's worldview.

Let me tell you a story outside of school. I go to the Democratic caucuses every week, and every week there is a report about fund-raising—Republicans have raised thus and thus; this is what we have done. In the six years I've been going to

"When the dollar goes down, I don't like it.... When the market goes down, I don't like it.... But you, Jennifer...!"

those meetings, I have never heard five minutes of discussion about organizing. It's about raising money. Not five minutes to say, "Look, West Virginia, we have rallies, we're doing this, we're doing that, we're knocking on doors." In six years, I have heard no discussion about that at all.

PLAYBOY: Why is the hatred of Obama so extreme from some quarters? Is that a function of race or ideology or both?

SANDERS: The hatred of Obama is extreme, and it is frightening. There is no question race is one of the factors behind that hatred, but it is not race alone. Today millions of Americans get all their political information from right-wing media outlets that have totally distorted the reality of who Obama is and what he stands for. That is one of the reasons so many right-wing Republicans were shocked at the election results. In their world it was impossible to believe anyone would support Obama.

PLAYBOY: People just seem to think the system doesn't work for them, whether they're in the Tea Party or on the left.

SANDERS: The system doesn't work for them. I think they're exhausted.

PLAYBOY: Are we stuck with the two-party system?

SANDERS: There's no question there is a massive amount of cynicism and displeasure toward our current political system and Republicans and Democrats. Clearly most people vote for one or another party not because they strongly believe in the goals of that party but because they see it as the lesser of two evils. Having said that, no one should underestimate the enormous difficulty of creating a broad-based third party that speaks to the needs of working families. That party in all likelihood would have to be organized through the trade union movement and its millions of members.

PLAYBOY: Many of your hardcore supporters are urging you to run for president in 2016. Are you considering it?

SANDERS: Well, the answer is that to run a serious campaign, you need to raise hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars. That's number one, and I don't think——

PLAYBOY: Barack Obama proved candidates can raise money.

SANDERS: Obama went to his friends on Wall Street the first time around.

PLAYBOY: That's true, but he still raised a fair amount of money in small donations.

SANDERS: Yeah, but I'm not Barack Obama. That's the point. I do not take corporate money. I think people are hungering for a voice out there. It would be tempting to try to raise issues and demand discussion on issues that are not being talked about: inequality in wealth and trade policy, protecting the social safety net, moving aggressively on global warming. Those issues are not being talked about, and it would be tempting, but....

PLAYBOY: Hillary Clinton will probably be the Democratic nominee. Does that offer an alternative to the country?

SANDERS: No, it does not.

PLAYBOY: Are you absolutely ruling out running for president, 100 percent?

SANDERS: Absolutely? 100 percent? Cross my heart? Is there a stack of Bibles somewhere? Look, maybe it's only 99 percent. I care a lot about working families. I care a lot about the collapse of the American middle class. I care a lot about the enormous wealth and income disparity in our country. I care a lot that poverty in America is near an all-time high but hardly anyone talks about it. I realize running for president would be a way to shine a spotlight on these issues that are too often in the shadows today. [*pauses*] But I am at least 99 percent sure I won't.

"I hate this guy...he always has to thaw it out first!"

IDRIS ELBA

(continued from page 102)

And the teacher said, "Son, this is a boys' school." I was mortified. But there were loads of girls in the neighborhood. Trust me, I wasn't short of girls.

Q8

PLAYBOY: At 14 you started hanging around with your uncle, who deejayed at sound system parties. What did you like about being part of DJ culture?

ELBA: My uncle played a lot of Nigerian songs, which were often 16 minutes long. Nigerian vinyls were thick like doormats. I think he played them so he could dance longer with the ladies. My cousins and I were gagging to just touch the turntables. I got into the world of pirate radio, which was illegal, and sound systems, which was sort of a heated atmosphere, with one sound system clashing with the other, so I didn't spread the news to my parents about that. They were very strict, and I didn't want to get in trouble. I was my mum's only child, so she was very protective of me.

Q9

PLAYBOY: As a father, are you more like your mom or your dad?

ELBA: More like my mum, believe it or not. Man, what's that about? I'm very protective of my daughter and who she hangs out with. Same stuff my mum used to do, when I'd tell her, "Mum, relax." [*laughs*] You can drive yourself nuts as a parent, thinking about what boys do and what I got up to as a kid. If my kid got up to that same stuff, I'd be horrified.

Q10

PLAYBOY: When you were spending time in London clubs, did you take ecstasy?

ELBA: Drug culture is a big part of the house music scene that I deejay now. Loads of DJs get smashed. But then you end up playing shitty music. At first I bypassed drugs. I didn't start smoking weed until later in life. Am I allowed to say that? I mean, I'm not gonna lie—I've tried everything, just between you, me and the people who read this magazine. I've tried it all. I played one of the biggest drug dealers in the world on TV, so you think I'd know what I was talking about.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You're also a rapper. This lyric from "Sex in Your Dreams" is particularly interesting: "Bone-hard diamond cutter, dick thick like homemade butter."

ELBA: You have been listening. [*laughs*]

Q12

PLAYBOY: "Show you parts of your pussy that you ain't discovered." Has your mom heard the song?

ELBA: When it's read back to me like that, I'm mortified that such trife could come out of my mind. [*laughs*] Let me tell you, some fans hate it, some love it, some can't stand the idea that I've got the audacity

to rap. But under the guise of being a rapper, I can say what the fuck I want, and until some journalist reads it back to me, I'm getting away scot-free. Maybe I'll go on *Letterman* tonight, saying, "Hey, my dick's as thick as butter."

Q13

PLAYBOY: On the great BBC show *Luther,* which recently aired its third season, you play a badass reckless cop. The author Neil Cross, who created *Luther,* describes him as "a feral Columbo and a bookish Dirty Harry fighting in a sack." Why does Luther do so many stupid things?

ELBA: He doesn't care about the mayhem he leaves behind. We're going for escapism. It's well-done, it's well-shot, it feels like a quality British drama. But let's be honest: Men have been slapped on the wrist for a long time for being too manly. The days of the gruff "Fuck you, I'm going to tell you how I feel" kind of man have gone. *Luther* is escapism for people who miss that type. He goes for the bad guy and doesn't apologize while he's doing it. *The Guardian* called *Luther* one of the daftest shows on TV, and that made me laugh so much. It has ridiculous plotlines.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be as gruff and fuck-you as Luther?

ELBA: In real life I'm a shy person. As soon as the spotlight's on me, I feel awkward. Idris feels like he doesn't have much to offer. That's why I end up plowing myself into these characters. With Luther I get to play a guy who can be grumpy all day long and doesn't give a fuck about it. I'm not allowed to be that grumpy! As an actor I have to be friendly and super-accessible.

Q15

PLAYBOY: At the risk of seeming obsessed with your song, would a guy who's truly shy sing about having a thick dick?

ELBA: Those are the words of a shy man putting on a rap persona. Did you see the video for that song? No, because there isn't one. I'm really fucking serious; I'm a shy man. I'm great at hiding in characters. When I deejay, I'm great at standing behind the turntables. If I go to a club, I'm awkward. Should I stand there? Should I dance? You're not going to see me dance. I end up standing by the DJ.

Q16

PLAYBOY: When you took the role of Nelson Mandela in the film *Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom,* you said it was important to figure out what kind of man he was. So who was he?

ELBA: This is one of the most courageous and selfless men you're ever going to meet. If I said to you, "Listen, there's a whole generation of people who are suffering, and if you give up 27 years of your life and spend that time in prison, you could help them," the likelihood is you'd say, "No, I'm all right. I'm kind of comfortable here." What I found out from him is, he was that guy. "Hey, ask the next guy. I'm good." The film looks at his younger life, and it's interesting because the audience knows where he's going to end up. You don't want the film to be shoveling shit down your throat about Mandela, good or bad things. It's not propaganda.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What was the biggest challenge of playing him?

ELBA: The difficult part was inventing who he was as a young man, when nobody knew him. I'm five shades darker than he is, so the audience is going to be challenged by the fact that I don't look like him. When I played him as an older man, with prosthetics, there was more of the Mandela we know, and I could hide behind the costume. I had to wear a wig for a lot of the film. I admire actors like Daniel Day-Lewis who do only so many films and are unrecognizable because they plow into a character. That's a lane where I think I'm going to end up, and *Mandela* takes me closest to that.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You had some great episodes on *The Office* as Charles Miner. When he shows up at Dunder Mifflin it's almost as if he's disgusted at how stupid the employees are.

ELBA: Miner was a prick. I was really fucking excited to do that show. I wanted to be funny. I was going to do my impression of Ricky Gervais and use all these weird English expressions you've never seen a black man use. Then the producers decided they wanted me to play the character as an American. Shit. I was so disappointed, because it was my chance to be funny. Instead, Miner was the straight guy—to the point where he was a bit unlikable.

Q19

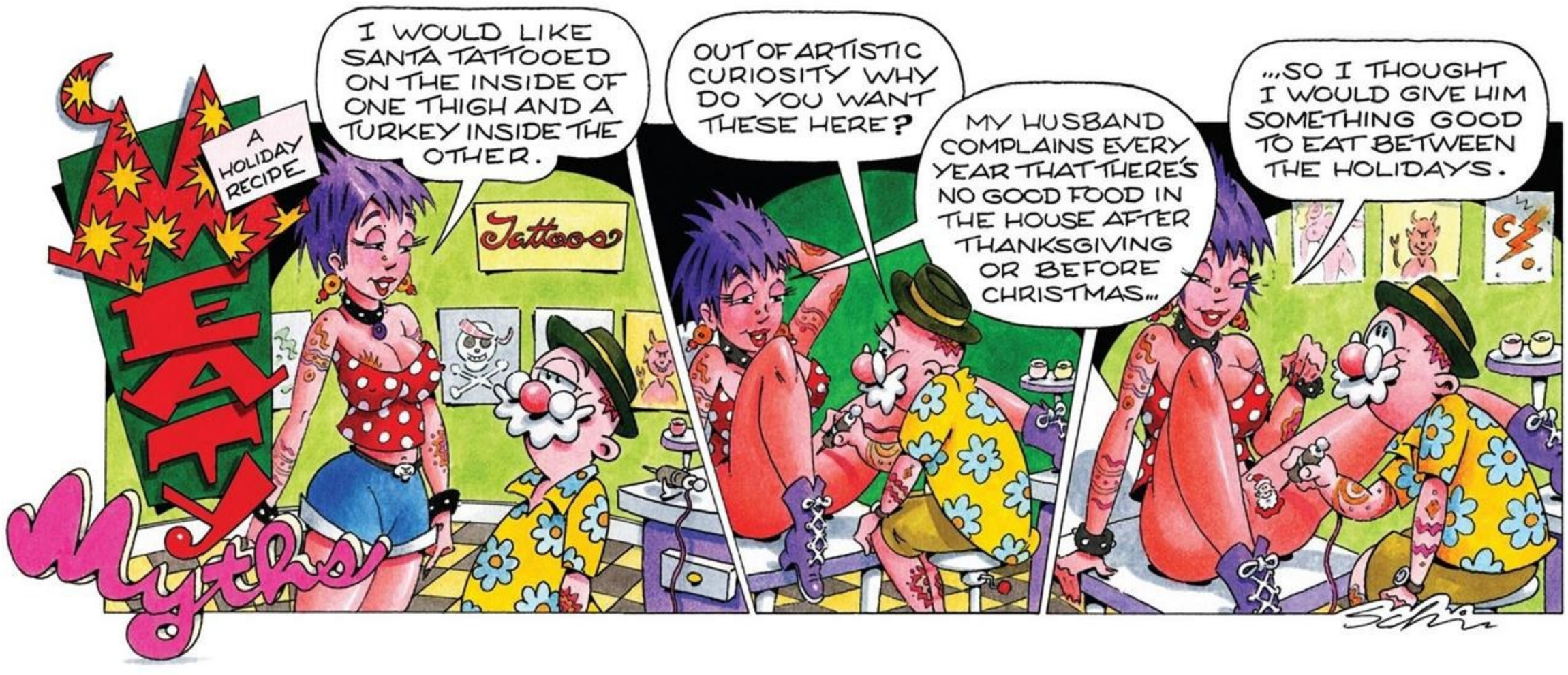
PLAYBOY: Your name is usually on the lists of the most beautiful people and the sexiest men alive. How does that attention change your love life?

ELBA: Look, when I wasn't on TV or in films, I didn't get any special attention when I went out. Some beautiful people always attract attention. I didn't until I got on television. So I'm on these lists only because I'm on TV.

Q20

PLAYBOY: But what about in real life? Has stardom changed your relationships with women?

ELBA: It happens to me all the time, still. I'll sit in a pub and nobody will recognize me. I might see an attractive woman, but she doesn't recognize me, so I'm not getting any love. Then one person goes, "Oh, it's you," and suddenly they all overhear and start asking questions. It's bullshit. I've been in and out of relationships, I've been married, and it's hard to keep a relationship when you're an actor. A girl I knew said to me, "My dad told me, 'Never date an actor or a DJ.'" It was over, right there on the spot. I was fucked.



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ZOMBIE

(continued from page 105)

expected to keep track of all 300 Kardashian sisters and 800 Baldwin brothers. Seriously, at the rate they reproduce the Kardashians and the Baldwins are going to wipe out all other species of humans. The rest of us, you and me, we're just evolutionary dead ends waiting to wink out.

You could ask Griffin Wilson anything. Ask him who signed the Treaty of Ghent. He'd be like that cartoon magician on TV who says, "Watch me pull a rabbit out of my head." Abracadabra, and he'd know the answer. In Organic Chem, he could talk string theory until he was anoxic, but what he really wanted to be was happy. Not just not sad, he wanted to be happy the way a dog is happy. Not constantly jerked this way and that by flaming instant messages and changes in the federal tax code. He didn't want to die either. He wanted to be—and not to be—but at the same time. That's what a pioneering genius he was.

The principal of student affairs made Tricia Gedding swear to not tell a living soul, but you know how that goes. The school district was afraid of copycats. Those defibrillators are everywhere these days.

Since that day in the nurse's office, Griffin Wilson has never seemed happier. He's always giggling too loud and wiping spit off his chin with his sleeve. The special ed teachers clap their hands and heap him with praise just for using the toilet. Talk about a double standard. The rest of us are fighting tooth and nail for whatever garbage career we can get, while Griffin Wilson is going to be thrilled with penny candy and reruns of *Fraggle Rock* for the rest of his life. How he was before, he was miserable unless he won every chess tournament. The way he is now, just yesterday, he took out his dick and jerked off on the school bus. And when Mrs. Ramirez pulled over and left the driver's seat to chase him down the aisle he shouted, "Watch me pull a rabbit out of my pants," and he squirted come on her uniform shirt. He was laughing the whole time.

Lobotomized or not, he still knows the value of a signature catchphrase. Instead of being just another grade grubber, now he's the life of the party.

The voltage even cleared up his acne.

It's hard to argue with results like that.

It wasn't a week after he'd turned zombie that Tricia Gedding went to the gym where she does Zumba and got the defibrillator off the wall in the girls' locker room. After her self-administered peel-and-stick procedure in a bathroom stall, she doesn't care where she gets her period. Her best friend, Brie Phillips, got to the defibrillator they keep next to the bathrooms at the Home Depot, and now she walks down the street, rain or shine, with no pants on. We're not talking about the scum of the school. We're talking about class president and head cheerleader. The best and the brightest. Everybody who played first string on all the sports teams. It took every defibrillator between here and Canada, but since then, when they play football nobody plays by the rules. And even when they get skunked, they're always grinning and slapping high fives.

They continue to be young and hot, but they no longer worry about the day when they won't be.

It's suicide, but it's not. The newspaper won't report the actual numbers. Newspapers flatter themselves. Anymore, Tricia Gedding's Facebook page has a larger readership than our daily paper. Mass media, my foot. They cover the front page with unemployment and war, and they don't think *that* has a negative effect? My uncle Henry reads me an article about a proposed change in state law. Officials want a 10-day waiting period on the sale of all heart defibrillators. They're talking about mandatory background checks and mental health screenings. But it's not the law, not yet.

My uncle Henry looks up from the newspaper article and eyes me across breakfast. He levels me this stern look and asks, "If all your friends jumped off a cliff, would you?"

My uncle's what I have instead of a mom and dad. He won't acknowledge it, but there's a good life over the edge of that cliff. There's a lifetime supply of handicapped parking permits. Uncle Henry doesn't understand that all my friends have already jumped.

They may be "differently abled," but my friends are still hooking up. More than ever, these days. They have smoking-hot bodies and the brains of infants. They have the best of both worlds. LeQuisha Jefferson stuck her tongue inside Hannah Finermann during Beginning Carpentry Arts, made her squeal and squirm right there, leaned up against the drill press. And Laura Lynn Marshall? She sucked off Frank Randall in the back of International Cuisine Lab with everybody watching. All their falafels got scorched, and nobody made a federal case out of it.

After pushing the red defibrillator button, yeah, a person suffers some consequences, but he doesn't know he's suffering. Once he undergoes a push-button lobotomy a kid can get away with murder.

During study hall, I asked Boris Declan if it hurt. He was sitting there in the lunchroom with the red burn marks still fresh on either side of his forehead. He had his pants down around his knees. I asked if the shock was painful, and he didn't answer, not right away. He just took his fingers out of his ass and sniffed them, thoughtfully. He was last year's junior prom king.

In a lot of ways he's more chill now than he ever was. With his ass hanging out in the middle of the cafeteria, he offers me a sniff and I tell him, "No, thank you."

He says he doesn't remember anything. Boris Declan grins this sloppy, dopey smile. He taps a dirty finger to the burn mark on one side of his face. He points this same butt-stained finger to make me look across the way. On the wall where he's pointing is this guidance counselor poster that shows white birds flapping their wings against a blue sky. Under that are the words ACTUAL HAPPINESS ONLY HAPPENS BY ACCIDENT printed in dreamy writing. The school hung that poster to hide the shadow of where another defibrillator used to hang.

It's clear that wherever Boris Declan ends up in life it's going to be the right place. He's already living in brain trauma nirvana. The school district was right about copycats.

No offense to Jesus, but the meek won't inherit the earth. To judge from reality TV the loudmouths will get their hands on everything. And I say, let them. The Kardashians and the Baldwins are like some invasive species. Like kudzu or zebra mussels. Let them battle over the control of the crappy real world.

For a long time I listened to my uncle and didn't jump. Anymore, I don't know. The newspaper warns us about terrorist anthrax bombs and virulent new strains of meningitis, and the only comfort newspapers can offer is a coupon for 20 cents off on underarm deodorant.

To have no worries, no regrets—it's pretty appealing. So many of the cool kids at my school have elected to self-fry that, anymore, only the losers are left. The losers and the naturally occurring pinheads. The situation is so dire that I'm a shoo-in to be valedictorian. That's how come my uncle Henry is shipping me off. He thinks that by relocating me to Twin Falls he can postpone the inevitable.

So we're sitting at the airport, waiting by the gate for our flight to board, and I ask to go to the bathroom. In the men's room I pretend to wash my hands so I can look in the mirror. My uncle asked me, one time, why I looked in mirrors so much, and I told him it wasn't vanity so much as it was nostalgia. Every mirror shows me what little is left of my parents.

I'm practicing my mom's smile. People don't practice their smiles nearly enough, so when they most need to look happy they're not fooling anyone. I'm rehearsing my smile when—there it is: my ticket to a gloriously happy future working in fast food. That's opposed to a miserable life as a world-famous architect or heart surgeon.

Hovering over my shoulder and a smidgen behind me, it's reflected in the mirror. Like the bubble containing my thoughts in a comic-strip panel, there's a cardiac defibrillator. It's mounted on the wall in back of me, shut inside a metal case with a glass door you could open to set off alarm bells and a red strobe light. A sign above the box says AED and shows a lightning bolt striking a Valentine's heart. The metal case is like the hands-off showcase holding some crown jewels in a Hollywood heist movie.

Opening the case, automatically I set off the alarm and flashing red light. Quick, before any heroes come running, I dash into a handicapped stall with the defibrillator. Sitting on the toilet, I pry it open. The instructions are printed on the lid in English, Spanish, French and comic-book pictures. Making it foolproof, more or less. If I wait too long I won't have this option. Defibrillators will be under lock and key soon, and once defibrillators are illegal only paramedics will have them.

In my grasp, here's my permanent childhood. My very own bliss machine.

My hands are smarter than the rest of me. My fingers know to peel the electrodes and paste them to my temples. My ears know to listen for the loud beep that means the thing is fully charged.

My thumbs know what's best for me. They hover over the big red button. Like this is a video game. Like the button the president gets to press to trigger the launch of nuclear war. One push and the world as I know it comes to an end. A new reality begins.

To be or not to be. God's gift to animals is they don't get a choice.

Every time I open the newspaper I want to throw up. In another 10 seconds I won't know how to read. Better yet, I won't have to. I won't know about global climate change. I won't know about cancer or genocide or SARS or environmental degradation or religious conflict.

The public address system is paging my name. I won't even know my name.

Before I can blast off, I picture my uncle Henry at the gate, holding his boarding pass. He deserves better than this. He needs to know this is not his fault.

With the electrodes stuck to my forehead, I carry the defibrillator out of the bathroom and walk down the concourse toward the gate. The coiling electric wires trail down the sides of my face like thin, white pigtails. My hands carry the battery pack in front of me like a suicide bomber who's only going to blow up all my IQ points.

When they catch sight of me, businesspeople abandon their roller bags. People on family vacations, they flap their arms, wide, and herd their little kids in the other direction. Some guy thinks he's a hero. He shouts, "Everything is going to be all right." He tells me, "You have everything to live for."

We both know he's a liar.

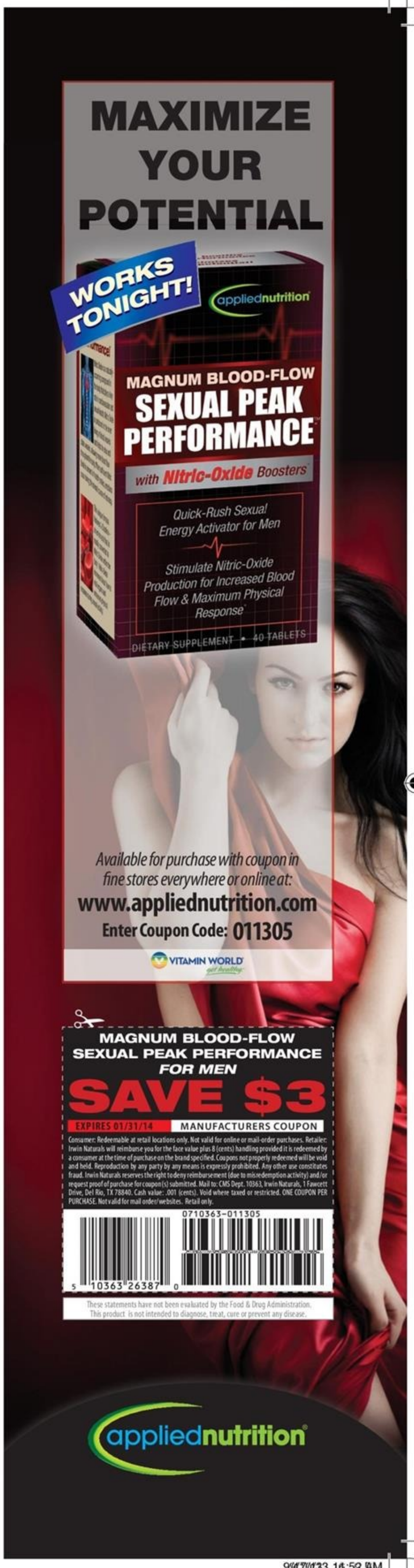
My face is sweating so hard the electrodes might slip off. Here's my last chance to say everything that's on my mind, so with everyone watching I'll confess: I don't know what's a happy ending. And I don't know how to fix anything. Doors open in the concourse and Homeland Security soldiers storm out, and I feel like one of those Buddhist monks in Tibet or wherever who splash on gasoline before they check to make sure their cigarette lighter actually works. How embarrassing that would be, to be soaking in gasoline and have to bum a match off some stranger, especially since so few people smoke anymore. Me, in the middle of the airport concourse, I'm dripping with sweat instead of gasoline, but this is how out of control my thoughts are spinning.

From out of nowhere my uncle grabs my arm, and he says, "If you hurt yourself, Trevor, you hurt me."

He's gripping my arm, and I'm gripping the red button. I tell him this isn't so tragic. I say, "I'll keep loving you, Uncle Henry…I just won't know who you are."

Inside my head, my last thoughts are prayers. I'm praying that this battery is fully charged. There's got to be enough voltage to erase the fact that I've just said the word *love* in front of several hundred strangers. Even worse, I've said it to my own uncle. I'll never be able to live that down.

Most people, instead of saving me, they pull out their telephones and start



shooting video. Everyone's jockeying for the best full-on angle. It reminds me of something. It reminds me of birthday parties and Christmas. A thousand memories crash over me for the last time, and that's something else I hadn't anticipated. I don't mind losing my education. I don't mind forgetting my name. But I will miss the little bit I can remember about my parents.

My mother's eyes and my father's nose and forehead, they're dead except for in my face. And the idea hurts, to know that I won't recognize them anymore. Once I punch out, I'll think my reflection is nothing except me.

My uncle Henry repeats, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me too."

I say, "I'll still be your nephew, but I just won't know it."

For no reason, some lady steps up and grabs my uncle Henry's other arm. This new person, she says, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me as well...." Somebody else grabs that lady, and somebody grabs the last somebody, saying, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me." Strangers reach out and grab hold of strangers in chains and branches, until we're all connected together. Like we're molecules crystallizing in solution in Organic Chem. Everyone's holding on to someone, and everyone's holding on to everyone, and their voices repeat the same sentence: "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me.... If you hurt yourself, you hurt me...."

These words form a slow wave. Like a slow-motion echo, they move away from me, going up and down the concourse in both directions. Each person steps up to grab a person who's grabbing a person who's grabbing a person who's grabbing my uncle who's grabbing me. This really happens. It sounds trite, but only because words make everything true sound trite. Because words always screw up what you're trying to say.

Voices from other people in other places, total strangers, say by telephone, watching by video cams, their long-distance voices say, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me...." And some kid steps out from behind the cash register at Der Wienerschnitzel, all the way down at the food court, he grabs hold of somebody and shouts, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me." And the kids making Taco Bell and the kids frothing milk at the Starbucks, they stop, and they all hold hands with someone connected to me across this vast crowd, and they say it too. And just when I think it's got to end and everyone's got to let go and fly away, because everything's stopped and people are holding hands, even going through the metal detectors they're holding hands, even then the talking news anchor on CNN, on the televisions mounted up high by the ceiling, the announcer puts a finger to his ear, like to hear better, and even he says, "Breaking news." He looks confused, obviously reading something off cue cards, and he says, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me." And overlapping his voice are the voices of political pundits on Fox News and color commentators on ESPN, and they're all saying it.

The televisions show people outside in parking lots and in tow-away zones, all holding hands. Bonds forming. Everyone's uploading video of everyone, people standing miles away but still connected back to me.

And crackling with static, voices come over the walkie-talkies of the Homeland Security guards, saying, "If you hurt yourself, you hurt me—do you copy?"

By that point there's not a big enough defibrillator in the universe to scramble all our brains. And, yeah, eventually we'll all have to let go, but for another moment everyone's holding tight, trying to make this connection last forever. And if this impossible thing can happen, then who knows what else is possible? And a girl at Burger King shouts, "I'm scared too." And a boy at Cinnabon shouts, "I am scared *all the time*." And everyone else is nodding, Me too.

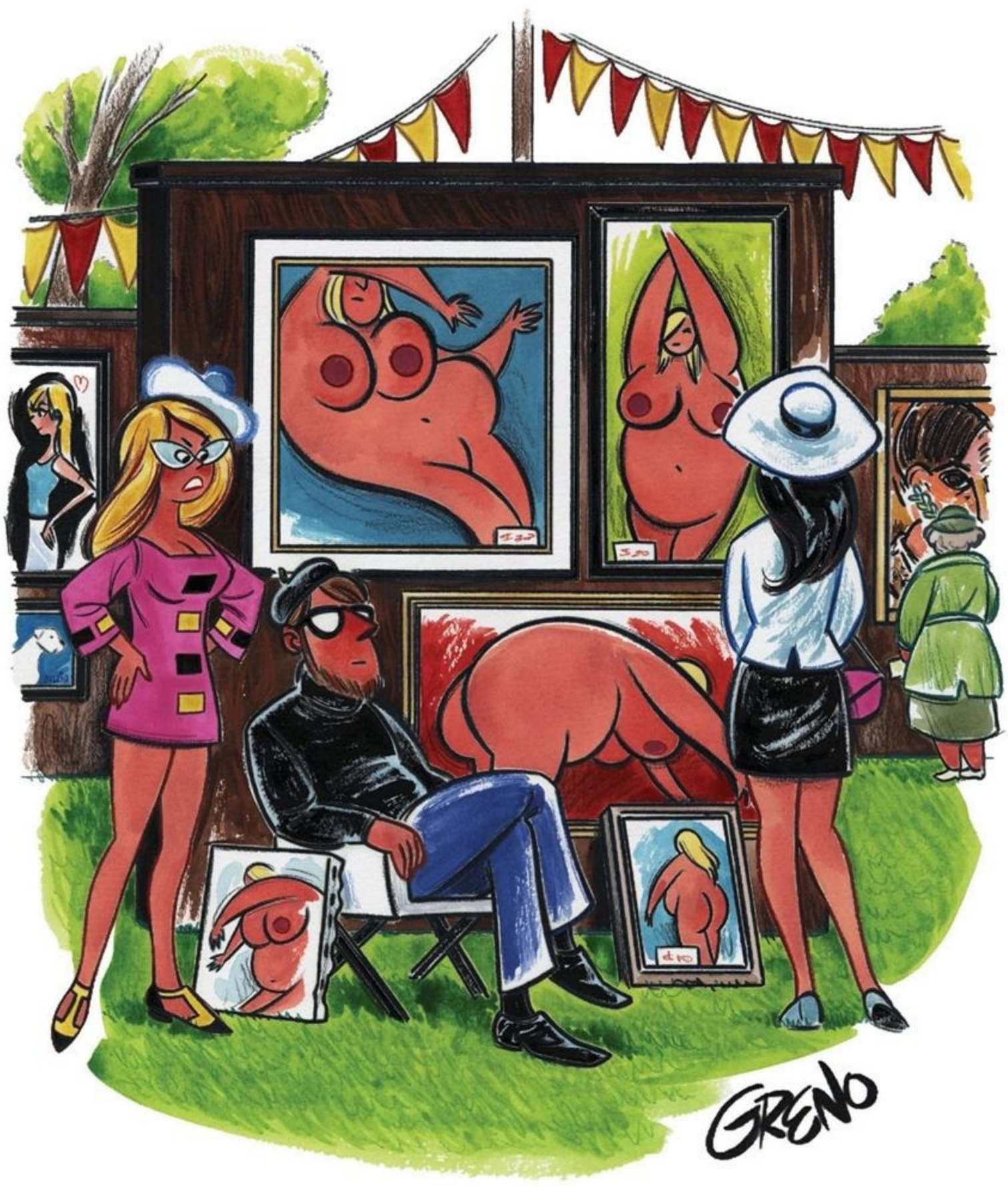
To top things off, a huge voice announces, "Attention!" From overhead it says, "May I have your attention, please?" It's a lady. It's the lady voice who pages people and tells them to pick up the white paging telephone. With everyone listening, the entire airport is reduced to silence.

"Whoever you are, you need to know..." says the lady voice of the white paging telephone. Everyone listens because everyone thinks she's talking only to them. From a thousand speakers she begins to sing. With that voice, she's singing the way a bird sings. Not like a parrot or an Edgar Allan Poe bird that speaks English. The sound is trills and scales the way a canary sings, notes too impossible for a mouth to conjugate into nouns and verbs. We can enjoy it without understanding it. And we can love it without knowing what it means. Connected by telephone and television, it's synchronizing everyone, worldwide. That voice so perfect, it's just singing down on us.

Best of all...her voice fills everywhere, leaving no room for being scared. Her song makes all our ears into one ear.

This isn't exactly the end. On every TV is me, sweating so hard an electrode slowly slides down one side of my face.

This certainly isn't the happy ending I had in mind, but compared to where this story began—with Griffin Wilson in the nurse's office putting his wallet between his teeth like a gun—well, maybe this is not such a bad place to start.



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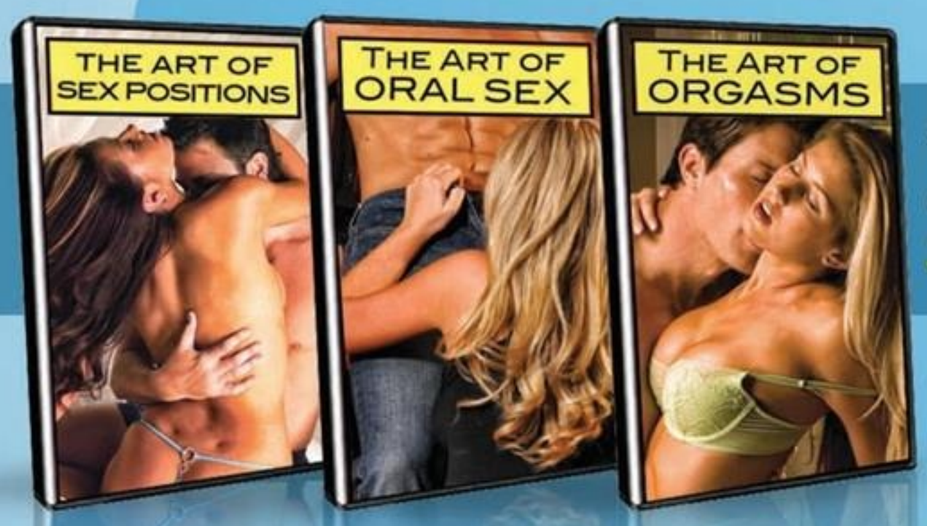

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PICASSO'S MIND

(continued from page 68)

I say let's win that war," Donovan declared. Braden signed up. From the committee's offices on gleaming Fifth Avenue, Braden was surrounded by an array of cold warriors, including Dulles, the committee's vice president and also the architect and future director of the CIA.

Although the organization existed mostly on paper, former statesmen and prominent figures attended meetings and raised money to promote European unity. There was bourbon and gin martinis. "It was exciting and fun," said Braden. After a while, however, the committee ran out of money. Braden explained, "All of a sudden some guy named Thompson walks into my office with a huge sack. 'My name is Pinky Thompson,' he said. 'This is for you,' and plonked it down. It was $75,000. Donovan had arranged it. Well, it turns out Pinky Thompson was some kind of vice president of a Philadelphia bank, but he was working for the CIA. That was my initiation to the fact that we were not what we said we were."

The revelation didn't scare Braden away from the post, which amounted to a training ground for the CIA. In fact he did so well running the committee, he was soon offered a new job.

Within a year Tom Braden was packing his bags and leaving New York for Washington. He would be Allen Dulles's assistant at the Central Intelligence Agency.

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If you drive up Foxhall Road in the northwest corner of Washington, you'll find sections that wind up and down the hills of the district through a landscape that appears pretty much as it was in the 1950s, almost bucolic. At the intersection of Foxhall and W Street, just before the prestigious Field School comes into view, sits a two-story brick house painted white with green shutters and shaded by trees. Back then the house was just like every other house on the edge of D.C., except a spy with a code name—Homer D. Hoskins—lived there with his cyanide "death pill," to be swallowed in case of capture. This was Braden's home in 1952.

He looked exactly as a reporter once described him: "a wiry, sandy-haired man" with a "craggy handsome visage that could be a composite of John Wayne, Gary Cooper and Frank Sinatra." Braden's goddaughter Elizabeth Winthrop Alsop said, "He had that leathery face and those blue eyes and he was very charming—definitely a ladies' man." Braden wore a trench coat. He smoked Camels (unfiltered) and a pipe.

At the CIA one of Braden's first objectives was to keep the labor unions in Europe from being sucked into Moscow's black hole. Like most of Europe, they needed money. Braden became the bagman. Fifteen thousand dollars got unions in France to stop communist maritime workers from dumping U.S. supplies into the sea or burning them at ports. "We subsidized the unions to make sure it didn't happen anymore," he said. He also bribed communist dockworkers. "If we didn't bribe them, we wouldn't have gotten our supplies landed," he recalled. "It was also my idea to give cash, along with advice, to other labor leaders, to students, professors and others who could help the United States in its battles with communist fronts. I personally went to Detroit and gave the leader of the auto workers' union $50,000 in $50 bills to influence labor unions in Germany." The union chief gave the cash to his brother, who "spent it with something less than perfect wisdom," Braden said.

"I could hand over $50,000 and never account to anybody. The CIA could do exactly as it pleased. It could hire armies. It could buy bombs. It was one of the first multinationals," he wrote in a letter to author Ted Morgan. In fighting the Soviets, it was the Wild West.

But Braden was most concerned about losing the battle among European sophisticates. "I was much more interested in the ideas which were under fire from the communists than I was in blowing up Guatemala," he said. "I was more an intellectual than a gung-ho guy.

"We wanted to unite all the people who were writers, who were musicians, who were artists, and all the people who follow those people—people like you and me who go to concerts or visit art galleries—to demonstrate that the West and the United States was devoted to freedom of expression and to intellectual achievement without any rigid barriers as to what you must write and what you must say and what you must do and what you must paint—which was what was going on in the Soviet Union," Braden said in a 1994 interview with Frances Stonor Saunders, a British documentarian and author of a groundbreaking book on the CIA, *Who Paid the Piper?*

The Soviets had the bomb, and their military capabilities were immense—the CIA had those facts cold. But the consequences of a culture dictated by Stalin were beyond comprehension. "The idea that the world would succumb to a kind of fascist or Stalinist concept of art and literature and music—that this was to be the wave of the future—as you look back on it even now, it's a horrifying prospect," Braden said.

And so with that in mind, early one evening, after the secretaries had gone home, Braden marched over to Dulles's office and proposed a new way to take on the Soviets.

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"You know," Dulles said, "I think you may have something there. There's no doubt in my mind that we're losing the Cold War. Why don't you take it up down below?"

"Down below" was Frank Wisner, a Southerner from Mississippi who had been a track star at the University of Virginia and was then head of covert operations at the agency. "In my view, he was a hero, an authentic American hero," Braden wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post.* For three months he developed a plan to convince Wisner and his chiefs who represented various sections of the globe. At last the hour of the meeting arrived. "I began by assuring them that I proposed to do nothing in any area without the approval of the chief in that area," Braden recalled. "I thought when I finished that I had made a good case." But the chief of Western Europe objected.

"Frank, this is just another one of those goddamned proposals for getting into everybody's hair."

All the others fell into line, vetoing Braden's plan. (The only chief who supported Braden was Richard Stilwell, who ran the CIA's Far East division. He was a badass. He had crawled up the beaches of Normandy on D-Day and would later serve in Vietnam as deputy commanding general of the Marines.) Braden waited for Wisner's decision. "Well, you heard the verdict," Wisner said, acquiescing to the others.

Braden walked down the long hall at the CIA's E Street headquarters. Now he had to face his men, defeated. The plan was a no-go.

"Then I went to Mr. Dulles's office and resigned."

Dulles was furious. "He raised hell," Braden recalled. Dulles rang up Wisner, challenging him to defend his position. "Allen was all over Wisner. He took my side completely." And he refused to accept Braden's resignation.

"The International Organizations Division of the CIA was born," recalled Braden, "and thus began the first centralized effort to combat communist fronts." Tom Braden was finally in business. Now he could fight the Cold War *his* way.

"Braden was sharp," says Michael Warner, the CIA's historian. "He knew how to deal with people. He knew important people who could get things done. He knew whom to call and could get his phone calls returned. Braden knew whom to get buy-in from and how to build buy-in." Warner has studied internal documentation and says Braden found perfect common cause with others who shared his view of a new, nonmilitary strategy. "And he showed how to make it work."

"It was really a pretty simple device," Braden said, recalling how the CIA funded its secret programs to promote modern art. "We would go up to somebody in New York who was a well-known rich person, and we would say, 'We want to set up a foundation.' And we would tell him what we were trying to do and pledge him to secrecy, and he would say, 'Of course I'll do it.' And then you would publish a letterhead and his name would be on it and it would be a foundation."

To build the necessary cover in Europe, agents rented an office in a classic 19th century building with floor-to-ceiling windows at 104 Boulevard Haussmann in Paris. They called it the Congrès Pour la Liberté de la Culture, or the Congress for Cultural Freedom, hung out a shingle, printed letterhead and were in business.

To run its newly established front, the CIA installed two agents who looked the part of cosmopolitans. There was Michael Josselson, a 43-year-old Estonian who spoke four languages flawlessly. Few outside the CIA knew Josselson's full history: His family had been murdered by the communists, and he'd also lived in Germany, working in the intelligence section of the Psychological Warfare Division of the U.S. Army.

Josselson brought in 48-year-old Nicolas Nabokov, a tall Russian with white hair, as impresario. He introduced himself as a composer and offered his business card: MUSIC DIRECTOR, AMERICAN ACADEMY. ROME. Nabokov also had a hidden past: a family that had fled the Bolshevik Revolution and a stint on a special panel authorized by President Franklin Roosevelt to be based in Germany following the war. Nabokov's assignment there was to "establish good psychological and cultural weapons with which to destroy Nazism and promote a genuine desire for a democratic Germany."

Josselson and Nabokov were ready. "We will show that we're the creative ones," they said. But crucial to the success of the Congress for Cultural Freedom was its legitimacy: To "protect the integrity of the organization," the CIA did not require it "to support every aspect of official American policy," Braden explained. At one point the agency funded the congress as part of the Marshall Plan, an American aid program (named for General George C. Marshall, the Army chief of staff during World War II) that funneled money to Europe to help it rebuild after the devastation of the war. The CIA also used its newly created American "foundations." To hide their connections to the agency, Braden had another rule: "Limit the money to amounts private organizations can credibly spend."

With the setup complete, the Paris office polished to a fare-thee-well and funding in place, Braden launched his first mission.

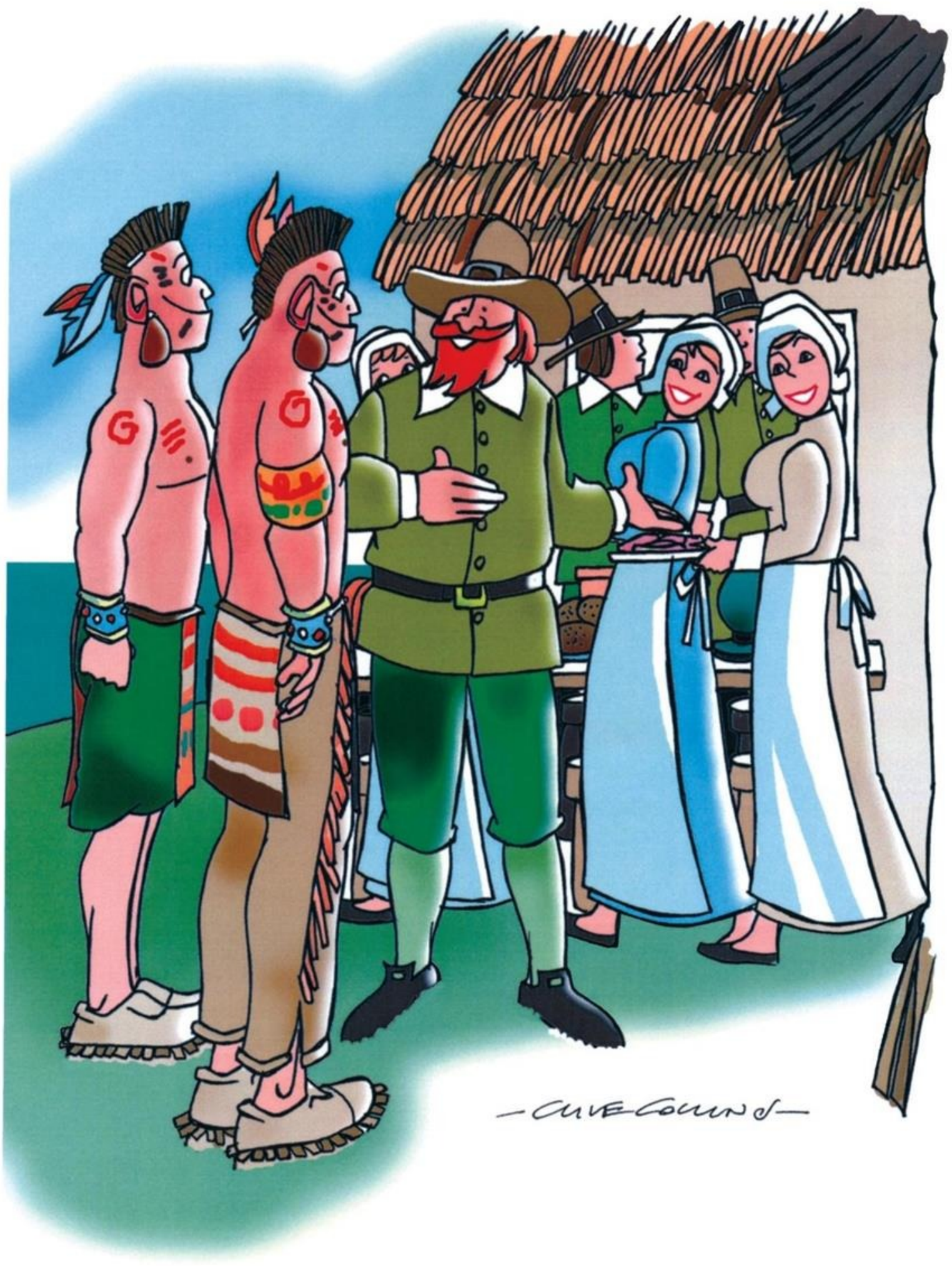
Motivated to show that the United States stood for freedom of expression, he imagined the impact of exposing European artists and intellectuals to America's foremost talents. That could change the battlefield, he thought, maybe even swing them to our side. The first mission had to be bold and unforgettable.

Nabokov concurred. "I wanted to start off [the] activities with a big bang and in the field of 20th century arts," he later wrote.

With Braden's blessing, Josselson and Nabokov announced that their Congress for Cultural Freedom would be hosting an exposition, XXth Century Masterpieces. They worked rooms in Europe's major cities, talking to tastemakers and creative types, promoting the hell out of their production. Starting in Paris and then moving across Europe, they said, the congress would be showcasing opera, ballet, drama, literature—with a special focus on art. "Narrow restrictive rules have sought to transform the artist into an instrument of the state, producing works tailored to the utilitarian needs of totalitarian regimes," said Nabokov. "Free creative imagination of the poets, painters and composers has produced an abundant flow of masterpieces in all the arts."

A showpiece of this exhibition was the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was exactly what Braden had in mind. The CIA would send musicians into the nexus of Europe's cultural world. Yes, musicians. For a mere $175,000 (more than $1.5 million in today's dollars), Braden could send all 104 members of the orchestra to perform in Europe's vaunted concert halls. They would be guests of the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

In the spring of 1952, the musicians departed the U.S., unaware that everything was unfolding on the CIA's dime. In Paris, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, they performed Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* and Brahms's Symphony No. 4. The audience of usually staid Parisians roared its approval, calling the conductor back 20 times. RESPLENDENT BOSTON SYMPHONY ASTOUNDS THE PARISIANS, declared a headline in the *Paris-Presse L'Intransigeant*. For the next four weeks the American musicians performed in France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands and England. But the dark shadow of the Soviet Union was lurking. When their train went through checkpoints, the musicians were instructed by Army personnel to keep the shades drawn. Nevertheless, the tour was a triumph. "No American artistic group has been received in France with such warmth and enthusiasm in recent times," said one news account. An article about the concert in Strasbourg said the American



"My daughters have prepared the meal and have expressed interest in what you and your men most like to eat."

musicians left the audience "trembling with joy."

Back at CIA headquarters, Braden was elated. His first cultural mission was a success. "The impact from that tour—people said, 'Heavens! The Americans! Look what they do.' The Boston Symphony Orchestra won more acclaim for the U.S. than John Foster Dulles or Dwight D. Eisenhower could have bought with a hundred speeches."

But there was trouble at home—trouble about the art. Modern abstract expressionist art, the very art Braden and his Paris agents sought to advance as a vehicle for Western freedom, was under attack by American politicians. George Dondero, a Republican congressman from Michigan, called the paintings "depraved" and "destructive." He charged they were part of the communist conspiracy. He even asserted that one painting was a map revealing U.S. military installations.

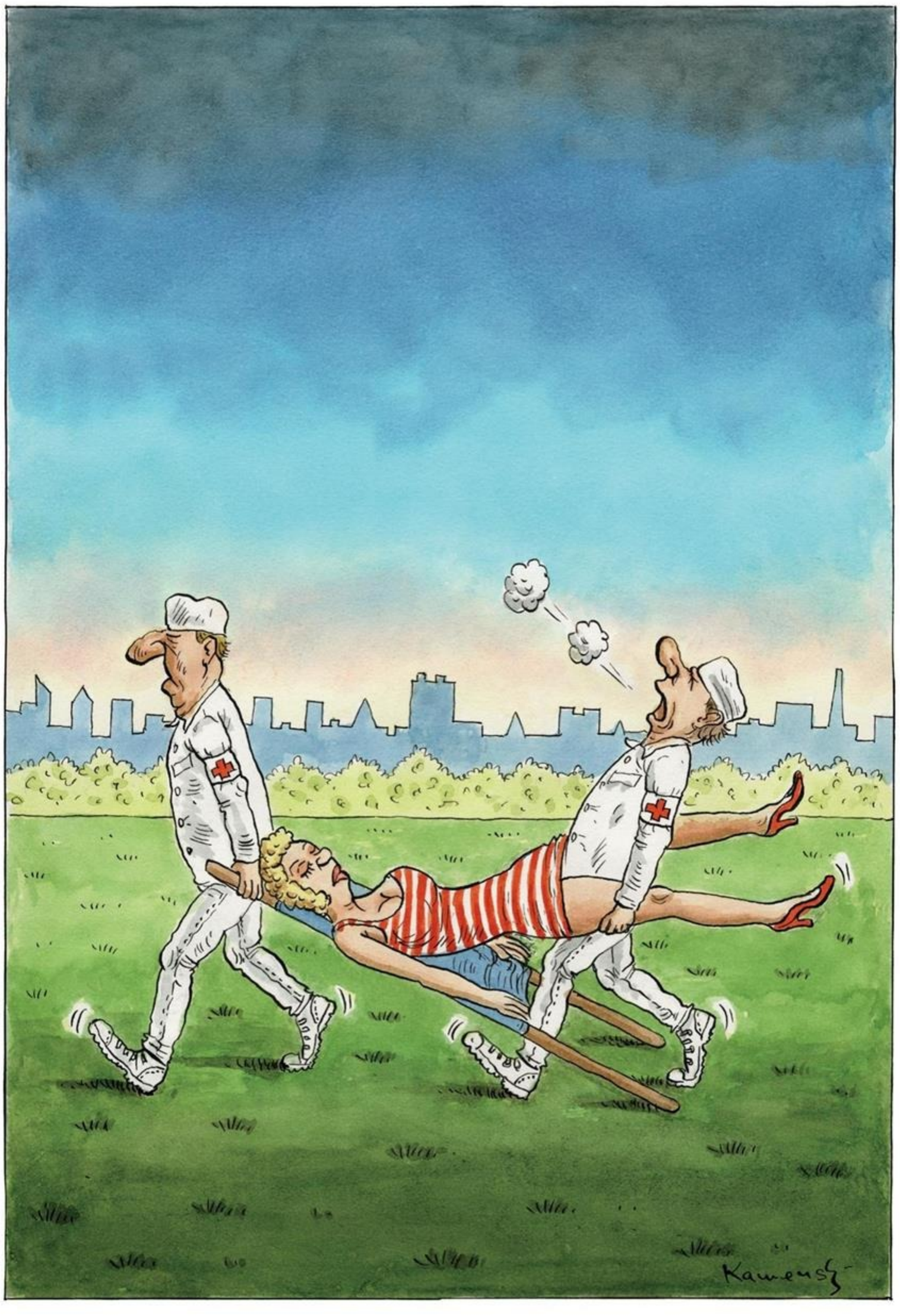
In an eerie echo of an announcement in the Soviet newspaper *Pravda,* Dondero said, "Art which does not glorify our beautiful country in plain, simple terms that everyone can understand breeds dissatisfaction. It is therefore opposed to our government, and those who create and promote it are our enemies." In Dondero's view, abstract expressionist painters and the art critics who supported them were "germ-carrying vermin" and "international art thugs." Dondero's views were also supported by others in Congress, including Democrat Francis Walter, the vocal chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Dondero's campaign was reminiscent of the reaction to the disastrous 1946 State Department exhibit Advancing American Art, which had sought to elevate America's cultural status. It too came under attack from right-wing corners for being red. The charges became so intense that then secretary of state George C. Marshall shuttered the exhibit. "No more taxpayers' money for modern art," he declared.

The American opposition to modern art as "communist" meant Braden's plan had to remain clandestine. The mission was to win intellectuals and artists to the American side, but those people had little respect for the U.S. government and "certainly none for the CIA," as retired agency officer Donald Jameson put it in an interview. Revealing that the CIA was behind the program would have been disastrous. This was the era when Senator Joseph McCarthy was riding high, making reckless accusations about alleged communists in the government. The idea that a high-ranking CIA official would have anything to do with creative types was seen by some as communistic.

"You have always to battle your own ignoramuses—or, to put it more politely, people who just don't understand.... It was nonrepresentational, and therefore it shocked some Americans," Braden later explained.

Braden pressed on. On a mild April morning in 1952, the *S.S. Liberté,* a luxury French ocean liner, departed the Port of New York. Few of the passengers knew that packed securely in the cargo hold below were more than 200 paintings—a veritable trove of what the future would look like. The artwork was handpicked by James Johnson Sweeney, an art critic and a former director of the Museum of Modern Art, where Tom Braden had first seen the difference modern art could make.



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Braden would never forget the day he interviewed for his job at MoMA. While waiting in museum president Nelson Rockefeller's office, he met "the prettiest girl I had ever seen in my life." She was 26-year-old Joan Ridley, and she had a "marvelously fresh and open face and freckles and curly brown hair." Her green dress "swirled." Braden later married her, and they had eight children. "You'd have to work very hard not to have babies if you were married to Joan," he wrote. It was their eight babies who became the foundation of *Eight Is Enough,* the book and TV series that introduced millions to Tom Braden in the 1970s.

At the beginning of the book Braden recounts his response to a maddening incident when he was trying to corral his five girls and three boys for a Caribbean vacation. By the end he has come to terms with the chaos of family life, experiencing fatherhood "with the mixture of pride and affection, protectiveness and hope which is...what makes a father go on being a father." The best-seller was the basis for a TV series that debuted on the same night and channel as *Three's Company,* in 1977. (Both would become crown jewels of

ABC's prime-time schedule.) A one-hour show with a laugh track, *Eight Is Enough* depicted family dilemmas with a gentle father—"Tom Bradford," played by Dick Van Patten—as the head of the household.

Bradford is portrayed as a newspaperman, which Braden was, but as less commanding and confrontational than the real Tom Braden. "He came into the room with more balls than a pool table," says screenwriter William Blinn, who developed Braden's book for Hollywood. "He had a built-in edge about him." Even the opening credits offered a point of contrast. They feature Tom Bradford playing football with his wife and kids. As Bradford prepares to throw the ball, one of the boys whips by and steals it. When I told Van Patten I knew Tom Braden, Van Patten said, "Tell him hello. Playing him on TV bought me my house." When I told Braden I'd met Van Patten, he said, "I would have made the pass."

Despite all the hot-button issues and "new morality" (as Braden called it) of the 1970s that *Eight Is Enough* addressed, the series never delved into his espionage background. Most Americans associated him with the father-figure journalist. Braden's own children grew up around the residue of his clandestine life, always trying to connect the dots. From an early age, Braden's daughter Elizabeth loved art. She is an alumna of the Rhode Island School of Design and is now an art teacher. When I ask her about modern art, she replies, "Dad said it was all about fighting the communists, trying to win the Cold War."

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R. James Woolsey, former director of the CIA, now acknowledges the legacy of Braden's program. He says its genius was in exposing the essence of the American and Soviet systems. "If you compare socialist realist art—the muscled worker in the Soviet Union pressing forward into the future—to Jackson Pollock's art, you have to ask yourself, Which society is freer? Pollock has three-dimensional canvases, really interesting patterns and—wow!—all these colors," Woolsey says. "Then you look at the socialist realist art, and it's crap—propaganda crap. That can't help but have some resonance, especially among intellectuals. It doesn't win the war itself, but it communicated that people were free to read and paint what they wanted to in the United States, and they were not free to do that in the Soviet Union."

Last summer, at lunch with Braden's son Nicholas, I asked, "What did your dad tell you about the art?" He paused, smiled and answered, "You mean that MoMA was a front for the CIA?"

The history of the Central Intelligence Agency is rife with conspiracies, but was the Museum of Modern Art really a cover for spies?

In part, yes. A trail of evidence shows there was an organized program by the CIA to influence European intellectuals. MoMA, with Braden in place at the CIA, was essential to the operation. Museum administrators and others in the art world, including the artists themselves, were mostly unaware of this collaboration. In other words, Braden and other spooks pulled off one of the greatest capers in history.

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On one wall was *Dutch Interior* by Joan Miró, then *Black Lines* by Kandinsky, *The Bride* by Marcel Duchamp and a mobile, *Red Petals,* by Alexander Calder—all an explosion of colors, lines, shapes and shadows. These were just a few of the modern works in the Congress for Cultural Freedom's XXth Century Masterpieces exhibition.

As Aline B. Louchheim, arts editor of *The New York Times,* observed about such art, "There are many paintings which seem to say to you, 'Look, stop and look at me. I am addressing you. Look at what I am saying.' And having thus claimed you, they manage to banish other considerations, to pull the mind away from speculation or daydreams and to fill the eye only with the urgency of their particular visions. Some are big, some are blatant, some are small, some speak quietly."

The paintings seemed to exclaim, "This is what absolute and total freedom looks like."

The opening of this exhibition, on April 30, 1952, was attended by "a large throng of invited guests," reported a press account. In its "Letter From Paris," *The New Yorker* wrote that the exhibit "spilled such gallons of captious French newspaper ink, wasted such tempests of argumentative Franco-American breath and afforded, on the whole, so much pleasure to the eye and ear that it can safely be called, in admiration, an extremely popular fiasco." Herbert Luethy recorded in *Commentary,* "It proved to be one of the most dazzling expositions of modern art ever brought before the public." And this was just the beginning.

MoMA and the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris sponsored a 1953 exhibition, Twelve Contemporary American Painters and Sculptors, which represented "different regions and trends of art in the United States," *The New York Times* reported. The account also noted that the Paris museum delayed other exhibitions to display the high-quality works, including ones by abstract expressionist painters Jackson Pollock and Arshile Gorky. The money and publicity for the show were provided by the Association Française d'Action Artistique, an organization that was a donor to the Congress for Cultural Freedom and whose director was a CIA contact at the French Foreign Office.

Word of this unique atmosphere traveled. It attracted Frances FitzGerald, a fresh-faced Radcliffe graduate and aspiring writer. Her father, Desmond FitzGerald, a CIA officer, sent her to the Farfield Foundation—one of Braden's CIA fronts—in New York for a job. "The foundation was one room with one person in it," she recalls. She was told that because of reorganization, the job didn't exist anymore. "But then my mother, Marietta Tree, called her friend Nicky

Nabokov, and he said, 'But of course your daughter can have a job.'" FitzGerald moved to Paris and began working at the congress. "My father must have been furious, but he didn't say a word to me. In fact, the job didn't exist, as the man in the office said. So the congress had to scramble to find me something to do," she says. "I sharpened pencils." (FitzGerald went on to cover the Vietnam War for *Atlantic Monthly* and to write *Fire in the Lake,* a 1972 book that won a Pulitzer.)

Jointly, the congress and MoMA sponsored six Americans to represent the U.S. at the Young Painters show in 1955, which was displayed in Rome, Brussels, Paris and London. The show included approximately 170 paintings, almost all abstract, by artists from around the world. The Congress for Cultural Freedom gave out cash prizes to the three best paintings, and all the money for this show came through the Farfield Foundation.

Fifty Years of Art in the United States, a 1955 Musée d'Art Moderne exhibition, was the largest representation of American art yet. Although met with mixed reviews by French critics, the two-month show was widely attended. Afterward, French galleries started to take note of these new American painters. In the fall of that year, the Right Bank Gallery was beginning to introduce France to "informalists," including artists such as Pollock.

It's likely this second show was also sponsored or paid for by the Congress for Cultural Freedom—but even if it wasn't, it meant Braden's plan was working: Europeans were taking notice of American modern art. And the shows continued.

Braden left the CIA in the mid-1950s, but his program carried on with his deputy Cord Meyer leading it. By the end of the decade it had taken hold. MoMA would host more than 450 separate exhibitions in more than 35 countries. A 1958 *Esquire* cover proclaiming "The Americanization of Paris" depicts powdered "instant vin rouge" being poured into a water-filled wineglass (for better or worse).

By 1959, abstract expressionist art was on a roll. John Berger, a Marxist art correspondent for *New Statesman,* declared, "Abstract expressionism...is sweeping the field. Nowhere in Western Europe is there a realist stronghold left."

Nabokov's secretary, in a letter to a MoMA trustee, described an exhibition promoted by the Congress for Cultural Freedom and MoMA planned for the Biennale de Paris in 1959. She explained that word "swept through the artistic circles like a tornado. Every young painter in Paris, every gallery director, every art critic are telephoning to find out what it's all about. It's going to be a terrific hit."

Braden's operation was a success. One of the world's most famous and influential painters, Gerhard Richter, would later attribute his defection from East Germany to his viewing of abstract expressionist art. In 1959, at documenta II, an art show started in 1955 by a West German artist and professor to display modern artwork suppressed by the Nazis, Richter viewed work by artists including Pollock. Afterward Richter realized, "There was something wrong with my whole way of thinking...expression of a totally different and entirely new content." In a letter to his former art teacher in East Germany, Richter explained why he risked his life: "The reasons are largely due to my career.... When I say cultural 'climate' in the West offers me and my artistic endeavors more, that is more compatible with my way of being and my way of working than the East, I am pointing out the main reason behind my decision."

As a further marker of success, numerous major American modern artists—William Baziotes, Alexander Calder, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell and Pollock—became outspoken in their denunciation of the Soviets. Adolph Gottlieb and Mark Rothko, once communists, broke ranks with their comrades and formed an anticommunist artists' organization.

Picasso was never persuaded to abandon his loyalties to the French communists, but MoMA's archives contain evidence that there was an attempt to do so. Braden said that though there were efforts to turn Picasso, clearly it was more of a metaphor.

By 1975 modern art had made its way into the Soviet Union, in a display at a Moscow museum, despite attempts to censor it.

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"I'm glad the CIA is 'immoral.'"

That's what Braden wrote when reporters uncovered his plan. There had always been a pervasive nervousness that someone would find out.

By 1966 Braden's secret operation had run out of time. Editors at *The New York Times* deployed more than 20 correspondents to investigate the far-flung operations of the CIA. They discovered the agency was behind the Congress for Cultural Freedom and announced it in a front-page story. Sleuths for the left-wing magazine *Ramparts* and the French newspaper *Le Monde* commenced further investigations. Such revelations—deemed "scandalous" by the press—came as the media's opposition to the Vietnam War reached a fever pitch and the whole country appeared to be growing weary of the Cold War, at least according to the way the news media portrayed it.

"I didn't care," FitzGerald says today, remembering when the news broke. "The revelations weren't good for the French—a lot of them got very upset. They thought the congress was independent and that they were being used. But they weren't. When they were involved with the congress, they were doing what they wanted."

As criticism rained down, a CIA officer working in the Paris office of the congress scrambled to draft a statement for the press, claiming the congress was never influenced by any of its donors. Braden went in another direction and stuck his neck out. He wrote a staunch defense of his actions. "The Cold War was and is fought with ideas instead of bombs. And our country had a clear-cut choice: Either we win the war or lose it."

The worldwide coverage of Braden's defense eclipsed the original bombshell. He explained the project in an interview with the *Los Angeles Times.* It was started to counter the Russians, he said, who "were spending $250 million a year on international front organizations."

Former CIA director R. James Woolsey

"No, wait, give me a minute. I never forget a face."

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says, "Remember, this was the period when France and Italy were close to going communist, and communists had a good deal of cachet in many circles because they had—at least with the exception of the period from 1939 until 1941—been the enemies of the fascists and Nazis."

Braden explained to the *Los Angeles Times,* "I don't think it's immoral or disgraceful to help one's country.... It seems to me that a man who does this for the CIA is in the same position as a soldier fighting in Vietnam."

•

"I think Tom meant well."

That's what Cord Meyer wrote to Allen Dulles in the wake of Braden's disclosures. "Obviously it is going to be very damaging. I really can't understand why he did it." Dulles biographer Peter Grose contends that Dulles was also bewildered. At a party in Georgetown, Dulles reportedly accosted Braden's wife, Joan, with a stinging rebuke. The next day, she wrote, "What you said hurt more deeply than perhaps you know. Disagree with [Tom's] judgment but not with his motive." It took Dulles more than a month to respond. "You speak of his feelings for me, and your own, but if what you say about Tom is true, why, oh why, did he have to do this without any consultation or without attempting to find out what those with whom he had worked so closely, and who had vouched for him in the past, would feel about his action.... He has hurt many of us, and my feelings for Tom have been deeply affected." After that, Grose recorded, "Allen never spoke another word to Tom Braden."

Braden spent the summer of 1967 at Lake Tahoe, trying to determine his next act. When he contacted longtime CIA officer Richard Bissell for suggestions, Bissell replied, "If you develop any brilliant ideas for an independent enterprise, let me know. I might like to apply for an opportunity to join you." Apparently some CIA men were more forgiving than the old spymaster.

•

"From the left, I'm Tom Braden."

That was his nightly sign-off on *Crossfire* for most of the 1980s. In contrast to other CIA men, Braden didn't spend his post-agency years in obscurity. The man who once said, "I've always wanted to do things, be involved"—well, he lived the remainder of his life in the most public way possible, first as the author of a best-selling memoir (which was not always flattering about his parenting skills), then as the basis for a TV character and finally as himself on *Crossfire*. He seemed to hate the CIA of the post-Vietnam era, regarding it as arrogant and too powerful. "I would shut it down," he wrote in the *Saturday Review* in 1975. Braden argued that the agency's intelligence activities ought to be farmed out to the State Department. "Scholars and scientists and people who understand how the railroads run in Sri Lanka don't need to belong to the CIA in order to do their valuable work," he wrote. Ironically, Braden's daughter Susan would go on to work at the agency for more than a decade, starting in the 1980s. She tells me she regards the shadowy world of the CIA as something of an incongruity in her father's life, that he was a man who didn't like secrecy. "That's why he had no reluctance to exposing the operation," she says as she recalls the bravado with which her dad spoke of those days. "He thought people should know what they did." This is part of what people mean when they say Braden was a man of complexity.

In 1983, a representative of the right-wing John Birch Society appeared on *Crossfire* to debate President Ronald Reagan's policy toward the Soviets. About five minutes into the live broadcast, the guest attacked Braden: "In the 1950s...we had a thing called the Braden Doctrine where America poured $2 million a year into left-wing activities under the guise of fighting communism." Incensed by having what he'd done at the CIA critiqued and his loyalty questioned, Braden grew furious and replied, "I was taking on communism when you were in knee pants, for heaven's sake. The CIA licked Joseph Stalin's last great offensive in Western Europe, and it did it by helping liberals, intellectuals and socialists." Braden glared at the guest and declared, "You don't know anything about fighting communism."

Finally, at the end of the decade, news broadcasts flashed an astonishing report: "The Berlin Wall doesn't mean anything anymore—the East German media chief in the Communist Party said a short while ago that anyone who wants to leave East Germany and go anywhere in the world is free to do so," announced Peter Jennings on ABC, November 9, 1989. As the Wall crumbled, Braden watched the bulletins from the den of his 11-bedroom yellow house in Chevy Chase, Maryland, with modern art decorating the walls.

"When my dad died and we began dividing up his things for the family, my wife and I got a small painting by Picasso," Nicholas Braden told me. "I never knew what it all meant."

CHASING MOLLY

(continued from page 115)

Molly has become so mainstream that even a pop tart like Miley Cyrus feels comfortable singing about "dancing with molly" on her song "We Can't Stop," though the drug references were bleeped out during her performance at the Video Music Awards. And what would a pop trend be without a guest appearance by the queen of pop? Madonna jumped on the molly bandwagon last year when she named her 12th studio album *MDNA* and asked the crowd at 2012's Ultra Music Festival in Miami, "How many people in this crowd have seen molly?" In the wake of the performance, progressive house music DJ Deadmau5 publicly criticized the aging diva for glamorizing drug use.

The molly phenomenon is also a marketing gimmick—drug dealers rebranding a product that had gotten a bad reputation because it was so heavily cut with other substances. According to the hype, molly is for the cool kids, the discerning consumers who don't mind paying a premium to ensure quality, whereas ecstasy pills are for "e-tards," the dance-floor proletariat who turned MDMA from a hippie tool for inner exploration into another excuse to get trashed on a Saturday night.

Fancying themselves smart drug users who pride themselves on knowing where to get the real stuff, many molly consumers seem blissfully unaware that drug dealers routinely substitute synthetic cathinones (bath salts) for MDMA, not only because they're easier to procure but also because they're a lot cheaper. A gram of mephedrone or methylone, both cathinones, wholesales for the equivalent of about $3 or $4 and can be bought online from factories in China that churn it out by the metric ton. A gram of pure molly can retail for as much as $120, which reflects not just the demand for this sought-after chemical but also the difficulty of procuring the precursor ingredients—most commonly safrole and PMK—that manufacturers need to make the drug.

According to the Miami Police Department, methylone and mephedrone, along with another synthetic cathinone called 4-MEC, account for the vast bulk of the molly seized by narcotics cops in the area. A DEA spokesperson told me that in the first six months of 2013, the DEA's Miami field office seized 106 consignments of molly, which contained 43 different substances, 19 of them so obscure even government chemists couldn't identify them. So much for purity.

"Molly is absolutely a marketing gimmick," says Missi Wooldridge, a spokesperson for DanceSafe, the harm-reduction organization that tries to educate young consumers about the risks of disco polypharmacy. "I think the average molly consumer has no idea what they're putting into their bodies. The drug scene is so saturated with research chemicals that people not only cut their pills and powders with them but will also often sell straight-up research chemicals as molly. People think they're getting real MDMA."

Or maybe there's something more profound underpinning this molly craze, something to do with the drug's much vaunted ability to break down social barriers when taken in communal settings.

"This generation has grown up with crystal meth as a chemical bête noire, whereas MDMA is seen as basically benign," says Mike Power, author of *Drugs 2.0,* a compelling account of how the internet has revolutionized the global drug trade. "Molly has become hugely popular right now because it is in many ways the perfect drug for the times. We've never been so networked yet so disconnected. The overwhelming rush of an MDMA experience is as close as many of us will ever come to connecting with another person."

•

The story of MDMA began unremarkably in 1912 when a little-known German chemist named Anton Köllisch first synthesized the substance while working to produce a blood-clotting agent for the pharmaceutical giant Merck. He was trying to get around a patent for a similar drug owned by Merck's archrival, Bayer, when he stumbled upon MDMA, which was initially called methylsafrylamin. Four years later, he went to his grave with no idea that what he had discovered would affect generations of beat-crazy kids to come. The formula for MDMA, a precursor to a potentially lifesaving medicine that never got made, lay buried in the archives at Merck's Darmstadt headquarters for decades, until the U.S. military briefly experimented with MDMA in the 1950s as a possible truth serum.

The first time MDMA turned up on law enforcement's radar was in 1970, when Chicago police confiscated a batch of pills that contained the then unknown chemical. By 1976 the chemist Alexander Shulgin had resynthesized the drug and dosed himself at the suggestion of a former student who had tipped him off about its potential psychoactive effect on humans. Shulgin introduced MDMA to a psychologist friend named Leo Zeff, who in turn introduced it to other psychologists, who in the next few years prescribed about half a million doses. They called it adam, as in being "reborn anew," because that's how it made patients feel. Psychologists and psychotherapists reported remarkable improvements in the emotional well-being of their patients who had taken the drug. It did for them in a few hours what a year's worth of conventional therapy couldn't. Some mental health professionals claimed MDMA was particularly useful for couples going through marital problems.

The first mass-scale production of MDMA for recreational use in the United States came courtesy of the so-called Boston Group, a small contingent of chemists who were tenured professors at MIT and Harvard and who were colleagues of LSD guru Timothy Leary. The Boston Group decided they wanted to conduct a social experiment. First at Studio 54, then later at the legendary Paradise Garage, handpicked distributors in the New York area sold the drug as a healthier alternative to cocaine. Then they reported back to the Boston Group about the positive effects the drug was having on the dance floor. One of those distributors was David. Sitting in his Miami Beach apartment today, David is in his early 70s and still deejays, though he makes his real living running a small real estate company. Age hasn't dulled his vivid memories of the life-changing effects the first wave of recreational ecstasy use had on clubgoers at the time.

"What happened was that these professors up in Boston, who had been using it for therapy for a long time, decided it would be a good idea for the world if MDMA became a social drug instead of cocaine and heroin and all the other bad drugs," remembers David. "It was a relatively small circle of people on the club scene who were doing ecstasy back then, mainly artistic types. A lot of people wouldn't try it because they were scared of it. They didn't want to let their walls down, especially the straight boys, because the rumor was out that taking ecstasy would turn you gay."

But those straight boys who tried the Boston Group's product in the 1980s—myself included—were amazed at the drug's wondrous therapy. MDMA works by flooding the brain with serotonin (which modulates mood and intensifies perception) and dopamine (which speeds up metabolism and creates exhilaration), a combination that lights up the senses like a Christmas tree. It wasn't long before the Boston Group began hearing from users who told them ecstasy had saved their lives. "They saw that it was really great for people and relationships," says David. "After a while, people were telling them, 'Thank you so much, because I was doing all this cocaine and I was getting addicted. Once the ecstasy came along, I could do that and feel great and I wasn't craving the next day.'"

I stopped doing MDMA in 1990 around the same time the Boston Group closed shop. "Somebody drove out the chemists making ecstasy," says David. "They told me that some very dangerous people were threatening them. They had two days to get out of the country. They didn't use the word *mafia,* but that's the impression I got. They packed their bags and all moved to Belgium." Not coincidently, over the next decade Belgium became a major center for ecstasy production.

A number of factors had informed my decision to quit MDMA. First was the encroachment of thuggish drug dealers with organized-crime connections who weren't shy about robbing and kidnapping rival dealers to secure their market share. I dubbed these people "ecstasy bandits" when I wrote about them for *Details* magazine in 1998. A thug who controlled the ecstasy trade at one of New York's biggest nightclubs in the 1990s is now a respectable businessman who enjoys a round of golf at his local country club. Today he is genuinely regretful about his past behavior.

He recently told me, "When I started dealing, it was hard pills. I haven't done powdered MDMA. They were yellow and had these dark specks around them. They

smelled and tasted horrible but were very powerful. Then these white capsules were introduced. They were gigantic. They were an inch long. And the big complaint was that you were doped out and you didn't know what the fuck you were doing. And then you got speedy and were up for eight hours with the jitters. I was seeing the decline in the purity. You could see the effect on the dance floor. People weren't in the zone anymore. The mood got a lot darker. That was around 1993. By that time I was already planning on getting out of the game."

Heavily adulterated ecstasy tablets, often containing little or no MDMA, swamped nightclubs and raves in the 1990s. Particularly bad was the appearance of a dangerous stimulant called PMA that was sometimes substituted for MDMA in the tablets. The drug site Erowid estimates that 20 people died as a direct result of these tainted pills from 2000 to 2001.

But it was more than declining purity that soured me and other early adopters on MDMA. Even when I could get hold of the real deal, an increasingly rare commodity, the drug wasn't having the same effect anymore. The initial flood of positive feelings had faded. The law of diminishing returns that affects everybody who does ecstasy for any period of time kicked in.

MDMA advocate Rick Doblin, whose organization, the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies, has spearheaded a quarter-century-long campaign to rehabilitate MDMA as a valuable therapeutic tool, says this is a common experience.

"There's a buildup factor with MDMA," says Doblin. "If people do it a lot over a long period of time, they stop feeling the effect. They don't get high. It's as if the molecule has a built-in protection mechanism for the user. That's why you rarely see people getting addicted to this drug like you do with cocaine and methamphetamine."

"One of us is in the wrong cartoon, but I'm not complaining."

MOLLY TEST NUMBER TWO

Howard is a Miami-based doctor, bodybuilder and dealer of the latest exotic research chemicals. He pulled up to my apartment in his vintage Chevy. He'd come to test some molly. After Fernando's drugs turned out to be rubbish, I managed to secure another capsule, this one red and costing 20 bucks. The word on the street was this was the bomb. Experienced drug users swore it was among the best MDMA they'd ever taken.

"Yeah, right," Howard said, rolling his eyeballs. "When I sell people mephedrone for the first time, I tell them it's not MDMA. It's an analog, and if they don't like it, they can have their money back. And they still come back the next day and say, 'That's the best molly I ever had.' Most people can't tell the difference."

Howard examined the sample. He said, "You bought this in Miami Beach? I haven't seen real MDMA in Miami in years. It could be sugar in a capsule." He emptied the contents of the capsule onto a dinner plate. It sure didn't look like sugar. The jagged crystals—like shards of broken glass—were immediately familiar, though the slightly off-white powder surrounding the crystals could have been anything.

"That looks like crystal meth," I said.

"It could be," Howard responded. "But bath salts come in crystals too, though they're differently shaped." He pulled a bag of mephedrone out of his trouser pocket to make a visual comparison.

For the second molly test, Howard was using a 12-panel drug-screening kit that detects twice as many substances as the kit my wife used to test the first sample, including barbiturates and the former animal anesthetic PCP. Howard put about half the contents of the capsule into a cup of water and then dunked the panel. We waited for the test kit to absorb the solution.

"I expect it to be positive for methamphetamine based on the way it looks," he said, "and maybe have a little MDMA in it. Sometimes they put 10 percent of MDMA in to fool people into thinking it's molly. Remember, methamphetamine is cheaper than MDMA."

A minute passed and Howard looked at the test. "Yep, it's exactly what I thought," he said. "So it's negative for opiates, cocaine, PCP, barbiturates and oxycodone. Some people throw some opiates in to mellow out the mix. This is positive for methamphetamine and MDMA."

The overwhelming bulk of the capsule, Howard concluded, was clearly meth.

"You won't believe what they put in molly," he said. "Sometimes pain pills, blood pressure pills, caffeine, aspirin, all in a big capsule."

My wife and I continued the hunt for pure molly. It was becoming obvious we would have to venture beyond south Florida. While there is some domestic

molly production, most of the MDMA consumed in the United States comes from drug gangs in Canada. The amount of MDMA seized at the Canadian border increased ninefold from 2003 to 2007.

We decided New York would be a better choice. One of the biggest electronic dance music festivals in America was about to take place in the city. Tens of thousands of fans, many of them hungry for molly, were set to descend on Randall's Island for a three-day concert called Electric Zoo, featuring some of the best-known DJs in the world. If we couldn't find pure molly there, we weren't going to find it anywhere.

•

By 11 in the morning on Saturday, August 31, the second day of Electric Zoo, the crowds were already lining up to get into the stadium, a dumpy venue on a lump of land in the middle of the polluted East River. Security was tight. Bags were checked not once but twice. Altoids tins and cigarette packets drew extra scrutiny. IDs were scanned to make sure they weren't forgeries. The pat-downs were practically indecent.

As the crowd waited patiently to get into the concert, staffers handed out pamphlets with the following warning: "Electric Zoo strongly advocates against the use of drugs. Avoiding drug use is the only way to completely avoid drug-related risks. You don't need drugs anyway when world-class music is swirling all around you."

There was a reason for all the paranoia. The previous night, 23-year-old Jeffrey Russ had collapsed at Electric Zoo. He later died at Harlem Hospital Center. The cause of death had yet to be established, but police suspected Russ had taken what he believed to be molly. The victim, a beefy guy who had recently graduated from Syracuse University, traveled to the festival with his fraternity brothers and fell ill as the last sets of the day wrapped up. Russ's death was the first fatality that weekend. But it wouldn't be the last.

As the day progressed, the signs of drug use increased. Glow sticks and drug wrappers littered the field. Three friends who appeared to be in their early 20s sat down at a picnic table. One with pasty skin and a blond goatee briefly scanned his surroundings before taking from his backpack a ziplock bag that contained capsules filled with white powder. He took a capsule out, split it and poured the contents into his water bottle. He shook the bottle vigorously and took a sip. He winced and gagged. "This tastes like ass," he said. "But I'll be tripping in no time."

Nearby, close to the entrance to the show, a young Asian man was lying facedown on the grass, humping the ground. He turned his head to one side and vomited. By this point Electric Zoo's staffers were spraying the crowd with water hoses. Overheating is a major risk factor for molly users.

Around 8:45 in the evening, tragedy struck again. Olivia Rotondo, a 20-year-old University of New Hampshire student, fell ill and was rushed to Metropolitan Hospital Center, where she died shortly after arriving. According to the *New York Post,* the young woman told a medic before she collapsed that she had taken six hits of molly. Just hours before her death, Rotondo reportedly tweeted, "The amount of traveling I've done today is unreal. Just get me to the damn zoo."

Citing "serious health risks" to concertgoers, the organizers and the city decided to cancel the final day of Electric Zoo. The event's Facebook page was flooded with angry customers complaining about the cancellation. Typical was this comment: "Honestly, I do not even feel for the people who died. This is fucking stupid. I paid so much money to go to this fucking festival. Just cuz a couple people are fucking dumb you ruin it for 10s of thousands! Fuck you Zoo!"

Eleven days later, the medical examiner released the toxicology report. Russ died after taking the synthetic cathinone methylone combined with MDMA. Surprisingly, Rotondo died after consuming pure MDMA. Hyperthermia played a role in both deaths. Cathinones and MDMA cause the body's temperature to rise and can lead to organ failure, as was the case here.

Unlike raves in the past, large-scale festivals such as Electric Zoo, Ultra Music Festival and Electric Daisy Carnival refuse to allow organizations such as DanceSafe to test molly on-site because organizers fear they will be accused of condoning drug use. Maybe if they had, Jeffrey Russ would be alive today.

MOLLY TEST NUMBER THREE

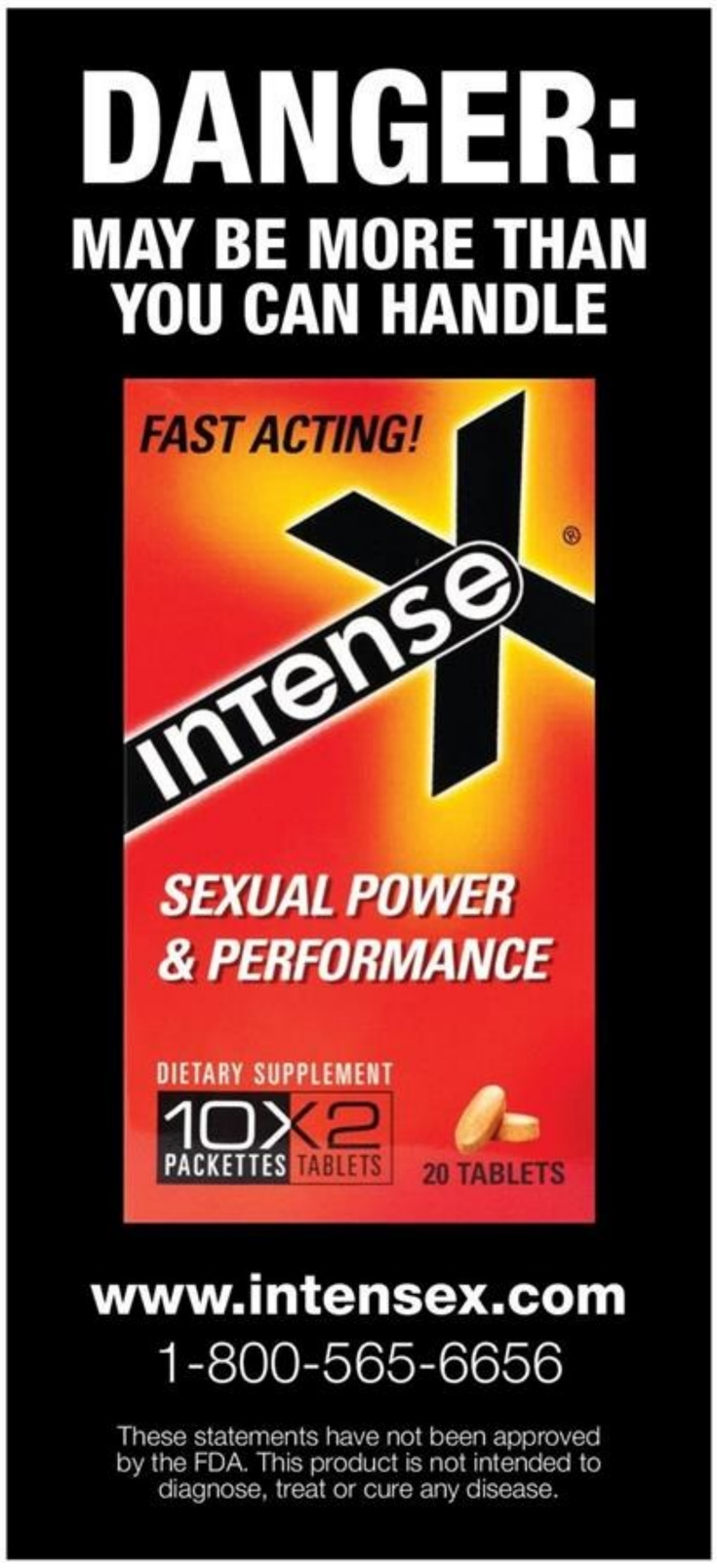
As it turned out, the drug dealer we'd arranged to purchase molly from didn't show up at Electric Zoo, because he couldn't get hold of his supply in time. We caught up with him the next evening. The guy has been dealing in New York since the days of the notorious Limelight nightclub and had a good reputation for selling quality product. He assured my wife this was some of the best molly money could buy.

We were hopeful we'd finally found the genuine article. But the contents of this capsule were shocking. It tested positive for cocaine, methamphetamine, MDMA and some form of opiate. That's three stimulants piled on top of one another with what was probably an oxycodone chaser. If that's what is in molly in New York, no wonder kids are dropping dead.

A friend consumed that molly and reported back the next day: "Well, it worked. Just not in the way molly is supposed to work. There was some molly there, but it felt like tripping on heroin."

Despite the two fatalities at Electric Zoo, the big electronic music festival will probably go on next year. Mayor Michael Bloomberg strongly defended the organizers and said they had done everything in their power to protect the concertgoers. At this festival and others, the search for real molly will continue unabated. People will always hunt for that high and take chances to find it. As *Drugs 2.0* author Mike Power says, "Unity, euphoria and sex will never go out of style."

The names of the drug dealers and most of the users in this story have been changed to protect their identities.



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It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

DECADENCE FOR DINNER

(continued from page 108)

When chefs Vinny Dotolo, Ludo Lefebvre and Jon Shook cooked their caviar feast up in the Hollywood Hills, they matched specific caviar types with each dish, but you can use any caviar you like. The point is to use the freshest caviar possible. Buy it from a reputable source (such as Petrossian .com), keep it refrigerated, and by all means stay away from the jarred stuff sitting on a warm shelf in the supermarket. You want the sweet essence of ocean brine, not the salinity of shelf stability.

POTATO CHIPS WITH SMOKED CRÈME FRAÎCHE AND CAVIAR

(Makes six appetizer portions)

This is a high-low recipe of the highest order, pairing luxurious caviar with the lowly (yet perfect) potato chip. It's a variation on a recipe Ludo Lefebvre sometimes prepares with home-cured salmon roe and bing cherries. At our dinner party he topped the dish with baby strawberries, but it's fantastic without them as well.

1 large Kennebec potato
1 gallon canola oil
Salt
2 cups crème fraîche
1½ cups heavy cream
3 tablespoons smoked oil (see recipe below)
2 ounces caviar

Peel potato. Using a meat slicer or mandoline, slice potato on the thinnest setting. Put slices in cold water and place on towel to dry. Heat canola oil to 275 degrees in a large heavy pot. Fry chips in oil until crispy but still light in color. Dry on paper towels and season with salt to taste.

Combine crème fraîche and heavy cream in mixer. Whip with whip attachment on medium until light and airy. Add smoked oil and season with salt to taste. Place one teaspoon crème fraîche in center of potato chip and top with one teaspoon caviar.

SMOKED OIL:

1 cup cooled hardwood charcoal embers
2 cups grapeseed oil

Twenty-four hours before dinner, place cooled embers and grapeseed oil in a metal container. Cover with aluminum foil and let sit overnight. Strain oil through a fine-mesh sieve and reserve.

HACKLEBACK CAVIAR PIZZA WITH EGG, NORI AND GARLIC CHILI OIL

(Makes two medium pizzas)

The guys at Animal make their own, but we've substituted store-bought garlic chili oil, which you can find online or in gourmet food shops. They also make an exquisite pizza dough that requires 48 hours of fermentation. Use your favorite pizza dough recipe, or purchase fresh dough from Whole Foods or your local pizza joint. And if you have a pizza stone, by all means use it.

1 large ball fresh pizza dough
8 ounces fresh mozzarella, thinly sliced and patted dry
1 red onion, diced
20 garlic flowers
6 tablespoons garlic chili oil
2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
2 nori sheets, ground to a powder in spice grinder
2 ounces hackleback caviar

Stretch pizza dough out on oiled baking sheets. Bake in a 500-degree oven until top is cooked and dough is a light brown, about eight minutes. Top with mozzarella and cook until dough is a deep golden brown and lightly charred on the edges, at least five minutes more, until cheese is properly melted. Divide topping ingredients in half and scatter on pizzas so you get a bit of everything in each bite.

CORN CAKES WITH SMOKED STURGEON, CAVIAR AND MAPLE CREAM

(Serves six)

This recipe combines Jon Shook's and Vinny Dotolo's love of Southern cooking (corn cakes) with one of their great culinary obsessions: seafood. The result is a salty-sweet, almost dessert-like dish.

¾ cup flour
1 ounce cornmeal
1 teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1½ cups cottage cheese
3 cups milk or buttermilk
3 whole eggs, lightly beaten
½ cup cooked corn
1½ ounces butter, melted
Vegetable oil, as needed
2 cups maple cream (see recipe below)
4 ounces smoked sturgeon
2 ounces caviar
2 ounces maple syrup
1 tablespoon fresh chives, chopped

Sift dry ingredients together in a large bowl. Whisk wet ingredients and corn together in a large bowl with half the butter. Gradually add dry ingredients to wet ingredients, stirring with a wooden spoon, then add remaining butter (batter may be lumpy). Pour a quarter cup of batter onto preheated griddle prepped with vegetable oil; cook until corn cakes are lightly golden on each side.

Place enough maple cream to cover the center of an appetizer plate and add smoked sturgeon on top. Place cooked corn cake on top of sturgeon, add a dollop of caviar and drizzle with maple syrup. Garnish with chives.

MAPLE CREAM:

⅓ cup maple syrup
2 cups heavy cream
¼ cup buttermilk

Combine ingredients in a large bowl and whisk until stiff peaks form. Leftover maple cream can be served with pancakes the next day.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH OSETRA CAVIAR AND BRIOCHE

(Makes four appetizer portions)

Lefebvre combines the humble chicken egg with the luxurious fish egg in an incredibly satisfying dish that can be prepared in minutes.

4 large brown eggs
1 tablespoon unsalted butter
2 tablespoons onion, finely diced
1 tablespoon fresh chives, chopped
Fleur de sel
Pepper
4 teaspoons osetra caviar

Whisk eggs until yolks and whites are thoroughly combined. Melt butter in a heavy medium saucepan over medium-low heat. Add onion and sauté until translucent, about three minutes. Add eggs and cook until they become creamy and thicken slightly (they should not be lumpy), whisking constantly and briskly, about two minutes. Remove from heat. Whisk in chives. Season eggs to taste with fleur de sel and pepper. Spoon into serving bowls and top with caviar, about one teaspoon for each. Serve with toasted brioche.

PANNA COTTA, CRÈME FRAÎCHE, CARAMEL AND CAVIAR

(Serves 16)

This dessert from Lefebvre is an expert-level project and a fascinating look at the labor that goes into a restaurant-quality dessert. The results are surprising and profoundly complex in flavor: The salty caviar against the caramel sauce is savory-sweet and satisfying.

CARAMEL SAUCE:

1 cup sugar
¼ cup water
1 cup heavy cream

Fill a small bowl or glass with ice water, and have a pastry brush at the ready. Combine sugar and water in a two-quart saucepan and heat over medium-high heat, stirring until sugar dissolves.

Dip pastry brush into ice water and brush down inner sides of saucepan so no sugar builds up on them.

Turn heat to high and continue to cook water and sugar mixture until it turns a dark amber. (It will appear darker in the saucepan, so test color by dipping a spoon into mixture and dotting some of it onto a white plate.) Do not stir mixture except for gently swirling the pan. As sugar builds on sides of pan, brush down with ice water.

As soon as mixture reaches the correct color, slowly and carefully add heavy cream. Be sure to use a long whisk, and do not put hands directly over pan. Pour cream by the side of the pan, and stir with whisk handle outside the edge. The caramel will foam up,

so it is imperative to add cream slowly to prevent caramel from spilling over.

Once all the cream is added, if there are lumps, heat caramel sauce until it smooths out.

Cool sauce completely. Reserve.

PANNA COTTA:

12½ grams gelatin, sheet or powdered
1 cup Bellwether Farms crème fraîche
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup whole milk
½ cup sugar
1 vanilla bean, split lengthwise with seeds scraped out (or 1 teaspoon vanilla paste)

Lightly coat an eight-by-eight-inch cake pan with spray or liquid oil. Press a layer of plastic wrap into pan, being careful to keep it as smooth as possible. Make sure plastic is pressed into the corners, but be careful not to tear it. Use a hard plastic spatula to remove any large wrinkles by running the flat edge from the center of pan out to the edges.

Bloom the gelatin by placing it sheet by sheet into a large container of very cold water. You may add a few ice cubes, but the water should be no colder than 36 degrees. Note: Powdered gelatin may be substituted gram for gram for sheet gelatin; however, you must then bloom the gelatin in precisely three ounces of cold water.

In a pan with at least a two-quart capacity, mix crème fraîche and heavy cream. Reserve.

In a small (at least one-quart) saucepan, heat milk, sugar and vanilla bean pod with its scraped-out seeds over medium-high heat until mixture begins to simmer. Remove from heat. Immediately add prepared gelatin. If using sheet gelatin, squeeze as much water as possible from the sheets by squeezing firmly between your hands. If using powdered gelatin, simply add the gelatin, which will have fully absorbed the water in which it was bloomed. Stir mixture until gelatin is fully dissolved.

Stir hot mixture into reserved crème fraîche mixture. Allow to cool at room temperature, stirring occasionally, until mixture feels cool to the touch. This will ensure vanilla seeds are suspended throughout panna cotta. Remove vanilla bean pod.

Pour cooled mixture into the prepared pan and refrigerate for at least six hours to allow gelatin to set. Once it has set, turn pan upside down onto a cutting board. Gently pull on plastic to unmold panna cotta. Using a sharp knife dipped in warm water, cut panna cotta into one-inch strips, then cut these strips in half. This will yield 16 four-by-one-inch strips.

PLATING:

2 teaspoons caramel sauce
1 panna cotta strip
2 teaspoons American sturgeon caviar
Fleur de sel, to garnish

Pour caramel sauce onto center of an appetizer plate. Using an angled palette knife or spatula, spread sauce to form a six-by-two-inch strip that will be visible when panna cotta is placed on it. Carefully pick up panna cotta strip and center it on caramel.

Gather caviar in a line along the edge of a knife. Drop caviar onto panna cotta strip in a line centered down long side of strip. Sprinkle a few grains of fleur de sel over top of panna cotta.

Dirty Duck® by Bobby London

PLAYMAT

Shirts and Skins

RAE, WHITE AND BLUE

The interestingly named Two In The Shirt clothing company enlisted Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young to hold up Old Glory for its new American Pride T-shirt. “She is amazing and was a really cool personality to work with,” says company founder Marek Grubel. Heather, with her body by Pilates—she’s now an instructor—and Miss September 2011 Tiffany Toth both adorn T.I.T.S. tees that are currently available at Zumiez and Tilly’s. Of the company’s name and acronym Grubel says, “Everyone loves them—especially when they put the two together.”

Photograph by JOSH RYAN

PLAYMATE NEWS

A GOOD SHEPHERD

After five years of marriage Miss July 2000 Neferteri Shepherd found herself a despondent single mother of two. But with grace and help she overcame the challenge and now lives a "dynamic life." This year she created Single Mom Planet, a non-profit that will help 50 single mothers find housing and foster the entrepreneurial ideas of another 100.

NEFERTERI PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT DUNDORE, BRENTDUNDORE.COM

Social Shutterfly

@AmeliaTalon Miss June 2012's ensemble leaves little to the imagination. But would tan lines in that pattern be weird or what?

Girl Talk

The *Daily Star* asserted that PMOY 2011 **Claire Sinclair,** wearing this dress on the red carpet, stole the spotlight from Amanda Seyfried and Sharon Stone at the Las Vegas premiere of *Lovelace*.

Our Playmate Promotions team dispatched seven Playmates to the Hard Rock Hotel in Punta Cana, Dominican Republic for an assignment. While there, Miss June 2013 **Audrey Aleen Allen**'s lips ran into Enrique Iglesias.

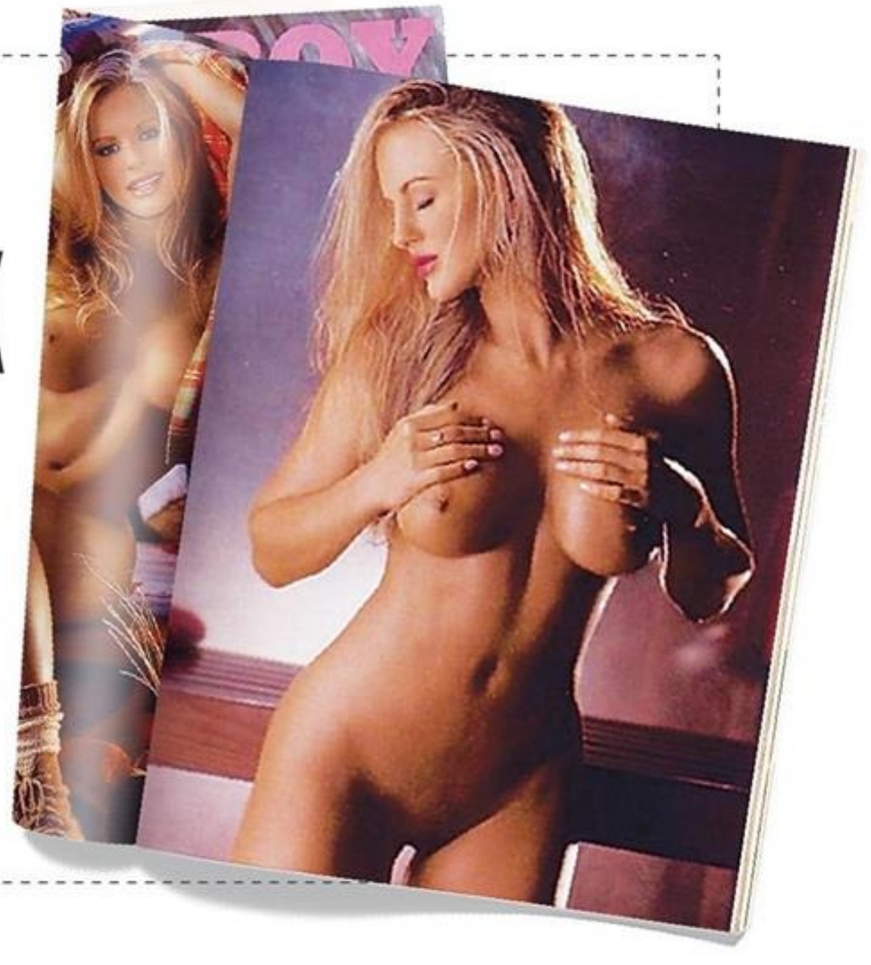
On the Huffington Post, Miss March 1982 **Karen Witter Lorre** discusses her method of "orgasmic meditation," which, she says, can help women enjoy 11 orgasms in a single day.

Coyote Sexy

Miss December 1998 Nicole Dahm brings Playmate panache to her newly opened Lucky Bastard Saloon in San Diego. "It's a Western bar where people can let their hair down," she told the *San Diego Union-Tribune*. "We're going to pour shots down people's mouths."

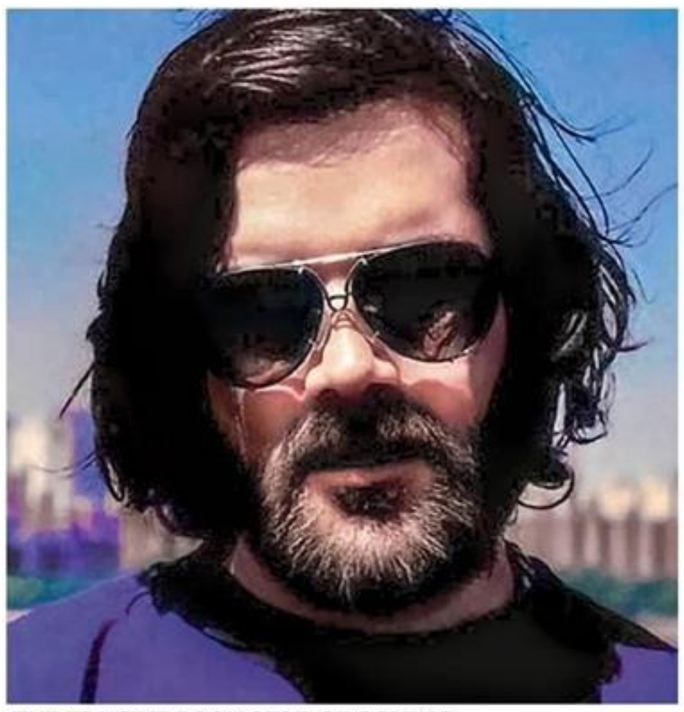
PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Ten years ago this month Divini Rae showed us her astonishing form. Miss November 2003 grew up in Alaska and took a dogsled to school. She has traded the snow for the sun of L.A. and Oklahoma City, where she models and raises two children.

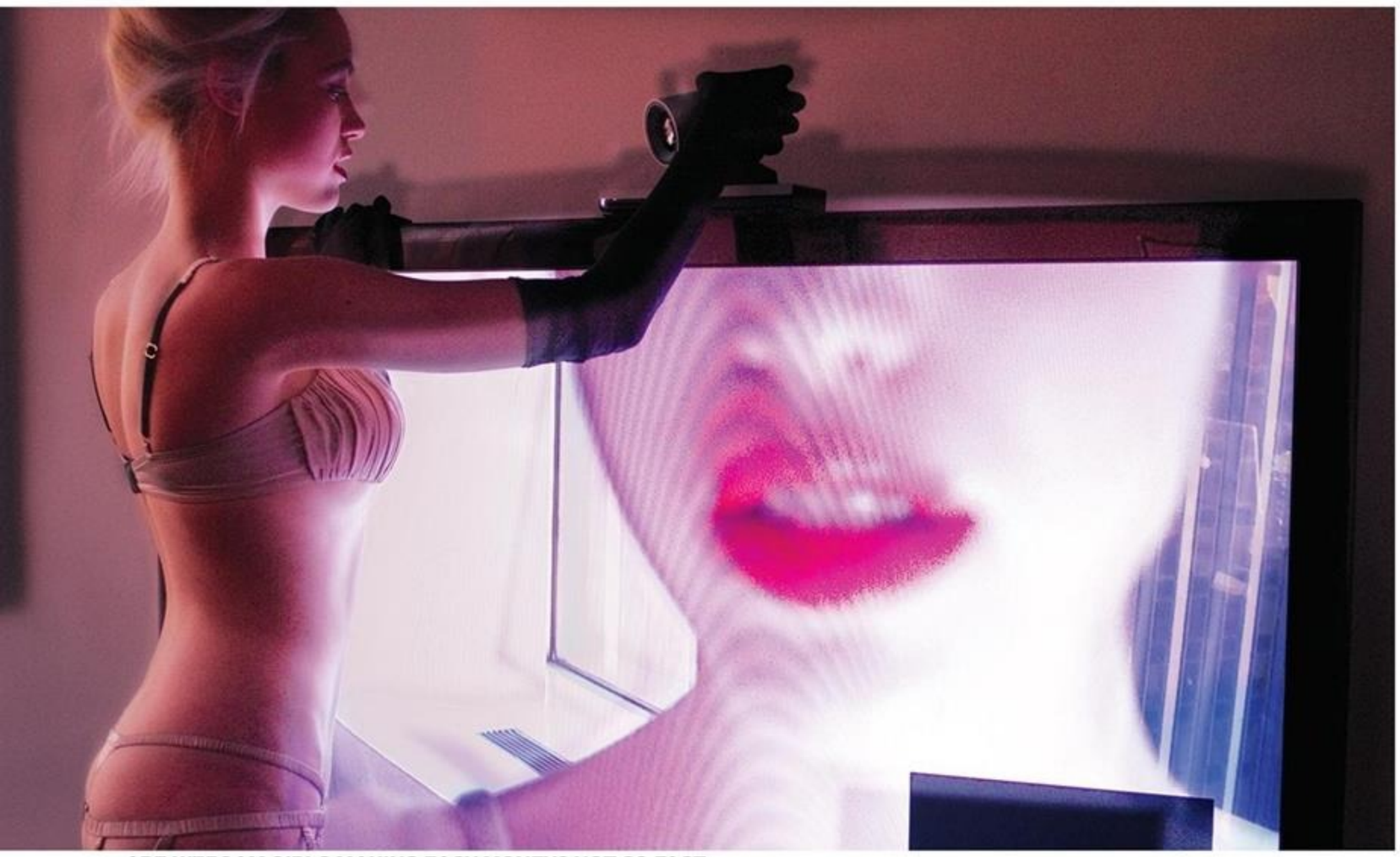


NEXT MONTH

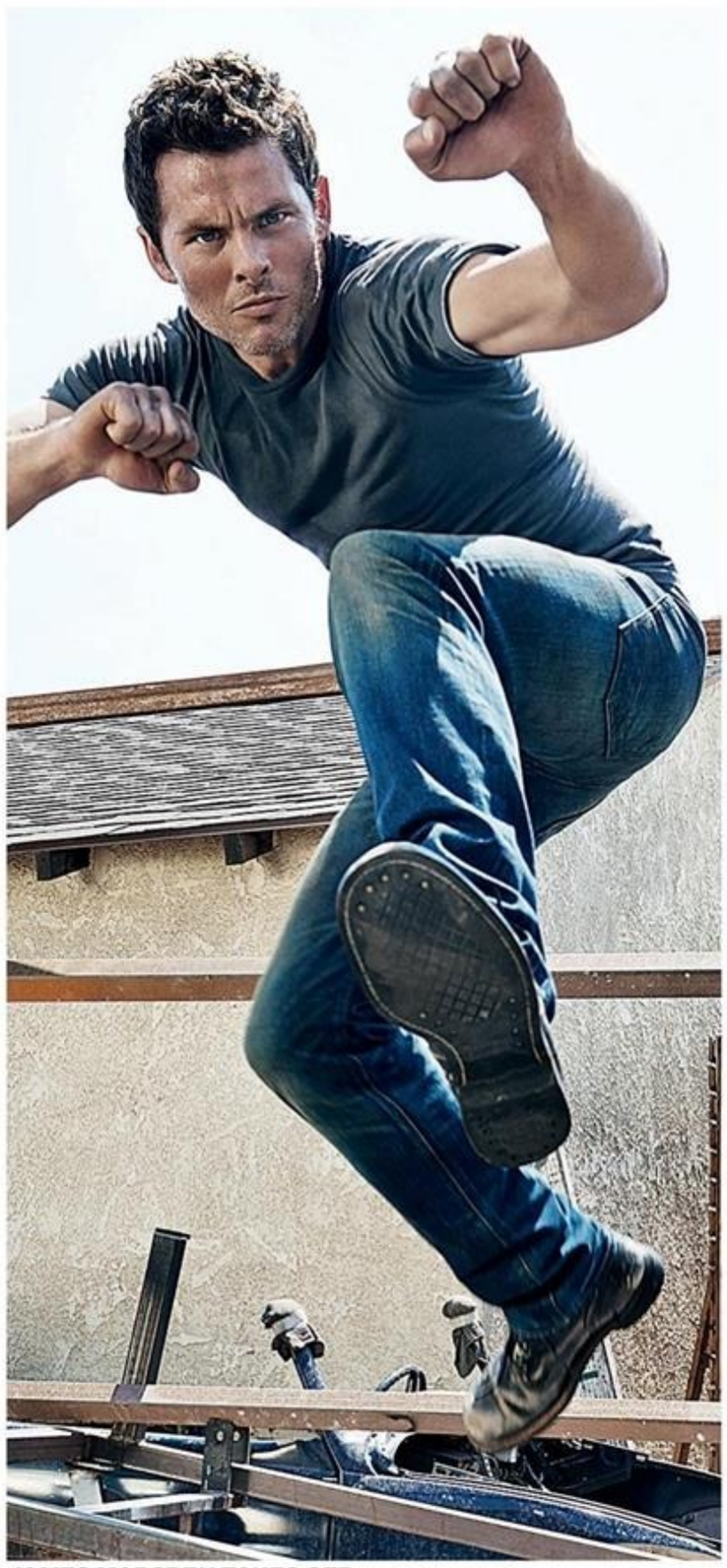
LINDSAY LOHAN HEADLINES OUR NEW IMPROVED *YEAR IN SEX.*



THE ELUSIVE ROCK STAR OF GAMING.



ARE WEBCAM GIRLS MAKING EASY MONEY? NOT SO FAST.



JAMES MARSDEN TAKES OFF.

GRAND GAMER—SAM HOUSER, WHO CO-FOUNDED ROCKSTAR GAMES AND THIS FALL INTRODUCED THE FIFTH INSTALLMENT OF *GRAND THEFT AUTO,* IS EITHER THE DEVIL OR A CREATIVE GENIUS. IN A PROFILE BY **HAROLD GOLDBERG,** THE FIERCELY RECLUSIVE HOUSER OPENS UP.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE—SIX MERCENARIES, EACH DAMAGED BUT WITH POWERFUL SKILLS, CONSPIRE TO KIDNAP THE PRESIDENT, COMMANDEER A DYSFUNCTIONAL WAR MACHINE AND RESHAPE THE WORLD. IT'S A DARK AND FUNNY VISION BY **ROBERT COOVER.**

TURNED ON—EVERY DAY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN POINT WEBCAMS AT THEMSELVES AS THEY STRIP, TALK DIRTY AND FULFILL STRANGE REQUESTS FROM STRANGERS WHO PAY BY THE MINUTE. **RACHEL R. WHITE** REVEALS HOW TECHNOLOGY HAS RESHAPED PORN, WITH NEWBIES AND VETERANS ALIKE AIMING TO PLEASE FROM THE BEDROOM NEXT DOOR.

JAMES MARSDEN—THE MODEL TURNED ACTOR WHO PLAYS WILL FERRELL'S NEMESIS IN *ANCHORMAN 2* TELLS **DAVID HOCHMAN** IN *20Q* ABOUT A FEW OF HIS EARLY CELEB ENCOUNTERS (HOOPS WITH LEO, WATCHING HALLE EAT FAST FOOD), SHARES A BITING DIRTY JOKE AND EXPLAINS THE CHALLENGE OF FILMING SCENES WITH TOPLESS WOMEN.

THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE (MAYBE)—JIM MCCLOSKEY, A MINISTER AND FORMER BUSINESS CONSULTANT, HAS HELPED FREE 51 WRONGLY CONVICTED MEN. BUT AS **NEAL GABLER** REPORTS, MCCLOSKEY STILL STRUGGLES WITH HIS FAITH—IN GOD, OUR JUSTICE SYSTEM AND THE CHOICES HE'S MADE.

THE YEAR IN SEX, SUPERSIZED—FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE COMBINE TWO GREAT FEATURES—*THE YEAR IN SEX* AND *SEX IN CINEMA*—INTO ONE HOLIDAY BLOWOUT. YOU'LL LAUGH, YOU'LL CRY, YOU'LL STARE AT LINDSAY IN *THE CANYONS.*

FIGHT OF HIS LIFE—IN A MEMOIR OF HIS CHICAGO CHILDHOOD, **STUART DYBEK** RECALLS THE DEVASTATING EFFECT BOXING HAD ON HIS FAMILY, INCLUDING THE LESSONS HE LEARNED WHEN HE CLIMBED INTO THE RING.

PRESCRIPTION FOR DEATH—IN STRUNG-OUT, HARDSCRABBLE APPALACHIA, THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE: TOM HATCHER, MAYOR OF WAR, WEST VIRGINIA, WAS ALLEGEDLY MURDERED BY HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND HER BROTHER. **VINCE BEISER** INVESTIGATES A SMALL-TOWN TRAGEDY.

PLUS—COLLEGE HOOPS PICKS, **HELMUT NEWTON** CLASSICS, THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* WITH NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONER **RAY KELLY,** MISS DECEMBER **KENNEDY SUMMERS** AND MORE.

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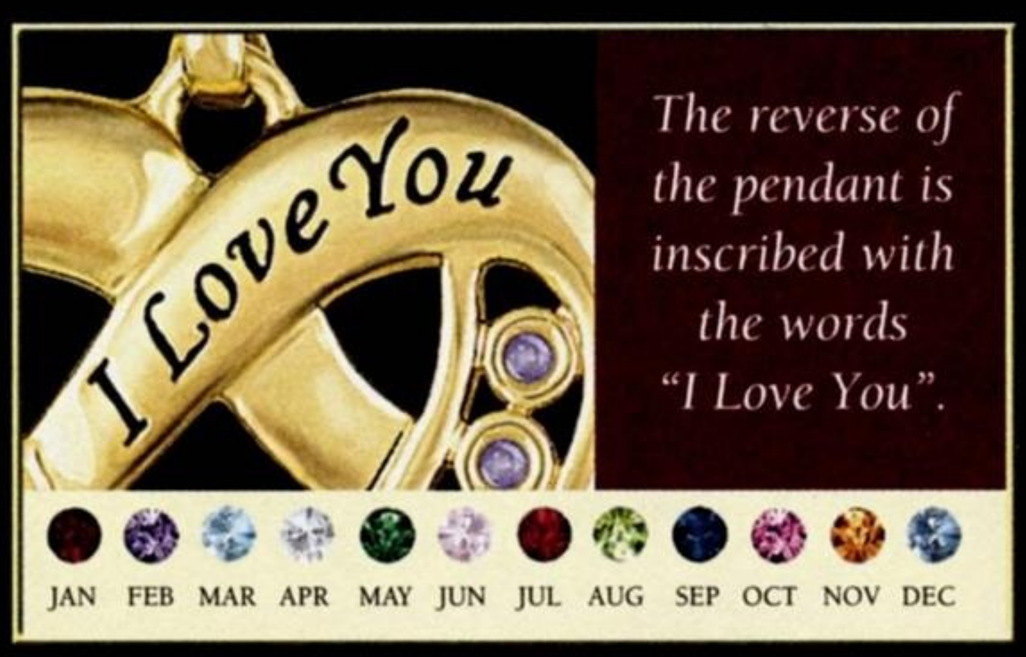

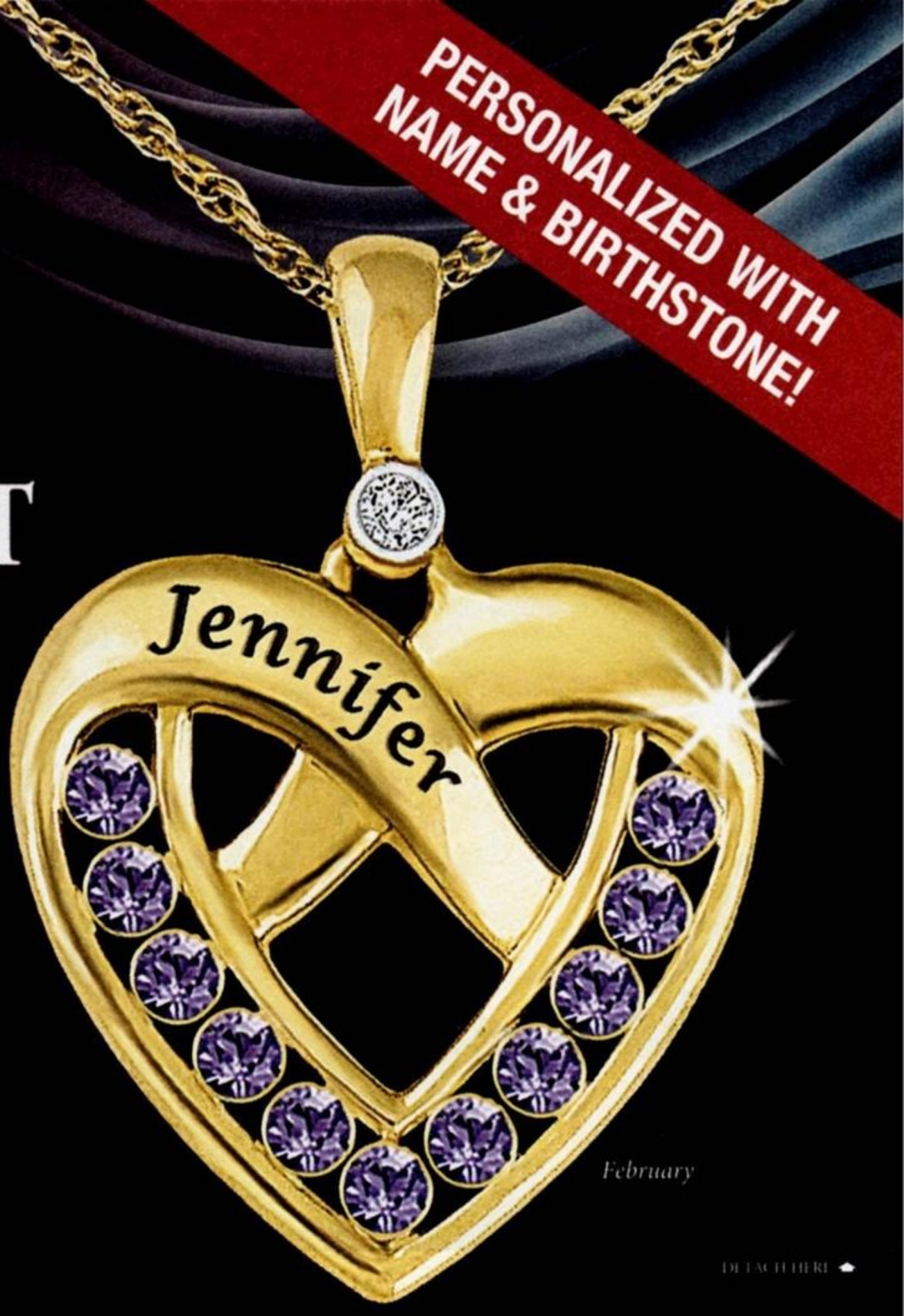

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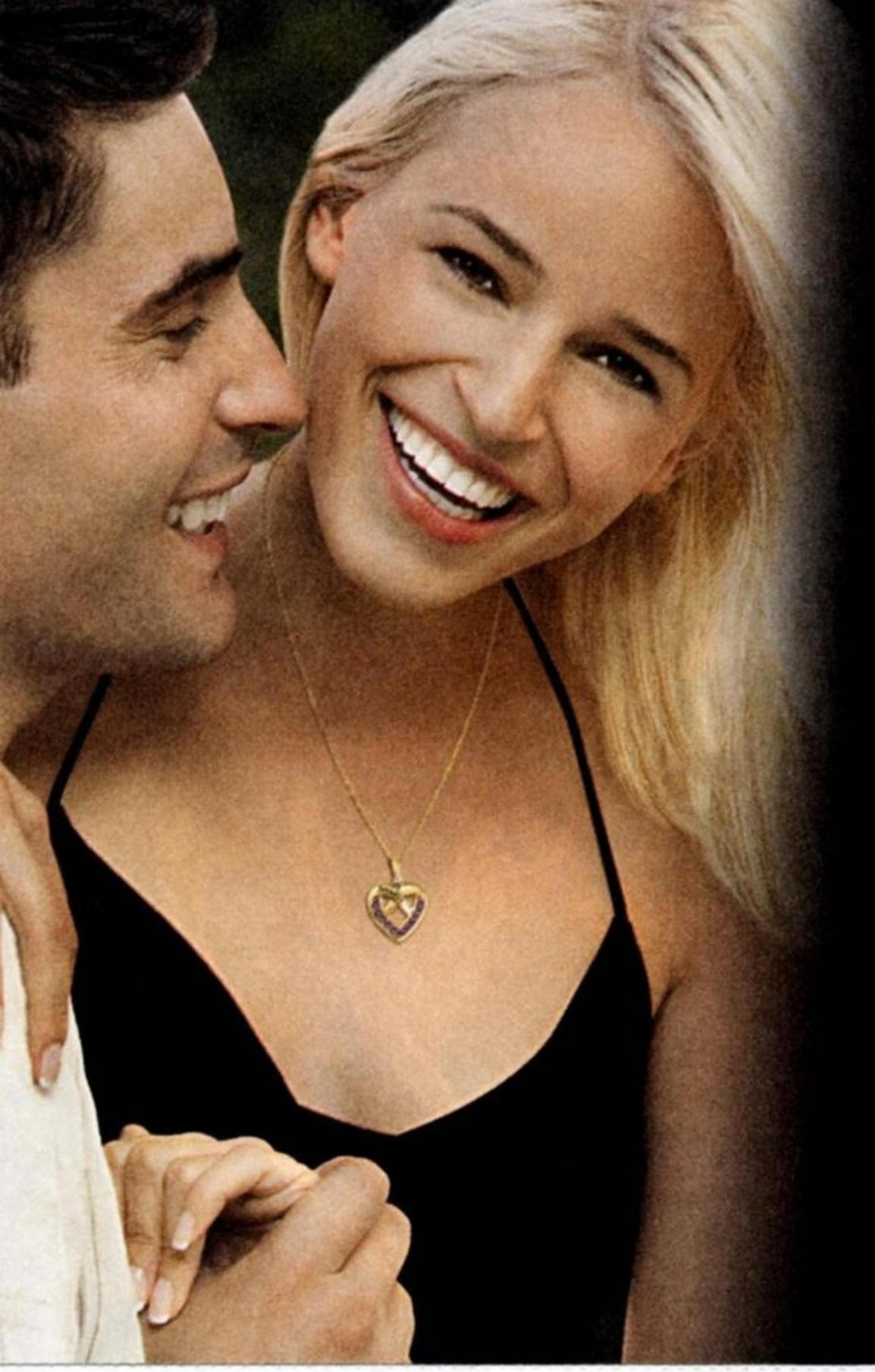

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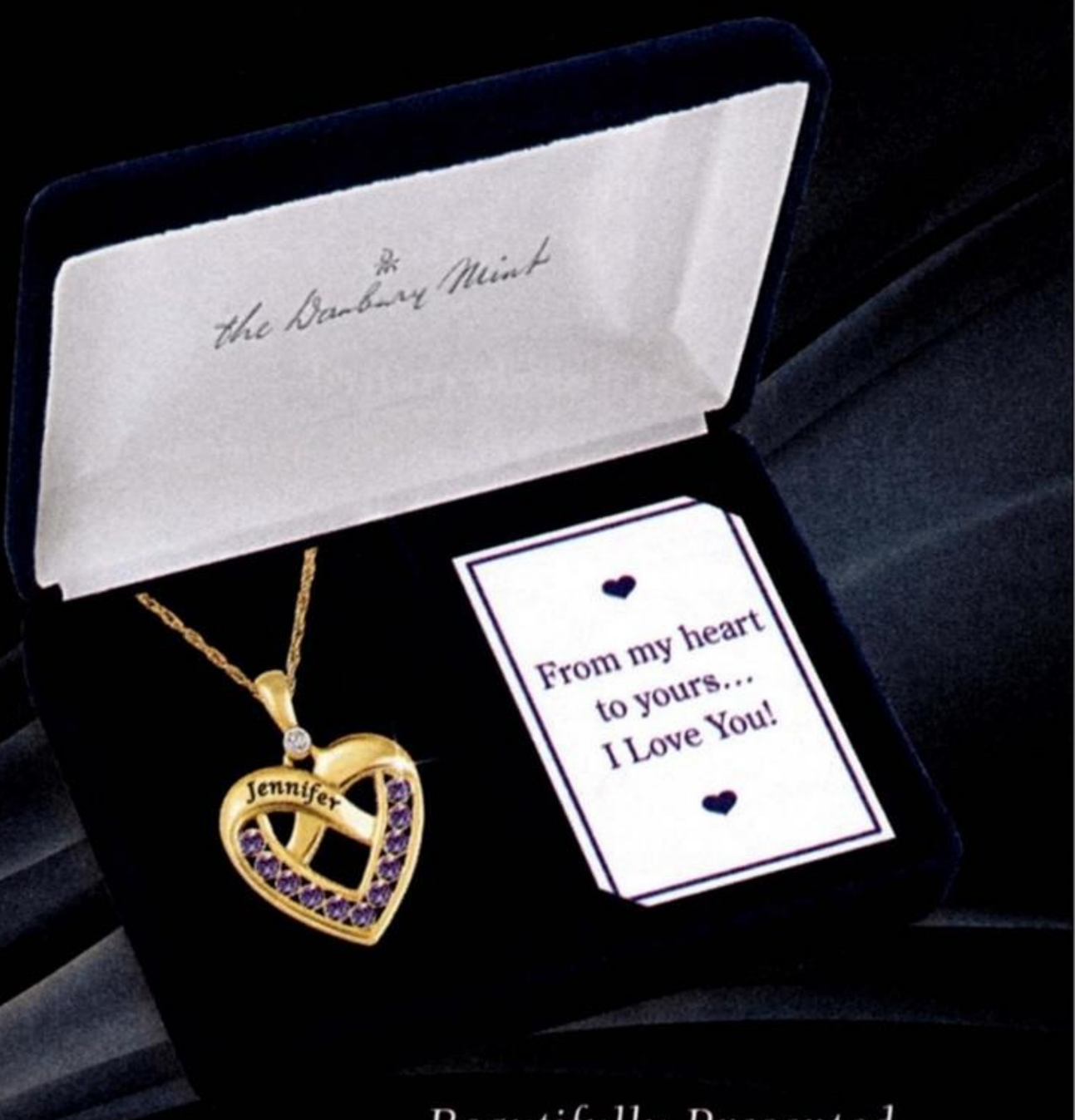

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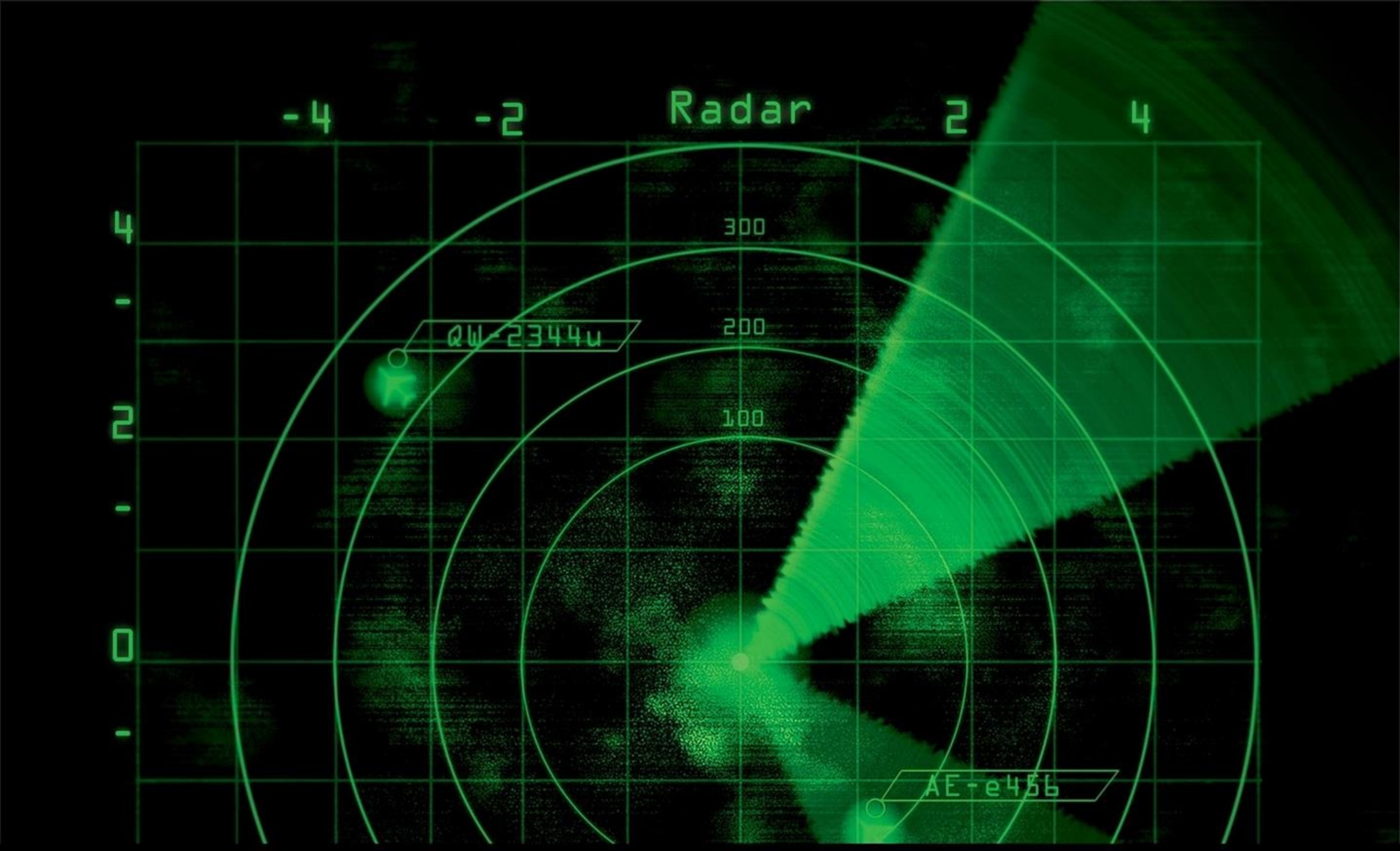

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